Prison Island Break

By: SonicFrank

Sonic, Shadow, Silver - and the rest - are in an AU where they are incarcerated in Prison Island Penitentiary. Will they escape? Will they survive? How? 3, Abuse, Anal, AFFO, Anthro, CR, D/s, M/F, M/M, Oral, S&M, SH, Slave, Tort, Violence

Status: abandoned

Published: 2011-07-17

Updated: 2013-12-01

Words: 229789

Chapters: 51

Rated: Fiction M - Language: English - Genre: Crime/Suspense - Characters: Sonic, Shadow, Silver, Amy - Reviews: 721 - Favs: 297 - Follows: 224

Original source: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/7189428/1/Prison-Island-Break

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

Prison Island Break

Introduction
All Our Fault
My Cell, My Shadow
Currency
Economy
Cell War
Night Terrors
Mirrors
Breakfast Time
Scrub a dub dub
Servitude
The Regular Channels
New Friends, Old Enemies
Working Day
I, Janitor
Going to the Chapel
Interrogation
Answers
Visitor
Evaluation
Songbird
OneSixNine
Along for the Ride
Negotiations
Animals
Threesome
Too Close Enough

In Too Long
Inspection
Property Line
Consensual Rape
Bipolar
All Hail
The Night Before
Red vs Blue
PTSD
Kisses and Morphine
Menage et Trois
Spy Class
Lollipop Guild
Primum Nil Nocere
Hate Like Love
The Sound of Gluttony
The Great Outdoors
Not in Denial
Friends by Necessity
White Fire
Blood Brothers
The Words that Hurt
Seductress
Nepotism
Prostration

All Our Fault

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Harley Quinn hyenaholic and SonicFrank

Harley: Hey there, howdy, whatever. This is Harley, co-writer of Prison Island Break. SonicFrank and I worked together to write this fanfic after I watched ten minutes of one episode of the series "Prison Break" and thought "What if Sonic was a con in a prison?". This is not your standard Sonic the Hedgehog story. Even though Sonic is still a Hedgehog and everybody else is a Fox or an Echidna or such, it takes place in a prison. The characters are all prisoners in a penitentiary. Total Contextual Realignment. But we've also tried to keep personalities just as you would expect. No "Evil Twin" crap here! We're using characters from all across the board, every series you've ever seen, from the earliest games, to the comics, to Sonic Underground. No non-canon characters here! If you haven't heard of the character, you ain't looking hard enough.

SonicFrank: And the most important thing? This story is hardcore. Really dark, from the start. Hard language. Rapists. Murderers. Rapist-Murderers. Violent beatings and humiliations. This is your childhood we're mucking about with. This is your only warning.

Chapter One: All Our Fault

The prison bus passed through the gate towards the building surrounded by chain link electrified fence, a place specifically designed to keep people in and to make the world outside of it a safer place. It was a place of punishment, of containment, and it was going to be his home for the next forty or so years. Unlike most, though, he didn't proclaim his innocence. The white-furred hedgehog with amber eyes accepted his fate. He should have known it would

come to this, that his rash actions would have such consequences. This was what it had all led to, and he deserved every punishment that cruel fate sent his way.

The bus stopped, and he and a small number of other inmates stepped out and lined up. Two sturdy-looking Guard Robos marched up to the bus. They weren't smart, they weren't even particularly durable, but they were cheap, replaceable and fixable, and in a prison on an island miles from anywhere that housed the most dangerous criminals on the planet, being replaceable was a good thing. They moved along the line of new inmates, putting on handcuffs. He could also see a warden approaching from the prison gates.

Back down the dirt road they had travelled, he could see the processing station he had arrived in. Past that was an inhospitable jungle, and beyond that was the vast ocean, stretching out for miles in every direction. This was a prison for the most dangerous of prisoners, those whose crimes and skills made it essential for them to be stranded far from civilization. Turning his attention away from the island, he faced the approaching dark-furred hedgehog with dulled purple stripes and eerie, reptilian eyes.

"What is your name?" the purple-striped hedgehog asked him, his voice not quite sounding as if it came from his throat, but as if he was just moving his mouth at the same time. To either side of him, the Guard Robos each took one of his arms in an unshakable, though not painful grip.

Four words and a haunting gaze. That's all that Silver had gotten from the opposing hedgehog so far, but he was already sure that there was evil in his eyes. Evil that the world depended on him to destroy. Though he couldn't do it today… "My name is Silver," he responded finally, a heavy ounce of pride to his voice.

"Silver… Silver…" the eerie hedgehog flipped through several manila files, "Silver the Hedgehog…" he looked up sharply with an icy, ruthless gaze, "You will call me Head Warden Mephiles at all times,

got that? First count of murder one. Normally that would be medium security but you… you managed to blow up a man's head with your mind. We've got something special planned for you. Follow me." It wasn't a request; it was an order, and if Silver hadn't followed it immediately, he would have been dragged right through the dirt by the Guard Robos holding onto him.

It wasn't the physical restraints that this experience particularly hard for the long-quilled hedgehog, it was maintaining his temper and allowing himself to be taken prisoner. Escaping would be too easy, with the powers he possessed. But he accepted his fate, and being locked away in the most high-security prison in the country came with a perk that really peeked his personal code; he could keep an eye on the most dangerous criminals alive today. He could maintain peace outside the penitentiary's walls. He could control the mindless violence, suffering and crime committed by his fellow inmates… He followed as close behind Mephiles as the Guard Robos would let him.

"I'm not your buddy," Mephiles continued as some prisoners, human and anthro, glanced at Silver with disinterest, "I'm not your friend. I'm not your nursemaid. I'm being paid to make your life a living hell for the crimes you've committed, and I enjoy my job…" he sounded like he was smirking, as Silver was pulled into a differently decorated part of the prison to enter another room. The room had a lock on the door, and the single word 'INFIRMARY' printed on it. Mephiles opened the door, "Doctor Blossom? Another shipload of patients for you to examine…"

A pretty pink hedgehog came out of an office and smiled slightly at Silver, taking his file, "Okay then…" she took him into a side-room - although Silver was aware of the Guard Robos at his back, "Strip," she said simply to the silver-coloured hedgehog removing his cuffs.

Silver had never been on the bad side of things before. He considered himself a protector, defender, a knight of righteous acts. So it's an understatement to say he had no idea what she was

talking about. "Pardon me?" he asked, trying his best not to glare. Compared to Mephiles, this nurse hedgehog seemed nice…

"Strip," Doctor Blossom repeated, "I have to perform a full body examination to make sure you're not smuggling in contraband, drugs, sharp objects, that sort of thing… it's mandatory for every new inmate. You'd be astonished at how imaginative some of the addicts can get at smuggling in their poisons…" She snapped a surgical glove to one hand, looking at Silver, "I'm just doing my job, sweetie."

Now he did glare. But he didn't protest. It's not like he had much to take off anyway. He started with his gloves, eyes kept locked on the prison doctor. Then he knelt to remove his boots.

Amy Rose Blossom sighed. The 'fish' as other inmates referred to them, were always so reluctant, "Now… bend over," she told him. Before Silver could even comply, the Guard Robos had pulled him into a bending position, and she started her investigation, "This shouldn't hurt," she told him, and it wasn't really painful, or humiliating. But it went on for some time and also involved the fingerprinting, and taking note of any scars or birthmarks.

Nothing about this particular experience was embarrassing for Silver, only awkward. Awkward because he was usually prone to keep people away from him via what was described as a 'paranormal force'. He wanted no trouble from Mephiles, the Guard Robos, or the gentle doctor no matter how intrusive she was being. Luckily, it was over before long.

Amy's parents had never been too happy about her becoming a prison doctor. They'd always complained that it was dangerous. But she'd wanted to do humanitarian work, and had spent some time as a volunteer in the third world as well. Surprisingly, or maybe not, nothing had ever happened to her. Even murderers and rapists appreciate somebody to pat their forehead and tuck them in when they have the flu, or fix up a broken arm or stab wound, "One more thing," she added, producing a needle with something in it, "Hold out your arm… this will help you to relax a little on your first day," she

hated lying to her patients, but she doubted that Silver would take the drug willingly if he knew its true purpose, and she hated forcing drugs on patients far more.

To one side, Mephiles was leaning on a wall and scrutinizing not just Silver, but Doctor Blossom too, and grinning like the devil on hiatus.

"Wait, what-" It took all the self-control he had not to prevent her from sticking him with that needle; Silver almost saw the familiar blue aura of his Psycho Power form around her hand, but he caught himself and held back. "What is this stuff?" he asked, "I am relaxed! I don't need it!"

"It's mandatory," Amy repeated firmly, as Mephiles clearly alternated between sneering at Silver and looking at Amy's breasts, which she ignored, "I'd very much appreciate it if you didn't make this difficult for yourself," she said, "This is your last warning, Mister Silver…"

"Fight it, Freak," Mephiles added, "Give me some fun…" Amy glared at him with obvious disgust in her expression.

Silver held his ground with a glare, but didn't do anything to stop her. "I don't need any drugs. I'm a grown adult with full control over my emotions," his hard gaze shifted to Mephiles for a moment, then back to the nurse, "If you stick me with that needle without my consent for no reason, I'll file a complaint to the board. I know my rights." He glared at the warned again, "ALL my rights."

"Your rights?! In here you *have* no rights," Mephiles sneered before Amy could speak, "Let me demonstrate…" The two Guard Robo gave a shock to Silver's back that brought him to his knees.

Amy leant forward and with an apologetic glance at Silver, grabbed his wrist, inserted the needle and pressed on the plunger, "There," she said, "That should be enough for-"

She was cut off when, apparently just for the hell of it, Mephiles had the two Guard Robos administer further shocks to Silver's balls, "You

gave up your rights the moment you stepped off that boat, Freak," Mephiles grinned cruelly, "Prison Island Prison is practically a country in itself and here I can do whatever I want-"

"NOT in MY infirmary, Mephiles!" Amy interrupted just before another shock could be given, "Stop that now! The sedative's administered; he's harmless now and you know it!"

Silver refused to scream at the shocks; he had to bite his lower lip to prevent himself from doing so. Did Amy say what he thought she did? He tried lifting the needle with his mind. It didn't move. That's when he cursed to himself. They had practically castrated him; stolen his most prized possession away from him. "This… this isn't over… I'll get you for this… You're evil and I'll stop you, Mephiles…"

"Whatever," Mephiles and Amy were now engaged in a furious staring contest, until finally Mephiles relented, "Your infirmary, your rules, Doc," he growled, "We both remember that, and you'll be just fine."

Amy nodded at the mild threat, and returned her attention to Silver, "Now for your prison uniform…" she packed his gloves in a box for later storage, "This is your size and number," she produced an orange jumpsuit, and black underpants and a t-shirt from a closet, handing them to him, "And here are your shoes and socks and gloves," she added, handing them to Silver too, "And *please* try to stay out of trouble, Mister Silver… not all of the inmates are as well-mannered as you, and the less we need to see of each other, the happier we'll both be." She glanced at Mephiles, "The drugs will need to be administered once a week or they'll wear off."

He blinked shamelessly at Amy, who was handing him item after item while avoiding his gaze. She knew she had unrighteously hurt him; she knew she was doing something wrong. He didn't deserve what had just happened to him; both the injection and the brutality administered to force it onto him. His hands were shivering with rage, despite how uncoordinated his nerves felt. "I know you didn't want to, but you chose to do it anyway… When I report this, I'm

mentioning you by name, Ms. Blossom," he warned her, though respectfully. "If you lose your job because of this, you'll have no one to blame but yourself… That's why you should have thought to choose the hard right over the easy wrong…" He started dressing.

"Silver, if I hadn't…" Amy sighed and cocked a head towards Mephiles, " *Somebody else* would have. Prison Island Prison is designed for criminals with your… unique talents. In this prison, among other inmates we have a psychotic hedgehog who can teleport and run at the speed of sound, an unstable echidna who can punch through walls and a kitsune who can fly and hack high-tech computer systems. Unconventional measures must be used. Mention names as you will, but I somehow think that your report, like theirs, will go unheeded… although there are many instances where I wish it was otherwise," she looked at Mephiles, her distaste of the Head Warden still clear in her eyes, "You can take him to his cell now, Warden."

Mephiles grinned, "With pleasure, Doctor," the Guard Robos pulled up Silver just as he finished dressing, "Ready to see your new apartment, Freak?" he asked Silver as he dragged him out of the infirmary and Amy went back to her work.

Silver didn't say anything for the moment. He just glared at the twisted warden's back the whole way through the corridors. Several doors needed opening; many of them required clearance. But it was all a distant memory by the time he was led to his cell, because he had his full attention on the crooked hedgehog before him. He tried to move things with his mind; anything at all, but found that he couldn't. The drugs were strong and they clouded his mind. He even managed to ignore the other inmates' cheers. Something about 'fresh meat', but he paid no mind. He barely had one, he felt.

"Hmmm… Cell 43," Mephiles grabbed his walkie-talkie and spoke into it, "Open only cell 43," he told whoever was on the other end, and the door opened, "Hey, Sniper, your prayers have been answered!" he sneered loudly into the cell, "Looks like you caught yourself some fresh fish!"

Silver stepped into the cell, and turned to give Mephiles the same glare he'd been giving him since their little stroll through the corridors began, only stronger. "You better hope your doctors are on-point, Mephiles," he made it a point to call the warden by his first name alone, refusing to address him as an authority figure in any way. "Every week, every month, year after stinking year. Because if they aren't, and I get my powers back for one second… I'll make you pay. Big time. And I'll rid the world of your malevolence once and for all…"

"Big words, coming from a guy behind bars," Mephiles sneered, "You mess me around, Hedgehog," he produced a pencil and snapped it with his thumb, "You just try…" He dropped the two halves of pencil to the ground, and walked away, "Enjoy the rest of your life in hell, Freak!" he shouted back.

"Heh…" on a bunk, a purple weasel sat up and looked at Silver even as the cell door was slammed behind him. He was wearing a filthy stetson hat and had one protruding fang. He waited until Mephiles had walked on, "Yeah, he's a real wanker, ain't he?" he asked rhetorically, "Did'ja know he used ta be a convict in this hell-hole?"

"I'm not surprised," Silver responded, watching the warden walk off as best he could through the cell's bars. "Fate's brought me here for a reason, and I'm starting to think that reason is him." The light hedgehog turned around to face his new cell-mate for the first time. "I'm Silver. Are you evil?" he asked, straight-forwardly.

"HA!" the weasel laughed. Apart from the hat, he wore the prison uniform, "Evil's not lackin' in this place kid. But it's a real skewed term, y'know?" he possessed a strong Ozzie accent, "Used to be a certified sniper. Didn't take no sides, good or evil. I guess that's why I got ratted out in the end. But evil? I just did it for the money."

Silver didn't like the sound of what he was hearing. But what could he do? He was powerless until he could figure out a way to evade the medication. Or grow immune to it. He sat on his bunk, and looked down at his new, uncomfortable, prison shoes. "What's it like

in here? Are there things I need to know?" he asked, fighting off the urge to feel sorry for himself.

"Well, the name's Nack, Nack the Weasel," the purple weasel told him, "And there's worse people t'bunk with than me. There's a peckin' order, ya might say. First off, there's Vector, Espio and Mighty. Mob Boss and his bodyguards. Don't mess with them. They're right at the top. Vector can make your life hell without even layin' a finger on ya; he runs the joint about as much as Mephiles does."

"So he's a high-ranking gangster," Silver commented, "Pitiful. Who else? Anyone who does lay their fingers on undeserving others?"

"Shadow comes *right* under them," Nack nodded, "He's a complete psychopath and a major predator. Sometime this week, he's gonna come and see if you'll fall into line. And I seen what happens to the fish what don't. He's got him a rep to uphold and he'll knot your arms behind ya head if that's what it takes to get respect. Apart from that, he's the resident paper-pimp. Trades a lot in porno."

The hedgehog nodded. "I'll take care of him. People like him don't deserve to be on top." It was an empty promise, after having lost his abilities. But he'd find a way… "Who else?"

"Well…" Nack cracked his knuckles, "There's Knuckles and Storm. Sometime this week, one of them is gonna bust you open like a shotgun-" he paused, seeing Silver didn't understand, "You're gonna get raped. For sport. Don't bother tellin' Meph; he'll laugh. You tell the Doc, she'll try and help but then you'll be a grass and it won't be sport no more. Just pray to God you never wind up as Knuckles' cellie."

"Did you just say rape?!" Silver asked, both disgusted and mocking Nack in tone. "What kind of sick, perverse place is this?!" He stood up off his bunk to look around at the other inmates, but could see very little from his position through the bars. "I'm not the easiest

person in the world to rape. They'll leave me alone or die trying. Did they ever rape you?"

"Hrrrmm…" Nack frowned, looking around, "Back when I was a fish, just some punk kid like you, I thought the way you did. Thought I could make the slammer a better place. Took about a month for that illusion to wear off. And for me ta quit limpin'. Yeah… Storm nabbed me first. Believe me, kid, between 'em there's just a handful a' cons in this place they haven't done at least once. They ain't the only ones. Others do it too."

Silver gazed sternly at his cellmate. "That shouldn't have happened to you," he told Nack. "Nobody has the right to violate anyone else, for any reason whatsoever. Evil has no place in my world. Even while I'm in prison.… what about the humans?" he asked, before Nack could comment on his words. "Do they get along with us Mobians?"

"You stick with your own kind, kid," Nack warned him, "Sounds lousy I know, but we don't mesh well. You'll catch on when ya see the rec' areas. There's Team Human and Team Anthro. And Team Shadow of course, but even he knows he's a sub-group of us."

Silver sat on his bunk again, and laid back on it for the first time, with his hands behind his head as a makeshift pillow. He had a lot to think about. "Aren't you going to ask what I'm in for?" he asked Nack.

"Sure, why not? A good jacket might keep ya safe a bit," Nack shrugged, "What'd ya do, kid?"

"I had a premonition. And I acted on it." he explained, knowing full-well he sounded insane. "I blew someone's head up with my mind powers. If I hadn't, he'd have gone on to rape and mutilate a bus full of school-children. Some would have lived to tell the tale, and commit suicide later on." His amber eyes closed for a moment. "I took it upon myself to prevent the malicious tragedy from taking place. That's why I'm here."

"Okay…" Nack sounded weirded out, "Well, remember what I said about respectin' Vector? He can find out if you're tellin' th' truth or you as crazy as ya sound. And if he don't like you, he can fix it so it looks like ya in for fuckin' kids in foster care."

"I don't care. Vector, and everyone else for that matter, can think whatever they want of me," the hedgehog shot back, though calmly and inoffensively, "My purpose in life is to abolish bad deeds and prevent the ones that have yet to happen. By any means necessary. And when my time is up, old as I'll be, I'll pick up right where I left off; wiping out cynical denizens one after another. For as long as I may live." Silver closed his eyes for good, taking in the intensity of his situation. Without his powers, he was every form of powerless. A part of him wanted to cry for his freedom.

Nack watched Silver for a while, before laying back on his bunk. This was prison. If the kid didn't catch on soon enough that it was every man for himself in here, he'd spend more time in the infirmary than in his cell. He'd asked for advice, and if he didn't take it, Nack felt no pity for whatever he had coming to him.

He crossed himself quietly, mumbled something under his breath, and turned to face the wall and fall asleep.

Harley: Regardless of what you think, a great deal of what will go on in this fanfic happens in real life, to some extent or another. Some prisons are more corrupt than others, of course. Also, now that you've read the first chapter, review it! Tell us what you think! Right now!

My Cell, My Shadow

Chapter Two: My Cell, My Shadow

Next in line for processing was a blue hedgehog with green eyes, impatiently waiting in front of the bus. A red-sneakered foot tapped rapidly against the dirt ground. His ankles were in shackles, preventing him from running for it, "Come on, I don't have all day," he joked ironically with a little smirk.

Mephiles stepped in front of him and slapped on the handcuffs, "Oh, but you do," he said nastily, "That's one thing I can assure you." The dark hedgehog looked at his files as the blue prisoner was flanked by two Guard Robos, "Ogilvie Maurice Hedgehog, hmmm? Nice file you've got. Two bank robberies… killed a cop… seven escape attempts… well, I can assure you that here, I am in charge. You will call me Head Warden Mephiles at all times, understand?"

"The name's Sonic, Needle-Neck!" the cerulean hedgehog shot back with a cheerful smirk, "And room service better be snappy in this joint, or no tip for you!"

Mephiles was only a hedgehog about Sonic's size. He shouldn't be able to land a punch to the gut that hard; then again he'd had plenty of practice. And it didn't help in the least that the Guard Robos threw in an electric shock that brought Sonic to his knees, just for free, "We can do this the easy way, Mister Hedgehog," Mephiles told him, with a swift kick to the kidneys, "Or we can do it the hard way. Alternatively, if you persist, we can do it the agonising, gut-twisting way. Which would you prefer? I know what I'd like you to try."

The blue hedgehog coughed hard, struggling to get back to his red-sneakered feet. His fur was frizzed by the shock, and his body bruised from the kick. That didn't stop him from grinning, though. "Ugh… Real uncool, man," he rasped, "Hate to break it to ya, but I

require at least a dime's worth of pretty on your face before I start hittin' on ya. There's no hope for a mug like yours. For that matter, no tip either!"

"I know two things to wipe that smug grin off your face, Hedgehog," Mephiles looked down at Sonic as if he was a new breed of cockroach, the Guard Robos administering another quick shock to him, "Come on then," he turned away and walked into the prison. The gates slammed behind Sonic even as Mephiles deliberately walked too fast, making sure he had very little chance to get to his feet and was dragged through the dirt, "This isn't that cardboard box, Arkville Prison," he continued, "This is Prison Island Penitentiary, surrounded by miles and miles of… *water*," he glanced back at Sonic, "The boat's sailed, and if you try to swim away - which you can't - the only new life you'll be starting is *under the sea* ." He snickered nastily.

Sonic somehow managed to get to his feet. He had developed a talent for it. If he wasn't on his feet, he found himself pretty much helpless. "Hey, cool it, Bucket-Heads! I can walk!" He looked ahead at Mephiles, and grinned, "Heh! Should've known you're the type to use petty threats in place of warm handshakes, Mephy! That why you got spines shaped like strap-ons? Tell me, you didn't pay money for that hairdo!"

"I was warned about your attitude, Ogilvie Maurice Hedgehog," Mephiles used his card and entered the more private part of the prison, "So in advance I had something freed up especially for you. And if that doesn't work… well, there's always Hole Number 3…" he stopped in front of the Infirmary door, "This is Max-Security, Hedgehog. You couldn't handle being with the regular screw-ups, so now you're here, with the Freaks, the people even monsters think of as monsters, and you're all alone…" He pushed open the door, "Doctor Blossom? Last scumbag for the day…"

A pretty pink female hedgehog looked up from a patient at Sonic and Mephiles, and the same disgust for the Head Warden was still in her

eyes even as she took Sonic's file from him. Her nametag read 'Doctor Amy Rose Blossom'.

"Monsters of monsters, eh?" Sonic asked, smirking as he brought his cuffed hands up to scratch his face. "That must be why your ugly mug's in charge, Ghost-Face! This place must be full of yuk-mouthed bozos like y-" Then he put his attention on the doctor, and gave her one of his most charming smirks. "On second thought, hello Nurse!"

"This one's got a bad attitude, Doctor," Mephiles pointed out to her, "Oh, and a record of smuggling," he added, just for the really investigative search that might knock the blue hedgehog down a notch or two.

"Gotcha…" Amy pulled Sonic by the cuffs into the side-room she had used for Silver, although he wasn't to know that. She was closely followed by the Guard Robos and Mephiles. There, she pulled on a surgical glove, "Now, Mister Hedgehog… Strip," she ordered Sonic. The glove made an intimidating *snap*.

"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa whoa whoa, you're movin' fast even for me, Precious! I require dinner and a movie before the goods get exposed," Sonic told her, smiling softly while attempting to remove his gloves. He couldn't do it with the cuffs on, though.

Amy laughed, though she tried to hide it. Sonic was very charming. It would be all too easy to forget he was a dangerous criminal. She did her best to regain her composure, "Okay, let's see what we can-" she started.

"Wait, can't forget this little toy…" Mephiles was grinning like a jackal as he added what looked like some sort of wristband to Sonic's ankle, "There's only one other inmate who has one of these…" he locked it on.

"Oh, he's a runner too?" Amy asked, "Well, now that's sorted…" she unlocked the cuffs, "Shouldn't you at least warn him-" she started up to Mephiles.

"No. I'm going to enjoy this part," Mephiles sneered, leaning on a wall and watching intently.

"Ugh…" Amy muttered, disgusted as she unlocked the shackles, "Now, make this easy and bend over-" she started to Sonic.

The captive hedgehog was about to make a snide remark, but decided to hold it off for a Sonic-Second when he felt the nurse removing his shackles. Silently in his mind, Sonic cheered when his feet were set free. Whatever Mephiles had just put on his ankles had better be good, because Sonic the Hedgehog would never stay still unless he was restrained. Before Amy could get in his way, he jumped and twisted his body in mid-air, aiming at one of the Guard Robos..

He managed to demolish one - then made it to the door at high speed… and was brought down to the ground with an unexpected, high-voltage shock even higher and more prolonged than the ones administered outside, all through his body. Mephiles sauntered up to him calmly as he lay writhing on the ground, "You see, this little toy keeps you from running above a certain speed," he grinned evilly, looking into Sonic's eyes, "If you run too fast, it'll shock you. Again… and again… and again… And you know what the best part is? I can actually adjust the speed it's set to! Hell, I can set it to zero miles per hour, and it'll shock you constantly, unless you're lying completely still…" the purple-spined hedgehog's grin grew more sadistic.

Sonic grunted in pain as he caught his breath, the shock having sucked it out of him. "Snazzy little gizmo, Lizard-Eyes. Thanks for lettin' me borrow it. I promise to give it back right before I escape this little Kiddie Resort you've got goin' on…"

"Somehow I don't think that will be for a very long time," Mephiles grabbed hold of the blue hedgehog's spines and pulled him to his feet again, "Now, back to Doctor Blossom…" he growled, he and the Guard Robo that was not destroyed dragging him back into the side room with Amy waiting.

"I still say you should have warned him," Amy glared at Mephiles.

"And I still say it's my prison, Doctor," Mephiles glared at Amy.

She sagged a little and looked at Sonic, "We had a prisoner like you before," she warned him, "And he's still here. So please make both our lives easier, and just strip?"

Sonic grinned, despite his slightly-charred form and the pain he was in. "If you insist. You'll need some money and a chair; and if I ain't feelin' the beat, you're not gettin' a lap-dance." He hated having his speed taken away from him. It made him feel almost powerless. But he did have his wits. Mephiles could never take those away, and they were just as important. Regardless, he kneeled down to remove his sneakers. "Oh, and I don't do Country."

Amy rapped her fingers on a desk, shaking her head as she recalled some of the measures that had to be taken with some of the inmates. And as for some of the punishments… they sickened her. Mephiles sickened her. All she could do was patch up what he broke while he was fixing problems. Finally Sonic was undressed, and she started to investigate.

"That was pointless," she told him, "If you keep pulling stunts like that… you might end up in a Hole for a week."

"I'd say you're in a weak hole yourself," Sonic commented cheerfully, "But don't be too gentle or it won't count!" At most, Sonic could try to annoy the hell out of the warden so he'll want nothing to do with him.

At least Amy had enough of a sense of humour to not punish him for joking. She chuckled softly and kept up the professional rummaging, checked his mouth, fingerprinted him… and finally turned to a closet, pulling out an orange uniform, along with gloves, trainers and a black T-shirt, "This is your uniform," she told him, "Please try to be good… I'm sure that the less we need to see of each other, the happier we'll both be."

"That your way of saying I'm not your type?" Sonic asked, stepping into his new clothes without much fight. "Well this gear sure won't help. Orange clashes against my hedgehog blue!"

Amy turned to Mephiles, "Are you sure he's a smuggler?" she checked, "He's quite clean…"

"Maybe you missed something," Sonic couldn't help but notice the way Mephiles' eyes gravitated to looking at the Doctor's chest, and she tried to ignore it, "Look again," he advised nastily.

Sonic rolled his eyes. "Looks like someone's enjoyin' the show. Your middle name's not Bob, is it?" He asked Mephiles with an annoying grin. He even stuck his tongue out at him.

Amy shook her head at Mephiles, "One search, unless there's a damn good reason to do another. And you're the one who should be making sure there's no need to do another, Mephiles," she scowled at him. She looked at Sonic again, "Looks like we're done here," and then she did something Sonic hadn't expected. She smiled, very slightly, even though her arms were still crossed, "I'd advise you against getting into more trouble… but something tells me it won't be long before our second 'date'."

"You can count on it. I'll try and bring some flowers!" Sonic gave her one last charming smile, and stepped toward Mephiles. "So which one's my room?"

Mephiles grabbed Sonic by the ear, and dragged him out of the reasonably comfortable Infirmary, followed by the hulking Guard Robo, and Sonic watched Amy watch him leave, before she sat down at her desk to do more paperwork. Another Guard Robo joined them soon enough, "As I said, it's a cell specially chosen for you, Hedgehog," he dragged Sonic along rows of cells, most with two prisoners, a few with one. He stopped outside one of those, "Open cell 19," he spoke into his walkie-talkie, and the door opened.

Sonic couldn't help wondering how a pretty little thing like Amy Rose found herself working in the most dangerous penitentiary on the planet. He'd be sure to ask on their second date. When the door to his cell opened, he stepped inside, and turned to look at Mephiles. "Visit anytime! I've got a lot more wise-cracks in mind for you, Glowie."

"Your cellmate's only a psychopath, a murderer and a rapist," Mephiles grinned at him, "I'm sure you'll find plenty to talk about without me intruding on your valuable alone-time. Do have a nice rest-of-your-life, Ogilvie Maurice Hedgehog." With that, he slammed the door shut and had it locked. It was time for Sonic to meet his cellmate.

"I am *not* a psychopath…" a low voice growled from behind Sonic. He turned carefully to look at another hedgehog lying on one bunk. The other inmate sat up abruptly. He had black and red stripes on his quills, and a thick bush of hair on his chest, showing out of the jumpsuit, but it was his red eyes that were the real warning. The prisoners didn't have eyes like that back at Arkville, because the prisoners there weren't completely out of their minds, "I just see things *differently* to other people…"

Sonic blinked for a moment, not sure what to make of this second hedgehog, but he was quick, as usual, to say what was on his mind, "Cool chest-hair, wish I had some. The name's Sonic T. Hedgehog, and it looks like we'll be roomies for awhile. 'least 'til I break outta here. What's your name?" he asked, extending a friendly hand to his cellmate.

He glanced at it, without taking it, "Shadow. Shadow U. L. Robotnik," he said eventually, "And by the by, nobody breaks out of Prison Island Penitentiary." his eyes narrowed. The blue hedgehog was reminding him of a bad experience… a very bad experience in the prison.

Sonic raised a finger and waved it with a grin, "Nuh-uh-uh! You mean nobody's broken out of it *yet!* " the newcomer corrected. "But in the

mean time, may as well take it slow. Not exactly my forte…" He sat on his bunk, trying very hard to ignore the other hedgehog's glare. So far, it was working. "Shadow, huh? I dig the stripes. What're you in for?"

"Well…" Shadow smirked nastily, "First I killed my foster parents. Then I raped some girls and killed the ones who couldn't get away. And I killed some guys to even it out, because fuck that, the sexes are equal, with their erogenous souls lying with their guts all over the floor," he smirked, "So… eleven rapes, nineteen murders. You?"

Sonic raised an eyebrow at him, "… so no speeding tickets, huh? Way to go." For a moment, Sonic looked down at his ankles. They had Mephiles' toy attached to them. Then he couldn't help noticing that a similar contraption, albeit much more on the worn side, was stuck to Shadow's ankles. "Me? Nothing too shabby. Blew up some stuff, caused trouble for the cops, a little protesting here and there… Killed a cop, robbed a bank once, almost twice! That's when they caught me. Mega-Muck." he explained.

"Get real," Shadow sneered, "There's regular prisons for shit like that. Why are *you* in *here*," he asked much more definitely, "Used to be that I could teleport and run at the speed of-" he stopped, looking at Mephiles' little collar on Sonic, "Damn!"

"Yeah, I was about to ask," Sonic explained, lifting a foot to gesture the anklet. "Guess I'm not the only one here with a need for speed. How'd they catch you?"

"They got lucky," Shadow said bluntly. It was ironically the truth. He'd teleported into the path of a speeding car, been hit, and woken up in a prison hospital without his Chaos Emerald, "But yours… yours is new," he stood up, "And this is *my* prison, Hedgehog. Got that? You can respect me, or you can fear me, or I can beat one or the other into you, either way is good. But this is *my* prison."

Sonic looked Shadow dead in the eyes for a moment. Not a challenging glare, but a fearless one. Then he smiled and shrugged.

"Whatever you say, Hot-Shot. This isn't exactly a place I'd want on my repertoire of ownership; no hot tub and not nearly enough babes. But if you like it that much, more power to ya."

That cheery attitude was really starting to irritate Shadow. He didn't even pause, but all but ran to drag Sonic off his bunk, "Listen up, you little *punk*," he snarled, slamming Sonic against a wall, "You don't think people haven't tried? You don't think *I* haven't tried?" he slammed Sonic against another wall, "You think this is a game?" his voice began to rise, but though it shook with rage it was still calm, "First the ankle cuff," another wall, "Then the cell. Then the locked doors. Then the fences, the jungle, the MILES AND MILES OF FUCKING OCEAN!" he screamed, slamming Sonic into another wall again, then caught his own temper, "And *all the fucking way*, there's the Guard Robos, the cameras, the grasses, and that mother-fucking bastardated sonuvabitch *Mephiles* . You think you're the first to *try?* "

"Ahem!" Sonic coughed, clearing his throat once the last unforeseen slam had been accomplished. Then he looked Shadow dead in the eyes, a green glow to them that matched his reds in anger, but not in sanity. Or lack-there-of. "My turn, Feather-Head!" Reaching an arm around Shadow's head to grab one of his large spines, Sonic pulled his attacker's head towards him, and in turn pushed his own head forward, smashing the ebony hedgehog's nose and forehead with the hard part of his scalp. When Shadow stumbled backwards in surprise, Sonic took the opportunity to swirl around and kick him just underneath his ribcage. And that's when he made the mistake; he went for another kick, but spun too quickly. The result was shocking. He had met Shadow's type before. People who thought they could push him around and make him do what they say… Anklet or none, Sonic wasn't taking shit from anybody. He never had, and he never would.

Shadow started to laugh at Sonic spasming on the floor, "Twenty minutes of wearing that little bastard and you already think you got it licked? Let me show you!" He kicked out - hard and fast, but just not quite fast enough to be shocked, and his shoe slammed into Sonic's

crotch, "What do I show you next?" he asked, and produced a razor blade from his jumpsuit, "How about I show you how I carve my name into your back?" he asked, his voice trembling.

Outside the cell, in their own cells behind their own bars, other convicts were already paying attention to the fight, placing small bets. The odds for Sonic as a transfer fish were depressingly low.

Sonic curled up on the floor in desperate pain, almost all wind and strength beat out of him via the combination of the anklet's shock and the opposing hedgehog's groin-kick. But, he'd seen Shadow move fast without getting shocked. That meant there was hope after all. Slowly, he started to stand. "I dunno who you think you are, Grimsy…" He glared warningly at Shadow, clenching his fists. "But I'm not somebody you want a nasty rep with… You ain't carvin' nothin' onto this hedgehog. Now either give it your best shot or back the heck off…" The blue novice was poised, ready to retaliate on whatever his opponent had coming…

"I accept that challenge," Shadow returned, and grabbed a handful of Sonic's quills, "Seriously, you think I'm nasty? You think I'm mean?" he pushed Sonic face-first up against the wall, "I don't give a fuck what your plan is, 'cus I know what happens to the bastards who don't make it! I am NOT! GOING! THROUGH! THAT! AGAIN!" he screamed, making a spirited attempt to crack Sonic's head open on a surface with every word.

Unfortunately, getting his face rearranged wasn't on Sonic's agenda at all. With a surprise show of strength and agility that matched Shadow's, he jumped to prop both feet against a wall, and proceeded to walk up until he could flip behind Shadow. Rather than run the black hedgehog into the wall like expected, he grabbed two handfuls of his spines. Shadow found himself him pulled and shoved head-first into the floor, landing hard on his back. Sonic was a manouverist. "Well well! You're quite the dance partner!" Sonic jeered with a smirk, "Things ought to be interesting if we keep this up all day every day! Any chance for a truce?"

"You got a lot of spunk, for a transfer on his first night…" Shadow's eye was twitching, as his nearly non-existent sense of humour tried to decide if Sonic was serious, "You can't escape," he hissed finally, "When you find that out, you'll suffer. Like I did-"

"Yeah, Scourge got 'im!" a high-pitched voice shouted from a cell right across the hall, with a very feminine-looking duck in it.

"YOU SHUT UP, QUEEN BEAN!" Shadow roared at 'her', "Else I'll ram so much of that lifted marge down your mouth you'll be shitting *cheese.* "

"Shutting up…" 'Queen' Bean backed away from 'her' bars.

Sonic raised an eyebrow, as if completely unscathed by Shadow's violent outburst. "Queen Bean? Scourge? Am I sensing a Love Triangle? Cause' you know, they never work…" His body was bruised and he had lumps, but none of his cellmate's treatment was taken personally in the least.

"Queen Bean's just this wing's main resident woman," Shadow kicked Sonic off him, but without malevolence, "She's harmless. But Scourge…" he shuddered, and looked away, but for a moment Sonic saw pain in his expression, "Well, I guess if you try to break out without a plan, you'll find out." He looked at Sonic again, sitting on his bunk, "Nobody's cracking the joint tonight. Drop it, faker."

"Whoa, I never said anything about tonight!" Sonic replied, inwardly relieved that Shadow had calmed down though he wasn't outwardly showing it. Even after all that had happened, he was still smiling casually as when he first stepped into the cell. "I doubt it'll even happen in a fortnight! I'll figure it out. Ain't a cage in the world that can hold this hedgehog!" He sat on his bunk, kicking his shoes off for comfort. "Hey, maybe when I figure it out, I'll let you tag along. Just to say I told you so before you eat my dust toward freedom!"

"Sure. You get right on your plan, I'll get right on squaring the circle," Shadow lay down on his bunk, muttering as he found something

under his mattress, "Geez, at least that little bitch Prower came in with a plan… went balls up but at least the little fag didn't make it up on the fly…"

Sonic's ears perked as he also lay down. "Prower?" the blue hedgehog asked. "I know the name. Miles Prower. Little fox kid with a double-whammy on his rump. Am I right?"

There was a rustling as Shadow looked at him, "Smart kitsune, Pepsi Cola generation, wound up the prison bitch after he took the bait?" he asked, "Could be. Why?"

"Sounds like 'im to me," Sonic answered. "Why do you call 'im a bitch? He's a fox, sure, but he ain't a girl. We've been friends for a while now; used to make the snazziest bombs for me. And when they blew up, there was chilli everywhere!"

"What are you, a fish? Because he's the *prison bitch*," Shadow replied, "He's too smart, too small, and too pretty for his own good. Gets handed around a lot and fucked by every gay and a bunch who aren't gay on top of that."

Sonic's eyes narrowed as he stared up at the cell's gray ceiling. "No, he doesn't. You're just a predator who feeds on despair."

"Wrong," Shadow said, a smirk traversing his face, "He's the prison bitch… AND I'm a predator who feeds on despair."

"Well, you're gonna go hungry when it comes to me, Chest-Hair. So ya might as well find someone else to lick your crap up." Sonic told Shadow.

"Oh, I guarantee I'll not go hungry in this place, faker," Shadow told him, "And you'll see. You'll see what happens to your friends, your kin, your own mind, in this place…" the dark hedgehog curled up, "I got me a busy day breaking in some fresh fish tomorrow, and you'll see what happens to the fakers… the cell-soldiers… when they talk bigger than their fists…" the dark hedgehog sighed. It sounded like

he was asleep now. And while silent, the sleep did not appear to be restful.

Currency

Chapter Three: Currency

It was breakfast time on Prison Island, and the inmates were being filed into the mess hall, Guard Robos watching over them from high catwalks as the prisoners made their way into serving lines. Among the hardened criminals of all kinds stood a fox with the distinctive trait of having two tails, which was also his nickname given by the other men. He was shorter than most and rather frail in comparison to the other prisoners, shy and meek. He was the kind who got victimized in places like this. As he went down the line, tray in hand, he wondered what his new bunk-mate would do to terrorize him today. Since the two new arrivals, cell arrangements were being altered, and the fox was being moved from his relatively safe cell with Manic the Hedgehog, to somewhere else entirely.

Lining up just ahead of him was Knuckles the Echidna. In theory the red echidna was little more than a murderer incarcerated for uncountable sex offenses. But in his first few months on Prison Island, he had managed to gain an impressive degree of respect - or at least the bladder-trembling terror that passes for respect in a prison.

Despite being openly, if not flamboyantly homosexual, and one of the worst sexual predators Prison Island Penitentiary had seen since its opening fifty years ago, and possessing absolutely no imagination, popular opinion was that Knuckles was just as dangerous and violent as Shadow Robotnik, if not as smart. As a result the two frequently got into fights about status.

The echidna held out his tray, and got a load of grey, possibly nutritious sludge dropped onto it by the canteen officers, compromised of 'Queen' Bean and Bark the Polar Bear.

Last night, Knuckles had gotten into a rather impetuous fight against one of the many rivals he had accumulated in the prison; Storm the Albatross. What did they get into it about? The red echidna barely remembered; probably one of the 'boys', possibly a stick of gum. All that mattered is he won, and that he was exhausted after the brawl. Since no guards were present to punish them, Knuckles spent the rest of the night sleeping soundly in his cell. The fight had left him tired out. That was why he hadn't gotten abusive on Tails the first night they bunked together. But he would start. Today…

Tails was up next. Nervously, he held out his tray and got his sludge. He'd been in Prison Island Penitentiary long enough to not complain about the food, because it wouldn't really make much difference. He'd also learnt the hard way about things like currency. He guessed that as usual, Bean had probably been boiling the porridge for at least an hour, because that was what it technically was. It was edible, anyway. You could say that much about it.

He left the line and made his way to the tables used almost exclusively by Anthros. There was a very definite split in the way the inmates were seated. At least it hadn't been hard to work out things like cliques.

As the puny fox started walking to an empty seat, Knuckles grinned to himself and tripped him, watching with satisfaction as the fox cub went sprawling. "Look what you've done," he said maliciously, "What, you think food comes free around here? That you can just spill it all over the floor like it's plentiful? You ought to be ashamed…" Laughing to himself, Knuckles walked past the kitsune. He sat at a table and ate with every indication of being satisfied.

Tails very nearly talked back to Knuckles, but stopped himself just in time. He'd done it once before without thinking to another of the predators, and knew Knuckles would be practically obliged - and very happy - to beat some manners into him right there in public. He gathered up what he could, knowing from experience that for the kids like him, there was no going back for more. Finally he seated himself at an Anthro table, eating slowly and looking around. He'd

heard the last boat had brought new fish and was wondering if he could see any new faces.

The seat was in a comfortable spot. Almost too comfortable. And then Tails realized something horrid; things were suddenly very quiet. When he meekly looked away from his food and at his right, he hoped to God he hadn't just made a huge mistake, because staring him in the face was a highly regarded inmate known as Vector the Crocodile. The guy was almost as broad as he was tall.

Vector. The Mob Boss, who had been almost entirely, if not directly, responsible for Tails' hard lessons in prison bitchery. Still, he wasn't actively telling the kid to get up and leave, and 'celebrity' inmates like him never bothered with fish and 'boys' like Tails if they could help it. In fact, he turned away, to talk to Espio and Mighty, and the fox wouldn't have interrupted for ten-thousand bags of crisps.

"Last couple of days, Mighty," Vector commented to the armadillo, "Then you're on the outside."

"Heh, yeah. Man it feels good! Makes me wanna throw a goin'-away party!" Tails heard the armadillo return. The young fox had never seen the three of them separate. Vector and his crew of Mighty and Espio were as notoriously feared inside the prison as they were outside; and fate was being cruel enough to let one of them back out.

"And some other poor sucker's got to bunk with Shadow now," Vector added, "How was your time with that evil-minded black-and-red bastard, Mighty? Not too bad, I hope."

Mighty shrugged. "Eh, he was a grade-A psycho. Talked about killin', tried roughin' me up but couldn't… I think Scourge really gave him the mind-shaft. Heh. If that guy ever gets out, we oughtta recruit 'im… Who's his new cellie, anyway? The white one or the blue one?"

"Well… if what I hear's right and the white one's lucky enough to be with Nack…" Vector mused, "That means the blue one's wound up

with Shadow. That one, right?" he pointed generally across the cafeteria to Sonic, "What did they say his name was?" he asked the quieter Espio, "Sonny… Soto… Steve… what was it?"

"Sonic!" Tails said without thinking, and realised the three mobsters were looking at him, "Sonic… his name's Sonic," he whispered.

Espio stared over at the hedgehog. Unfortunately, the staff was aware of his chameleon tendencies the day he came in; and a large, red X was painted on his face. He had lost his invisibility, but the sight of him was powerful regardless. Always quiet, always alert. His serious gaze was on the hedgehog, but his words spoke of Tails. "The boy spoke without consent. Should I nail his lips shut?" he asked Vector, his boss.

"No, no need…" Vector waved him down, "Just a simple slip of the tongue…" he looked at Tails, "So you know the blue hedgehog?" he asked, getting a small nod in return, " *How* do you know him?"

"We, uh… were partners on the outside," Tails squeaked out, "Then I got caught on a different beef a while ago… He's my, um… my Ace-Deuce. Sorry about interrupting…"

"Ah, see Espio? No harm done," Vector told the chameleon, "And I can't help but notice that Sonic's not had his legs broken or his skull cracked open just yet by Shadow, so…" he looked at Tails, grinning toothily. Nobody grins like a crocodile, "Tell me about him."

"Sonic… Sonic… I don't know exactly why he's here but…" Tails stammered, "He… he might not be respectful, is all. It's just his way; he doesn't mean anything bad by it but… I think he'll probably… probably try for Parole Plan B…"

"Escape, huh?" Mighty asked, turning casually to look at the hedgehog in question. Then he squinted for a better look, "Y'know… I think I know that guy myself! We may or may not have worked together some years ago…"

Espio's gaze hadn't left the hedgehog the whole time. "He was taken in after a failed attempt to rob a bank in Station Square," he informed Vector, since Tails couldn't. "It was in the paper last year."

"Right… and now he's here…" Vector mused, "Why here?" he looked at Tails, "Why here?" he repeated the question mildly.

"Um… well, I expect, Mister Vector… sir… that other prisons couldn't hold him," Tails squeaked out, "Um… you know that… speedometer they have on Shadow? To keep him from running? I think they might give one to Sonic… Maybe that's why he's in with Shadow… Mephiles would do that; put a guy like Sonic in with a… um… *person*… like Shadow, to try and break him in… Try…" he managed, his voice dry.

"What about the other guy?" Mighty asked. "The second hedgehog. Know anything about him?"

Tails looked over at Silver, and shook his head, "No, sorry," he said quietly, "All I heard round the cells is that he's fresh fish. You probably know that though…"

"So he's a fresh fish, huh?" Vector thought aloud, "Espio," he turned to the chameleon, and pulled out two packets of potato chips, "Check their reactions. I think *everybody* at this table knows the drill…" Tails visibly cringed.

Espio smirked for the first time in days. It was rare for him to do so. "Will do. I'll be back." With that, he left his chair and made his way casually to Silver. Guys like him never had to worry about getting through a crowd; crowds tended to move away from him. Silver was still on the breakfast line when the chameleon approached him.

It takes a special kind of convict to be able to cut in line, behind and in front of anyone he wants, without so much as a hard look from the person being cut. Espio spoke very low, "Hello, Silver."

The white hedgehog would have jumped had he not been so alertly aware of his surroundings. He had seen Espio walk up to him, and more importantly, he saw what he did to the person behind him. Silver didn't turn to him, simply spoke. "Whoever you are, you cut in line."

Espio had a sly smirk on his face. "No I didn't. I'm simply borrowing the spot for a moment… Just to call a truce."

Silver's ears perked. "We aren't at war."

The chameleon stepped forward when the line moved up. "Not yet. But we will be. You see… I'm a peace-keeper. And my boss… He doesn't want any trouble… So we're offering you this," he held up one of the aluminum bags, "Ask anyone around. Outside, these cost a quarter and a nickel. But in here, they're priceless… I'll give you one, if you're a deuce - a friend - and repay the favour some time…"

It was all Tails could do to fight the urge to jump up and warn the white hedgehog not to accept the crisps, the way he'd been caught up in the trap. He clamped both his hands over his mouth. Mighty and Vector were watching the interactions between Espio and Silver with interest.

"I don't like potato chips," the cautious hedgehog replied. "Why would I want these?"

Espio stepped forward again, with a grin. "Perhaps I've yet to introduce myself… My name is Espio Nagé. And I'm a very good friend to have… You watch my back, I'll watch yours. Take the chips as a token of our friendship. So long as you promise to return them some time soon…"

Silver recognized the name; Nack had warned him to stay away from Espio and… Victor, was it? Either way, making friends with someone of the like didn't seem like such a bad idea. Unless… "Are you evil?" the newcomer asked.

He made it too easy, "No."

By now the best part of the cafeteria was watching, listening like hawks, which some of them were.

Silver turned around, and smiled at him. "Good! Glad to finally meet someone else around here who's like me." He reached out, the whole crowd watching, and took the bag. "Thanks, Buddy. I'll repay you as soon as I can!"

Tails whimpered softly. Silver was a dead 'hog walking, "Oh man, he took the bait…" he whispered painfully to himself. Mighty and Vector ignored him; he was too quiet to be heard by Silver from this distance anyway.

At another table, Shadow the Hedgehog sniggered loudly without even *trying* to stay quiet, but didn't speak. It was fish like Silver that he *lived* for.

Espio nearly licked his lips. "I trust you will." Then he stepped out of line, and headed over to the other new guy…

The purple chameleon made his way up to Sonic with his friendliest act on display, in front of him as opposed to behind. The blue hedgehog noticed how everyone's attention had been on him when he was talking with Silver, and the same crowd's eyes followed as the reptile walked toward him. "Hello there," the chameleon greeted.

"Yo. Name's Sonic. And you remind me of a dinosaur I know…" the blue speedster told him with a grin.

"Touché. I'm known as Espio Nage, and I'm here to call a truce…"

Vector spotted that Tails was all but ready to jump up to warn his friend; he was rocking himself back and forth now, his hands knotted together, "Don't even *think* about it," the crocodile warned the fox. Tails nodded mutely in obedience.

"Cool but uncool, Tinkie-Winkie," the hedgehog replied, "No war, no truce. And I don't eat chips. Bad for my dashing good looks." The conversation was pretty much over, and Sonic knew it. The snack was a trap even he couldn't escape from. The prison itself, he could get out of. But owing chips? Not a chance.

"Well then," the chameleon continued, "I find it shameful that the two of us can't be on more… friendly terms…"

"Whoa, I'm all about friendship, pal. I just don't need any chips. I'll see ya around after breakfast!" With that, Sonic stepped into the end of the line, aware that he had just dodged a devastating arrow.

Espio watched him do so, and nodded once. He had respect for someone smart enough to not bite the poisoned apple. He opened the bag himself, loudly, and ate a chip, not by grabbing one with his hand like most people; but with his long tongue. Then he made his way back to his gang. "The score is even…"

The entire cafeteria seemed to sag and relax back to normal after that exchange. Vector nodded, "See, Prower? Nothing to worry about," he told Tails, "Looks like your blue friend is on the level. He might just survive in Shadow's cell after all. And thanks for the info."

"Any time," Tails managed, breathing normally again.

"The fishy kid, on the other hand…" Vector smirked towards Mighty and Espio, "Well, we'll just have to see if he's got enough smarts to last the week."

"You never can tell," Espio spoke softly, "Knuckles took the chips, and look at his standing now… he actually managed to pay you back."

Mighty shook his head, grinning, "Boy, am I glad to be gettin' outta this shit-hole. I've had about enough of these games…" Turning back to his food, he picked his apple up and bit into it. "But y'know, you

oughtta keep an eye on the blue one. I do know 'im after all. He makes a good deuce…"

"Hmmm… we'll see," Vector wasn't one to turn his nose up at advice, even if he didn't always listen to it, "He might do that. Or he might make a good corpse. Mephiles doesn't put just *anybody* in with Shadow; you know that."

"One more reason we might wanna keep tabs on 'im. If he's on Mephiles's shit-list, he might be lemonade in a hot desert on ours." Mighty spoke back.

"I see potential in him…" Espio spoke up.

"Damn good point," Vector agreed with both of them. No matter how much the inmates fought, they'd gang together against the wardens any day of the week.

Economy

Chapter Four: Economy

There wasn't a lot to do in the recreation area, but it was pretty big. There were a lot of board games, an old television and lots of books. There was a pool table. Right next door was the exercise equipment. A happy prisoner was a prisoner who wasn't starting a riot. It was the place the inmates spent most of their time when they weren't allowed outside or confined to their cells. The furniture was patched up repeatedly, and ancient. Right now, Shadow was sitting in one of the better chairs, apparently reading a newspaper. If anybody actually looked, he was actually reading an issue of Playfur. Occasionally he rotated the paper, or licked one finger and turned a page.

Tails was in another corner of the room, sifting through a large pile of books. Knuckles and Storm had gone to the weight room and the pair of mafia reptiles had occupied their own section, playing chess. Shadow and Knuckles usually had control over the television and radio, but since they were currently otherwise occupied both were wide open for other inmates to squabble over - at least for the moment. Mighty was watching wrestling, which wasn't too objectionable. Bark was teaching Queen Bean trick shots, and others were playing card games. It was a common scene, and everyone had their place in it.

Everyone except for Sonic, who eventually entered the room unattended. The place was bigger than the other prisons he'd been held in; but with less things to do. He was immediately unimpressed; they weren't even watching lesbian porn! How lame. It didn't take long for the blue hedgehog to get the feeling he'd have to provide his own entertainment throughout his stay.

Tails looked up from the pile of books he was sifting through. A rare smile spread over his face as he stood up and hurried over to Sonic,

"Sonic!" he grinned, resisting the urge to hug his best friend tightly, "It's great to see you again!" he hesitated, "And how terrible that you're here…" he added after a moment's thought.

"Whoa! Well if it ain't my old new-tech pal Tails!" Sonic returned with his hands on his hips, also delighted to see his old friend. "How ya doin', Deuce?"

"Oh, same old same old," Tails managed after a few seconds.

"That bad, huh?" Sonic asked.

"It's just that…" Tails gulped, looking around. He walked slightly hunched over, cowering slightly, he was limping a little, and he had several patches under his fur that were darker, as if bruised, "Well, it's… nothing… just… got moved into a new cell what with you and the other new arrivals coming…" he flinched, "So… that'll change things…" he swallowed.

A questioning eyebrow rose on the hedgehog's face. "Someone bullyin' you, lil' Bro?" he asked, suspicious. "Cuz it's not cool, man. Tell me who it is and I'll stand up for ya."

"Well, right now, it's not exactly *somebody*," Tails swallowed, "It's… sort of… well… You know in the cafeteria, how you didn't take the chips? I'm real glad you didn't cus… well… I did… when I first came… I probably shouldn't have done that because it kinda got me into trouble and I…"

From Shadow's chair, Sonic heard Shadow snicker loudly, and then turn a page of his dirty magazine.

"Yeah, um… what Shadow said," Tails swallowed.

Sonic frowned. "You fell for the ol' False Friend Code, eh?" he turned to look at Shadow, who still wore a smirk on his face. "Well don't blame yerself, Bro. I only learned cause' I don't like Sour Cream and

Onion, and that's what they offered the first time around. The next guy in line wasn't so picky; and got a pick right in his eye…"

Tails nodded, "I… probably should have known better though," he mumbled, "You know, what with the… escaping and being transferred," he shuffled to walk next to Sonic, "So… yeah. I'm kind of in trouble… always. I wish I was in with you… but Mephiles would never let something like that happen. My new cellie didn't pull anything last night but I'm scared… I don't even know who he is…"

"You don't know? Not very neighbourly, is he?" Sonic asked as he looked around; taking note of the architecture that kept him contained. "So how long've you been in? And what's your beef?"

"Well… it's been eighteen months in here now," Tails managed. He stammered even when talking to Sonic, it seemed, "And I… kinda did this telemarketing scam with auto-diallers… and some viruses that got a load of credit cards… but the big beef is when I pulled this really big deal where I nearly managed to make myself the sole owner and stockholder of Sonny and I think I really pissed them off. And then I tried Parole Plan B a few times which is why I'm in here."

The hedgehog's pointed ears visually perked at the sound of Tails's escape attempts. Having been old friends, Sonic wouldn't dream of leaving Tails behind when he escaped anyway, but now the kid might also prove useful. "You're an escape artist like me? Way past! Let's keep in touch in case I see any openings… Cause' I'm lettin' you and everyone else know; you better take a good look. Cause' Sonic T. Hedgehog ain't stickin' around this dump for long!"

Tails giggled weakly, "Heh… that's funny, Sonic," he smiled, "But… I don't think it's happening. You know, what with all the locked doors and guards and the fences and the jungle and the ocean that even I can't fly over… although I bet Mephiles would love to see me try…" he sagged unhappily.

Sonic placed an encouraging hand on his friend's shoulder. "Trust me, Deuce! That's exactly what ol' Glowy-Eyes and the rest o' the

staff want you to think. There's a way outta here, and we're gonna find it together!"

Cautious and alert, Silver kept aware of his immediate surroundings with every step he took. He had never been surrounded by so much evil in his life; everywhere he looked, there was a murderer, a rapist, an arsonist, or someone who worshipped the devil. It was a great weight upon his shoulders; the mission fate had given him to keep all these criminals in check. Trying to draw as little attention as possible, he made his way over to the Mob Duo, and stood a few feet away to watch them play.

There was very little noise in the room, even the television was at a medium setting. Shadow watched Silver walk past him to watch the two reptiles, and decided to make the situation more interesting. The oblivious newcomer had already proven himself a fish; it was time to move on in. Everybody fell into line, sooner or later, one way or another. Still holding his magazine, he stood up slowly and walked to stand behind Silver, who seemed to think that a bag of crisps from a loan shark made one of the biggest threats in the prison a good guy and a friend.

He cleared his throat, "Watching the game, Preacher?" he asked the white hedgehog from behind, referring to the preachy way the white hedgehog acted.

Silver cleared his throat right back before answering. He thought he was in a safe zone, having made 'friends' with Espio, though he didn't want to break the chameleon's concentration on the game. "Yes, I am. Are you good or are you bad?" the amber-eyed hedgehog asked back, not at all pleased at Shadow's tone.

Shadow felt bored enough to play for a little while, "Oh, I'm good. Definitely good. I'm in this max-security hell-hole because I robbed a grocery shop to pay for the meds for my dear ole granny."

If the dark hedgehog hadn't swore an oath never to laugh in public, he'd have let out a hysterical giggle at Silver's next line, "Really?" the white inmate asked, turning to Shadow, "They put you in here just for that..?"

Shadow looked down at him mockingly, "No, it was a lie. Criminals do that sort of thing. I'm a murderer and a rapist and they didn't even want to *risk* putting me in a regular prison."

It took a moment for Silver's eyes to squint slightly, "Lying is a sin," he told the strange black and red hedgehog, "And I don't appreciate your rue. Please go away, so I can watch this game in peace."

Shadow rolled red eyes, "And sinners go to hell. And we're in hell. So what are *you* in hell for, Preacher?"

"Stop *talking* to me," the irate white hedgehog snapped, turning away from Shadow to focus on the Chess game, "If your plot is to harass me, save us both the nuisance and go away. Get a life while you're at it; I'm not here to be toyed with."

A low growl left Shadow's throat, "I asked you a *question*, Preacher," he snarled, slamming a hand on Silver's shoulder and turning him around sharply, " *Look at me when I'm talking to you*," he ordered.

The newcomer was taken by surprise; Shadow could tell. But he shoved the ebony hedgehog's arms away with his hands, and held his ground. "Don't touch me!" he ordered back. "What's your problem, anyway? Do you just walk up to people and ask them stupid questions with no answers like some kinda creep all the time?"

There was a general intake of breath around the room. It was always entertaining, in a painful kind of way, when Shadow lost his temper, but whoever went about giving him orders might as well dig their own grave. Shadow gritted his teeth, "I don't think you quite understand where you are…" He grabbed hold of a handful of Silver's quills and slammed him up against a wall; nothing like as hard as he could but

not breaking eye contact, wild red from amber, for a moment, "I think you need teaching some manners, *punk* ."

Both hedgehogs stared at each other for a moment, and Silver was suddenly certain that this red-striped prisoner was the closest thing to Satan he'd meet while he was still alive, "Let go of me," he warned. "Take your hands off me or I'll have no choice but to fight back."

Shadow smirked, let go of Silver, and put aside his magazine slowly and deliberately. Then he spun around and slammed Silver against the wall again, harder, "And if I don't?" he asked sharply, "What, exactly, will you do if I don't?" he snarled, their faces inches apart.

"This!" Silver practically signed his own death warrant when he stuck both his fingers in Shadow's crimson eyes, poking him hard enough to nearly cause actual damage. Then he shoved him away. "I didn't do anything to you; I was minding my own business until you came slithering along! Leave me alone!"

Shadow didn't even pause to swear. Even with his eyes still smarting, he slammed a fist at full force into Silver's gut, then followed it up with a knee to the groin. As Silver started to double over, he grabbed him by the ears and slammed his forehead into his knee, hard, "DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHO I AM?" he screamed.

The white-furred hedgehog prayed, wishing with full-force that he had his powers back. Anything at all to get this savage brute away from him. For that matter, why wasn't his friend helping him? He supposed one-on-one was only fair… "No. But you obviously have no clue who I am either, you evil fiend!" Despite the pain in his groin, he had to fight back. And he did. By spitting in the face of evil and following it up with a punch to Shadow's neck.

It was a good try. But it was also a stupid one. Keeping a hold of Silver's quills, Shadow turned him to the side and slammed the side of his head into the wall, "You," he snarled, "Are a worthless little pile of shit in this place. A stupid, pathetic, fishy little faggot with no

respect, no clue, and if I choose, no *pulse* ." he rammed the silver hedgehog sideways into the wall again.

Vector and Espio were watching calmly from the sidelines. Shadow had been interrupted before time asserting himself before, and even for them it could get ugly if timed badly. Besides, it was practically procedure. Nobody could beat manners into a fish the way Shadow could.

Silver was dazed, his head was throbbing and he was starting to feel desperately underpowered. Still, he couldn't just let this new enemy get his way, "I'm not any of those things… In fact I'm the exact opposite!" He elbowed Shadow right in the jaw, then lifted a knee right to his pelvis. When he was free, he held his head. The drugs made him even dizzier when hit, "I'm a follower of Christ; a Guardian of all that is good. The only thing worthless here is the evil in your heart… If I had my powers, I'd destroy you for your no-good deeds right now!"

Shadow staggered slightly, but Silver was nothing compared to some of the brawls he'd been right at the center of, "Yeah, and I'm the ruler of a small Eastern European nation," he returned, his voice growing louder, "I'm Shadow. Shadow Robotnik," he punched Silver in the face, "And you are MEAT!" He dragged Silver over to the pool table, picked him up, and slammed him down on it, spoiling Bean and Bark's current trick shot. They took a hasty step backwards, "Get down off that table… and get on your knees RIGHT FUCKING NOW!" he screamed at the white hedgehog.

The silver hedgehog grimaced, coughing in pain as the wind had been knocked out of him several times. He'd never been in a physical fight before. With the powers he'd had, they weren't necessary. He struggled to sit up, but couldn't. "Not on your… life…" he told Shadow with a bloody lip.

"Then I'll *put* you there," Shadow dragged him off the table, "Little fucks like you…" he punched Silver while holding him up, "I make myself perfectly clear… I have no strong accent… no speech

impediment I'm aware of… and I *still* have to beat some goddamn manners into you little fags," He let go of Silver, just long enough to punch him so hard, that the blow knocked him to the floor, "You don't want to get on your knees?" his voice rose, "Fair enough… Get up!" he kicked Silver in the general area of the kidneys, "GET UP!"

Silver saw that the Guard Robos were on their way to stop the fight. He had to get one last hit in, at least one, so that this dark nemesis wouldn't think he had won. Furthermore, he had to make the hit count. "I got a better idea…" he sputtered through heavy heaves, "How 'bout you get DOWN!" With that, he gave Shadow a direct low-blow, a punch right to the nuts that brought him right down to his knees and into the foetal position.

Shadow didn't even look at the arriving guards, getting to his feet again despite the sharp pain, and dragging Silver up. Without a pause for breath, he dragged Silver back to the wall, and produced the razor he'd threatened Sonic with last night, "And now I'm gonna jam this in YOUR eye!" he growled, just as Vector put a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Oh no, Shadow, you can't kill him," he warned the wild-eyed hedgehog.

"WHY THE FUCK NOT, VECTOR?" Shadow screamed, "YOU WOULD!"

"No, I wouldn't… because that little punk owes me two bags of potato chips," Vector told him sharply.

For a moment, Silver felt saved… until he heard what Vector had said. "Chips..?" he asked, bloody and bummed.

"How about I just break *one* of his arms?" Shadow growled, "He can still hunt for chips that way…"

"Hold it!" Silver shouted out, recomposing himself, "What chips? I got potato chips from Espio but-" then he realized the shocking truth, "I

took some chips from… Espio…" he turned to his 'friend', who was standing solemnly beside Vector.

"Hmmm… it seems our fishy friend here missed out on his economy lessons," Vector grinned, while Shadow was clearly shaking with the effort of not cutting Silver. He looked at Silver, "Now, have you ever noticed that the less there is of something, the more valuable it is? The rising price of oil, for instance?" he reached into a pocket and pulled out a dollar bill, ancient and crumpled, "Now in your old world, banks lend money, but the only reason those pieces of paper are worth jack shit is because everybody says so."

"What're you- what're you getting at?" Silver asked the large croc.

"And when banks lend money, they always demand interest," Vector finished, "Well in this new world you're living in, money has no value. It's goods and services that count. Point is… I lent you some goods and services… the potato chips and the offer of friendship. You accepted. And I'm going to want those back. With interest."

Vector loomed over Silver. He was good at looming. It almost made up for having to bend down to get through doors.

Silver looked up at Vector with disgust. But he was bleeding with a busted lip, and he hurt, "Friendship… should never have value…" he pointed out, self-righteously, "And it should outclass material wealth… Espio never said anything about interest…"

"Which just emphasizes what a stupid little punk you are," Shadow sneered. He was grinning again, "Has there ever been a world where you could get something for nothing? Hell no… You go around asking about good and bad… don't you get it? You're in here… with us… that makes you bad too! And the harder you deny it… the worse you'll appear!"

"I'm NOT bad!" Silver retorted angrily. It seemed he was angrier about Shadow's statement than he was about Shadow's unprovoked

blows. "I'm not ANYTHING like you rats! You've double-crossed me with friendship and lies!"

"You never can tell people at first glance, can you?" Vector asked him, "You heard the same exact offer made to Sonic. And a long, long time ago, I made that very same offer to Shadow here. Friendship and potato chips. Sonic took up the friendship, but passed on the chips. Shadow chose to stand alone on both counts, and I thought he'd be dead in a week, but he's still here, still standing…"

"It's not a *gift*, Preacher," Shadow narrowed his eyes, pocketing his razor blade again, "It's a *test* . And guess what? You… FAILED!" he punched Silver under the ribcage.

Silver doubled over, his knees wobbling as they gave out. On the floor, he spat out blood. "We also agreed for friendship…" he pointed out, trying his best to hide his desperation, "Friendship should automatically cancel out my debt, because you'd forgive me…"

"Well, I haven't hit you yet," Vector commented dryly, "You *heard* Espio. He *told* you that in here chips are valuable," the huge croc grinned, "No tricks. No double-crosses. Now you have a week to find me two packets of chips, or you lose my generous offer of friendship. And you'll stand alone, like Shadow does. And it's nothing like as easy as he makes it appear…"

"I'm not getting you anything…" Silver retorted, no fear in his quivering jaw, "I'd rather be all by myself than associated with you treacherous fiends… I'll have no part in your games!" he turned to Shadow. "And you! You better get used to being challenged, because I'll never submit to your selfish acts of dominance, either! Beating me up won't change the fact that you're undeserving of any type of authority!"

By now, even Knuckles had entered the recreation area to see what the fuss was about. The smaller inmates were already edging away from him. Shadow glanced at him, and then smirked down at Silver,

pulling him to his feet roughly, one arm in a 'friendly' wrap around his bruised shoulders, "I see. Well, it's your first shower day tomorrow. And do you know what they'll say? Nice ass."

Silver managed to grow even paler.

Shadow continued, clearly enjoying himself, "With a cute ass like that, you'll be the belle of the ball. Your dance card will be filled every day. You'll be so *popular*, making all kinds of new, close friends. Big, *ugly, hairy friends…"*

Knuckles glared at him, "Hey! I am not friendly!" he hesitated, and slapped his face, "Damn!"

Shadow ignored him and snickered at Silver again, "Not that it will matter what they look like, 'cus you'll always be *facing the other way."*

Vector grinned down at the red and black hedgehog, "You're very good at this, Shadow. You should write children's books."

Silver's stomach churned. If only he had his powers…

Cell War

Chapter Five: Cell War

Sonic the Hedgehog had spent his first full day on Prison Island, and had already garnered quite the reputation for being rebellious. Having refused to return to his cell when prompted, he required escorts in the form of Guard Robos. Shadow was already sitting on his bunk looking bored when the blue hedgehog was shoved inside.

"Hey, hey! Watch the shirt, guys! It wrinkles!" he yelled back at the guards as they stepped away from the cell. "Sheesh," Sonic started, rubbing his left arm, "This curfew stinks around here! Bed at eight o'clock? And without hot cocoa? How lame!"

Shadow raised an eyebrow upon seeing Sonic's return. He hadn't put up a fight in his own return, but he had been sullen and sour. On the other hand, Sonic was starting to learn that was Shadow's attitude to everything. The black and red hedgehog made things as difficult as possible for everybody, while not actually doing anything wrong - well, not in sight of the guards, anyway. During prison labour, he had met his exact quota - no more and no less. He must have been practicing it for years, "You still like to make a lot of noise, don't you?" he sneered, slipping a piece of paper back into his pocket, "Keep that up and you'll be spending quality time with Scourge for sure."

Sonic turned to look at Shadow with a smirk; acknowledging his statement with a careless shrug that signified amusement. Then he sat on his bunk, and laid back. "That the guy everyone's afraid of? What is he, some kinda muscle-head fairy-man?"

Shadow looked uncertain, as if he wasn't sure if he should tell. Then he shrugged, "He's a wingnut Mephiles keeps locked up in the Hole. Permanently. Anybody who makes escape attempts gets put in with

him. As do major trouble-makers. Not everybody who went in with him came out alive."

"Sounds like a swell dude," the blue hedgehog returned. "He the guy who broke you? That why Queen Bean talked smack last night?"

"He did NOT break me!" Shadow snarled, "And for your information, Queen Bean is nursing a black eye and a few bruises tonight, and if she shoots her damn mouth off again, she'll be nursing a broken beak too!" he shouted to the opposite cell. There was silence from that cell, and Shadow glared at Sonic, "Scourge is in for doing kids. And killing 'em. Although I've heard he's not picky."

"Heh," Sonic closed his eyes, and crossed one leg over a knee to further comfort. "Sounds to me like you're not half the bad-ass prison-meanie you pretend to be," He pulled a piece of grass out of his pocket, obviously plucked from the yard, and placed the tip in his mouth like a toothpick. "If you were, you'd be the one in the Hole, with this Scourge guy. But you aren't. Cause' he broke you."

"Speaking of doing kids…" Shadow growled, "I heard Prower's being moved in with Knuckles. Now that's what I call a bad match…"

"Yeah, no kiddin'," Sonic returned in agreement. "Tails is a good kid, but he ain't no fighter. I'd try to help 'im, but there ain't much I can do from in here." He paused for a moment, temporarily removing the blade of grass from his mouth. "That's why I want out; so I can get back to doin' what I do best. Rebellin' against snot-heads like Knuckles who're in a position of power they don't deserve."

"Oh man, you have no idea," Shadow grinned, "Knuckles isn't just a bastard… he's a bastard's bastard. 100% genuine cock-hound. He's fucked every damn cellie he's ever had. Doesn't care about age or species; just cares about fucking them. Makes them into his little toys. Then he makes them ask for his protection, gets them in his back pocket. First off, he fucks them. They get past one night, he starts breaking their shit. *And* fucking them. They make it past two nights, he has a little word with the Janitor, who's fucking terrified of

him, and screws up their uniform, and keeps on fucking them and hitting them. He only ever had one cellmate he couldn't fuck with."

"Who?" Sonic asked, curious.

"Me," Shadow grinned.

Sonic raised an eyebrow. "Why do you like talking about shit like this so much?"

"Because…" Shadow grinned, "Knuckles just *loves* little punk kids like Prower. He's probably all over the little bitch right now…" he moved fast, punching Sonic in the face, knocking him on his back and looking down nastily, "He loves keeping them really close… and *kissing* 'em…" he leered down at Sonic nastily.

Sonic let out a sudden 'WOOF!' when he received that punch, and looked up at the ebony hedgehog with disgust and nuisance in his eyes. "Really?" he asked, rubbing his face where he'd been hit, "You're startin' the same game o' Patty Cake that we played last night all over again?" A well-aimed, straight punch right to Shadow's nose was his response, followed by a swift kick in his chest to knock him off the bunk. "There's somethin' seriously wrong with you, Faker. Quit bein' such a Mondo-Weird Loser, and ditch the Freak-Show act while you're at it."

"You think I'm kidding, don't you?" Shadow laughed, "What, you think I got where I was by beating up fresh fish like Silver? Knuckles trades in his kids like Vector trades in chips. And even when they don't belong to him they're still terrified of him!" the black and red hedgehog sneered, "And you're the Faker," he added, moving in again, before grabbing Sonic and slamming him to the floor hard with a glare.

The blue hedgehog grimaced when he hit the floor, cringing in pain and held-back anger. Then he visibly clenched his body, and placed both hands on the floor to pull himself back up. "All right, that does it," He got to his feet, and glared at Shadow with clenched fists. "I'm

gettin' tired of your macho-act, ya flea-chested pansy. I tried bein' nice and civil, but it ain't workin' so far." His green eyes hardened, and he pointed a finger at Shadow. "If you lay your hands on me one more time, I'm seriously gonna fuck you up like it's nobody's business."

"Okay…" Shadow sneered. Then he kicked Sonic directly in the crotch, hard.

It hurt. Really, really bad. Enough to bring the blue hedgehog down to one knee, even. But not enough to suck the fight out of him. He used his position to lunge up at Shadow and headbutt him right in the face; causing an instant nosebleed. Then he kneed his assailant in the gut, followed by a slam of his head into the bars of the cell. "I'm tired of your crap, Shadow! You'll quit screwin' around with me if I hafta beat your ass DEAD!"

Shadow had to grit his teeth to not cry out, because even if he wasn't used to the cell and the cellmate, Sonic hit really hard, "Yeah, and that's the only way you'll get me to quit!" he returned, "I didn't take your kinda shit from any other cellmate and I'm not taking it from you!" He rammed his elbow back into Sonic's gut, and pulled himself free as the other hedgehog flinched, and slammed his forehead into his knee, holding onto his ears. Then he did it again with his other knee.

The taste of blood seeped through his mouth, and Sonic was quick to react. Pulling back, he created just enough distance between himself and his attacker to flip backwards and smash both knees into Shadow's jaw. This sent the red-striped inmate stumbling back, and Sonic followed up with a charged elbow right to his neck. This was nothing like the fight with Silver; Sonic was a brawler and he was far from being beat. "I didn't do ANYTHING to you!" he yelled, slapping Shadow quite disrespectfully across the face, to humiliate him. "You just insist on puttin' your hands on me, like some kinda FAGGOT!" he followed up with a back-hand.

"You think you can just call me-" Shadow snarled, pulling out his razor. Then he rushed into Sonic, deliberately breaking the 30mph limit to ram the razor into his shoulder, and knocking Sonic into the back wall. It electrocuted them both, and it hurt them both a lot… but Shadow had grown much more used to it than Sonic, and he wasn't the one who screamed. Shaking from the shock, he punched Sonic in the face before the blue hedgehog could recover, and then again, "You have no idea!" he yelled, "NO IDEA!" he punched Sonic again. He knew damn well he couldn't use the electricity often; it was agony for both of them. But he usually didn't need to use it on anybody. The last person was Knuckles, and it had worked pretty damn well. Sonic was one hell of an exception.

By this point, the battling hedgehogs had given up on remaining subtle. They were making noise and they didn't care, but the inmates around them were loving it. Sonic's teeth gritted, bloody and red, and he was damned angry about his arm. "I have no idea, huh?" he asked, before grabbing Shadow's face on both sides with each hand. Then he did something unexpected as it was painful for the both of them, and spun his body forward at the speed of sound. The result was his spines turning into a buzz-saw, which sliced a deep gash right in Shadow's left cheek, as well as the shoulder and arm beneath it. To top things off, they both got shocked. Again. Sonic screamed, more in rage than in pain, and pounced on top of the opposing hedgehog. "I don't give a monkey's bare-ass WHO you've won your little faggot games against before! You don't know me, Pal!" He punched Shadow in the face, as if returning the favor. There was blood smudged everywhere by now. "You ain't winnin' against this guy!" Another punch. "I'm Sonic the Hedgehog, and I'll fuck you up every time! EVERY DAMN TIME!"

"You can sure as hell TRY!" There was this to be said for Shadow - whatever pain he was in, he always managed to resist the urge to show it. Cellmates were passing bets on them once again, and this time the odds were more even for Sonic. Bleeding, Shadow held on to Sonic and ran him sideways into the wall, slashing at him again with the razor and opening a cut that slashed a thin line across his

chest, "I'm Shadow Robotnik! The Ultimate Lifeform! And if you think-" he punched Sonic in the side, "That you are getting out of this standing-" another punch, "You're even crazier than they say I am!" He pulled back enough to use his entire body to slam Sonic bodily into the wall again and slash him again.

The blue hedgehog's body ricocheted against the wall, but rather than return with a counter-attack right away, he looked down at his bleeding chest, and shook his head. "Big mistake, Faker…" Then he round-house kicked the dark inmate's hand, nailing his fingers with the very tip of his foot. The action caused Shadow to wince in pain and drop the razor. Sonic looked at him with a crooked smile, and began to laugh. The act wouldn't have scared Shadow shitless if it hadn't reminded him so much of Scourge. "Allow me to demonstrate the precarious situation in which you have found yourself…" Then he hopped; throwing his feet out to kick Shadow in the face with both heels. "I LOVE PAIN! It lets me know I'm still ALIVE, Baby!" Shadow was against the wall now, and Sonic continued his assault by leaping forward and knee-smashing him in the face. "I don't give a flying moose's left nut what they do to me in here; they'll never break me but you… You've already been broken, and now you act like a God-forsaken faggot with an ego-trip!" He stood up, and picked up the razor.

Gasping, Shadow straightened. There was blood all over the place, belonging to both of them, "You like pain, Faker?" Shadow snatched a handful of Sonic's quills with his right hand, "You're gonna love me, like the faggot you really are!" He piled into Sonic, and grabbed the hedgehog's hand with his left. Rather than trying to make the blue hedgehog let go, he squeezed, and the blood ran from Sonic's hand, staining both their hands with red. Ignoring the danger of the razor, he piled into Sonic with another scream, still holding his hand far too tightly onto the razor, and making an attempt to slam his head into the concrete, "Fucking… bleeding heart!" he yelled down at him.

By now the Guard Robos were on their way, partly because of the noise, and partly because bets were now busily changing hands on

whether they'd get there before one of the hedgehogs actually killed the other in their attempt to gain dominance.

"Bleeding Heart, you say?" Sonic screeched out vigorously. "Let's put that to the test!" Using his opposite elbow to strike Shadow right in the fold of his own, he forced his hand to slip off, and despite his palm bleeding profusely, swung the razor and slashed the black hedgehog on the left side of his chest. Then he jumped forward to mount himself on top, but the Guard Robos saved both inmates' lives by pulling them away from each other. "I don't give a fuck! I'll kill you, Motherfucker! I'll kill your ass fucking DEAD!" Sonic screamed while trying to fight his way back to his oppressor. He was forced to drop the blade.

"You think you can do that, Faker?" Shadow screamed, fighting both Guard Robos in an attempt to get at Sonic again, "I'll twist your fucking head off and smear you all over the fucking WALL! Then I'll ram your stupid, thick head right up that little bitch Prower's AAAAAGH DAMMIT!" he screamed in shock as the Guard Robos shocked them both hard enough to bring both to their knees, "You worthless piece of SHIT!" he spat at Sonic's face, but narrowly missed.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here?" Mephiles spoke up suddenly, and both hedgehogs looked up, breathing hard, "Fighting in a cell after hours? I'm both disappointed and impressed!" he looked between the two bloody and furious hedgehogs, "You've made quite a mess, the both of you," he added, before snapping his fingers. Both hedgehogs were shocked again, but this time Shadow held in his scream.

Sonic managed it this time as well. When it was over, he grinned at Mephiles. "You really suck at your job, Oil-Face! I expected better; but it turns out I'll have to teach school-kids like this butt-hurt pansy over some manners in your place! Tsk tsk!"

This time it was just Sonic who got the shock. Shadow looked at Mephiles with unbridled hatred, "You don't even have the guts to

bring it yourself!" he snarled, "Why don't you let me up and take me on, man on man, Mephiles?" A shock was quickly administered to him too.

"I could do this all day," Mephiles looked bored, "But it's technically night-time. I suppose I'll have to wake up Doctor Blossom so that you two can be patched up enough to try to kill each other some more tomorrow…" he bent down, tutting as he picked up Shadow's razor, "Always finding something sharp, eh Shadow? Tch…"

"Hey, 'least he succeeds at it," Sonic spoke up, "That's more than I can say for your glittery ass, Mephy. Ain't nothin' sharp about you but your ty-dy spines!"

Mephiles looked between the hedgehogs. He had rather hoped that either Sonic would break Shadow, or Shadow would break Sonic, or that they might even break each other. It didn't seem to be working out that way… but it would, he decided. It had to, "Time for a visit to the infirmary," he said finally.

"Heh… then I'll say this for you, Faker," Shadow sneered at Sonic, "At least I'll get to see that fuckable doctor again. It's been a while…" he leered, then gasped when they were both shocked again. The Guard Robos started to drag the pair of them out of their shared cell, both of them frazzled and dripping blood. The inmates in the cells they passed watched with intense interest. Shadow certainly hadn't *lost* any reputation, for it was impossible to tell which hedgehog had come off worse… but Sonic had gained a few points.

Sonic grinned, looking over at Shadow as best he could while the robots dragged him. The black, red-striped hedgehog was warped, and couldn't grasp the concept of friendship. But it at least seemed they had a common enemy in Mephiles. And a common liking for sexy night shift nurses. "You're not kiddin'; that Amy's got one hell of a shell on her back."

The two hedgehogs were dragged down the corridor, well aware of the stares of the inmates. Under the scrutiny, Shadow struggled to

rise back to his feet, and given a moment of stillness he could probably have managed it, but the Guard Robos didn't stop walking, and after being pulled back down a number of times, he decided it might be easier to just lie down and let his blood be smeared over the floor.

Night Terrors

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: Okay, it's the first sex chapter - a chapter with M/M rape - so if you don't like M/M rape, happening in prisons, between two furs, I ask you the question… what the hell are you even doing on this page?

Chapter Six: Night Terrors

Nack the Weasel looked at Silver, a mild expression of boredom on his face. He had never dreamed that even a fish could be so… fishy. Mouthing off to Vector, trying to fight one of Shadow's standardised beat-downs for as long as he had, and seriously believing that he would not suffer the repercussions… "It's been a long and painful day, ain't it, Preacher?" he asked Silver. Thanks to Shadow's less-than-subtle influence, 'Preacher' had rapidly become Silver's nickname.

Silver sat on his bunk, bruised and exhausted, groaning, "You know that's not my name, Nack," he told the weasel, and laid back. His head was throbbing…

"Sure thing…" Nack shrugged, "I *warned* ya, though. *Told* ya guys like Vector and Shadow have got it like that…" he snapped his fingers, "What's the point 'a givin' advice when you ain't listenin'?"

"You're starting to aggravate me," Silver warned his cellmate, though he didn't mean it as a threat, "This place is… corrupt. On the inside and out! I have to do something to make it right… Take matters into my own hands! Somehow…"

Nack rubbed his forehead. He was sure Mephiles had put Silver in here just to taunt him, "Hate to break it to ya, kid," he told him, "But a lot of prisons are this way. Guards overlook prisoners abusin' each other. Bastards like Mephiles puttin' non-violent kids in with psychos, and usin' the Holes for fun. And the last thing I want is Vector havin' a 'word' to the Janitor, and our crapper developin' a blockage."

The white hedgehog's ears perked. "The grime runs that deep?" he asked, though it was more of a statement. "I can't trust anyone in this place, can I? Everyone's out to hurt each other. I'm all alone…"

"Ya in a fuckin' PRISON!" Nack shouted suddenly, "And not just any prison, this is max-security! That automatically makes everybody here a bastard-" he stopped, watching as Shadow and Sonic were pulled, staggering and bleeding, past their cell, "Well that's what I haven't seen in a while," he said, surprised.

Nack's averted gaze beckoned Silver's attention, and he too watched as the two battered hedgehogs were dragged past their cell. "Was that… Shadow?"

"Yeah, an' his cellie Sonic," Nack looked amazed, "Geez… they musta been tryin' ta waste each other… and it looks like a draw!"

"Sonic the Hedgehog can take Shadow?" Silver asked in disbelief. "But I could barely scathe him…" he looked down at his feet as they slipped out of their uncomfortable shoes. "Could it be? I'm not meant to make a difference after all..?"

"Don't ask me," Nack shrugged, "But the last guy to send Shadow to th' infirmary lookin' like that was Knuckles, and even he came off worse…" he looked at Silver, and took off his hat, putting it beside him on his bunk, "Shadow ain't th' problem, kid. Ya respect him, he leaves ya alone. There's worse'n him in here… Legend has it, that there was a time when Shadow Robotnik used ta *smile*…"

Silver looked deep in thought as he took Nack's words in. "I'd hate to think what the joke was…"

"Well," Nack began, his voice becoming low as he leant forward, "Way before I came, Shadow arrived. Legend is that he was decent. Didn't beat people up bar self-defence, actually stood up for kids, had a *sense of humour* . They wondered why he was in hell at all. Then he kick-started a major riot and tried for Parole Plan B. Got past the locked doors, the fences, into the jungle. Stuck it out for two weeks, but they caught him… cus he couldn't get past the sea. And Mephiles, who was new Head Warden what with Shadow killin' the old one on his way out, was pissed. And he stuck Shadow in a Hole… THE Hole. The one with Scourge…"

"I've heard that name several times today, from different people." Silver returned, sitting forward to hear Nack's story. "And they all said it with such… foreboding. Why? Just who is this… Scourge?"

"He came in for doin' kids… and killin' em…" Nack said softly, "You think Shadow's a psycho? You think he's mean an' nasty? Scourge… Mephiles keeps him locked up in Hole number three 24/7 cus he'd either kill other convicts and wardens or get killed off tryin' to. They say he kept Shadow in there for a week. They say you could hear the screams through that soundproofed door. They say when he got out, he was bleedin' from the nails from trying to claw through the door, and out the ass, and he smeared blood on the floor when they pulled him to the infirmary cus he couldn't walk. Spent a fuckin' week on the line between livin' and dead… After that… Shadow weren't smilin' no more."

The white hedgehog blinked for a few seconds, taking this new information in. "So… that's why Shadow's such a sinful, hateful menace? Because he's been traumatized…?"

"They say that's why he's always gettin' hold of shivs," Nack nodded, "Always got one. Or two. One time the guards gave him a shakedown just before showers, an' he was carryin' *three* . If there's more'n that to why he's such a bastard, he ain't tellin'. All I know is that sometimes he goes down to th' chapel but he never lets anybody else be in there when he is."

"So he's a victim too… Wow…" Nack was getting the bad feeling that Silver was starting to feel remorse for Shadow Robotnik. Or worse yet, pity him. "That… that changes everything… Especially since he prays…"

"I wouldn't pity him," Nack warned Silver, "He won't appreciate it. Even the God Squad don't know why he goes to th' chapel 'cus when he does he makes 'em wait outside."

"Who's the God Squad?" Silver asked instantly, with a hint of excitement to his voice. "There are Catholics in Prison?"

"Lots," Nack agreed, "Guys what pray a lot, cus they're scared of what th' next punishment will be… They spend all the time they got free in th' chapel. Mostly humans, but there's some Anthros on it too. Manic's on it, but Janitor duties keeps him busy… and there's some others…" Nack hesitated, and Silver got the feeling the rough purple weasel wasn't telling him something.

The hedgehog let out a sigh. "… I wish you wouldn't do that…" He sat back on his bunk. "Hide things, I mean… If you're going to give me advice, I wish you'd let me be sure I could trust you, at least…"

Nack muttered something rude under his breath, "I'm classed on it too…" he mumbled, "Started on it 'cus chapel's safer ta be… a bit… but it grew on me…" For the first time Silver noticed there was a cheap rosary hanging off the bed-post nearest to the corner and a cheaper bible under Nack's pillow.

Amber eyes scanned the room, as well as Nack's current state, and smiled. "Hey. There's no shame in devoting your heart to a higher power. I let it run my life! And I find it's the best way to be. That's why I'm here; to bestow the grace of God upon this place. Maybe you can help me?"

"Don't get preachy on me, Silver," Nack warned him, "God Squad is just another clique. Not a bunch of crusaders for justice. I don't hide

it, but flauntin' it is askin' for some trouble from the others. Maybe I can help you. Maybe not."

The bunk quivered along with Silver as he clenched his fists in desperation. "Help me get my powers back…"

Nack looked thoughtful, "I sure can't give you 'em back… God helps those who help themselves here…" he frowned, "Who took 'em from you?"

"Mephiles…" Silver responded, trying his very best not to sound sorry for himself. He was trying not to feel that way, either. "And Doctor Blossom…"

"Oh, the doc?" Nack put his hat on again, "She hates Mephiles. Hates him like the cons do. You've been settin' yourself up for a lot of abuse. That's not a bad start. Get in her good books. Her pity, her sympathy. Get it from her. Then, when her back is turned and you've got a good angle-" he stopped, "I mean, when you got her friendship, convince her you'll be good without them. It won't work twice… but once might be enough if you're plannin' what I think."

"Defy the nurse…" Silver whispered to himself. She was in charge of the meds, so obviously she'd be the one to trick, but why did he have to? Why did someone as noble and truthful as Silver have to resort to lying to a doctor to get his mission accomplished? He had a lot to think about…

"You've been playin' on how you could bust open heads, I'll warrant," Nack shook his head, "That's not gonna work. The lady's a pacifist. You gotta play on how you're *not* gonna use 'em. Tell the doc you can't think straight enough with them to fight back with your fists. How'd ya think Shadow got offa the anti-psychotics? By playing nice with the doc. Also by throwin' up."

"I know what I have to do! I just don't think it's right…" Silver muttered.

Nack shrugged, laying back on his bunk, "It's your choice now," he replied, "I just know you'll find ya don't have a choice-" he was cut short by a heart-wrenching scream and a shout that made him flinch.

Silver stood up, immediately, and ran to the bars. "What's going on? What's that screaming?"

"Sounds like…" Nack shuddered, "Sounds like Knuckles is gettin' ta know his new cellmate…"

"… he's raping him, isn't he?" Silver asked, cringing, "And I can't do a darn thing to help him without my powers…"

Nack nodded, "I told you about Knuckles… this is gonna be pretty routine for a few nights…" he flinched at another scream, and the sound of a shout, "Maybe weeks," he added.

Silver slumped to his knees, and slapped the bars. "Why isn't anybody doing anything?"

Nack grimaced, "One, Mephiles is dealing with Sonic and Shadow. Two, it's Knuckles, and you don't go up against him unless you enjoy being beaten near to death or fucked yourself. And three…" there was another cry, "The wardens don't *care."*

Tails arranged his few possessions on his side of the ancient table, and sat down on his bunk. It was nice that Sonic was in, but he couldn't see what the blue hedgehog could do for him from his own cell. He was probably having enough trouble managing Shadow. Pretty much every cellie Tails had, victimised him. Manic had been a huge exception, partly because he was on the God Squad, and partly because he wasn't exceptionally stronger than Tails. Everybody else though… he wasn't expecting this cellmate to be any different. But just because he was expecting it, didn't make it any less of a terror that was painful and humiliating. He backed himself against the cell wall, hugging his knees and watching the cell doors intently, with wide eyes.

The wait was only a few minutes, but it seemed like forever. Guys like Vector, Shadow and Knuckles always seemed to push the limits of curfew; every night the last ones returning to their cells. Knuckles hadn't gotten into a fight all day, and Tails would be lucky if all he received was a shattering punch in the nose. When the Echidna finally stepped in, his attention seemed on another cell, and he waved at someone or other with a grin before the cell door shut. Then he saw his cellmate, and his smirk went away. 'Good evening, Roomie."

"Knuckles…" Tails whimpered, trying to use his shoulders to dig a hole in the wall. Why did it have to be Knuckles? Of all the sexual predators in the prison, not one would deny that he was the worst. And the echidna knew it, and revelled in it. Even with his gloves heavily padded to keep him from knocking his way through walls, he hit hard. Tails had endured him before. But being his cellmate would make it many times worse. Right now he'd have taken Shadow over Knuckles - the ebony hedgehog was a bipolar psychopath but at least he never bothered himself to actually rape his cellmates.

"You look scared," Knuckles told him with a grin while he cracked the joints beneath his padded fists. "Is there some kind of monster under your bed?" The Echidna loved toying with his bitches. Absorbing their reactions, frightening them to no ends. On several occasions they even pissed themselves.

"Um… no…" Tails managed, *The monster's right in front of me,* he thought, but didn't say it aloud. Only an idiot made an enemy of the person they'd be spending 12 hours of every day of the rest of their lives with, "Um, thanks for asking…"

"No problem, Kid," a padded hand was extended toward Tails when Knuckles approached him. "But you really shouldn't sit on the ground like that. It's terrible for your back-side…" Knuckles was grinning. Tails knew exactly why.

"A-ha…" Tails laughed without humour, but didn't take Knuckles' hand, "N-no, I… I'm fine thanks… I'll stay here for the moment…" he

replied, looking up at Knuckles. It was one thing to be a victim, but you didn't have to be a *moron* . He began wringing his hands and trying to back away further.

The echidna glared for a moment, then shrugged. "It's your ass, Kid," Then he turned around, and stepped toward his bunk. "For now…" Siting on his bunk, he dropped four packets of honey mustard, tossing a fifth one toward him. "You might wanna prep. Cause' you've already pissed me off." He lay down on his bunk. Tails knew for sure that he was going to get it, hard and merciless. Knuckles loved the idea of making him wait.

The fox was unsure of whether to obediently prepare for the inevitable, or at least make an attempt to show resistance. Fighting back rarely worked, but it was still a better option than lying down and taking it. He pulled one packet towards himself, not opening it just yet, "Goody. Something to add flavour to my hot-dogs," he said miserably.

He heard a chuckle out of Knuckles, "No-ho, that'll be tomorrow. Tonight, you're getting fucked doggy-style like the bitch you are, Fox."

"Oh, please, Knuckles…" Tails pleaded, knowing it was useless, "I hate it, can't you pin Queen Bean tomorrow or something? She'll enjoy it…"

"I know she will. She always does," the red male replied, smirking, "But that's what I love about girls like you… You'll probably cry, and I'll spank you for it…" He cleared his throat, placing his hands beneath his head. "Cum'ere, Prower…"

"Uh… um…" Tails opened the packet, digging into his pants and trying to use the contents on his ass, and inside as well as out, without actually taking down his trousers or standing up, "I really would rather… rather do this another night…" he stammered, *You arrogant, fagotty red bastard,* he added in his head, "I, um… maybe

I'll just… um… I think there is a monster under my bed after all… I think I'll check," he started to crawl under his bed quickly.

"Prower…" Knuckles sounded agitated, his voice filled with warning, "Come *here* !" he repeated. "Daddy wants a kiss…"

Tails curled up tightly, whimpering, "You're not my daddy, I never even knew my parents, please don't kill me…" he begged, his tails tucked tightly between his legs. He'd learnt from the medium security prison that fighting back - or at least trying - would put you in better standing than simply bending over and taking it - though you'd pay for it in pain. At the least, fighting back meant you wouldn't make for a good whore, and prison bitch he unfortunately was, but thus far he'd avoided becoming traded property. By now he was under his bed and pressed against the wall, and he'd sleep there every night if it kept Knuckles off him while they shared a cell. It had worked before, and it was always worth a try.

Tails heard Knuckles let out a sigh. From underneath the bed, he heard springs creak as the echidna's heavy body was lifted off it. And then there was no bed above him, because it was thrown across the cell. "You wanna play Hardball, Bitch? Well here, lemme give you a break!" Tails felt himself get lifted by his pant-line, and slammed up against a wall with Knuckles grinding up behind him. "Take your pants off, Prower…"

Tails squealed in fright and pain as he was shoved against the wall. Okay, so under the bed wasn't an option. He honestly hadn't expected it to be, but at least whoever resided in the opposite cell was seeing him *try* to put up resistance, "You were a jerk in the cafe today, Knuckles!" he closed his eyes tightly and bunched his hands into fists, "I don't want to!"

"Oh, you wanna be a rebel, Sweet Boy?" Tails felt Knuckles' hot breath tickling his ear. The fur became moist with the echidna's stink. "Well, I'll treat you like one!" The kitsune's trousers were yanked down, his tails pulled, "I'm gonna enjoy this…" the buff echidna growled, "but I'll make sure you don't…"

Tails yelled again in pain. Being as noisy as possible was partly a sign of weakness, but anything that made life a little more difficult for his victimizer was worthwhile, "I'm already not enjoying it Knuckles!" he squealed loudly, "Can we please stop now?"

Knuckles gave the young fox a wicked grin that he could practically feel from behind him, "Maybe… if you beg…" He also pressed his elbow harder against the back of his furry neck.

"I've already begged!" Tails could feel the tears building up in his eyes, "I know you won't stop even if I beg more… and I'll just look stupid for trying! I bet that fish Silver will be really stupid and give you all that stuff you like!" Chances were the white hedgehog was taken or marked as it was, "Please don't hurt me though!"

The rapacious echidna removed his orange jacket, and placed it around Tails' neck, pulling its sleeves to choke him. "I'll get to him later, but I won't keep him like I'll keep you… You're prettier…" Tails felt the warm, slick tip of his cellmate's thick erection against his thighs, "Mmmm, you're a sexy little girl, aren't you? Are you ready…?"

Tails was very glad he had lubed up. He breathed in deeply, trying not to choke. The jacket would keep him from screaming as loud as he knew he'd want to, but he had a reputation for being a screamer, "No!" he wailed, both the response to Knuckles' intention to 'keep' him, and the question of readiness.

"Ohhhh yeah!" Tails felt Knuckles dip down, and then thrust up. The result was the echidna's swollen cock tearing its way into the kitsune's puckered asshole; only the tip for now but that would change with a few more thrusts. Knuckles bit the kid's ear while he grunted. Loud.

Tails screamed, knowing from experience that this was only the beginning, and from here it was only going to get worse. Tears were already trickling down his cheeks, as Knuckles had predicted. He

beat his small fists against the wall, hating every second of it but incapable of fighting back properly.

And Knuckles wasn't at all remorseful; his thrusts only got harder, his cock digging deeper into the small fox's tight rectum. He had fucked Tails once before, but it had been routine. On this occasion, he got the full effect. Nibbling on his ear, snaking his tongue over the back of his neck, breathing hot, moist breath onto his fur. "Yeah, Baby! You're a tight little whore; much better than Queen Bean! Mmmm!"

"I am NOT a whore!" Tails protested, just before he screamed again, almost certain that he was bleeding by now. He tried to push Knuckles away from him with his elbows, but it was a weak attempt, "I hate it, stop it, stop it!" he managed to shout out, just before the jacket was yanked, choking him again.

"You love it…" Knuckles growled into his ear with a grin, pulling harder on the jacket. "And you're takin' it like the dirty slut you are… My slut!" He was doing it again; taking someone's pride away from him in the most demoralizing, emasculating way possible. Shadow liked women, but so what? Women were weak. Knuckles liked men. And he knew he was so damned powerful and dominant, they couldn't do a thing but take it like girls. He shoved himself all the way in; much further than Tails had ever been raped before. The cell smelled of dick, shit and sex. And if that weren't bad enough, Knuckles pulled his victim's head to the side and kissed him, shoving a tongue drenched in saliva into his mouth, forcing him to swallow it.

By now half the wing had doubtless heard Tails' noisy protestations and Knuckles' loud and demeaning comments. Some were disgusted, others slightly envious that they couldn't command the same power Knuckles could, and still others were just relieved that it wasn't them. Tails wailed into Knuckles' mouth even as the kiss was forced on him, sobbing in pain and terror, clawing at the wall until his gloves tore and his fingers bled.

And then came the worst part of all. Worse than the initial pain, worse than the blood, worse than getting stretched apart. Along with

a loud, obnoxious grunt, Tails felt Knuckles cum deep inside him, tainting his insides with his grime. His cock was so thick, the shredded kid could feel it pulsing against his walls…

I hate you hate you hate you… the thought poured through Tails' head, and it was the only one there. It wasn't the first time he had hated somebody this much, and it was unlikely to be the last. He hurt so badly, it was only because Knuckles was forcing him to do so that he was still standing. The only mild relief was that it hadn't aroused him and he wasn't even erect. He continued to squeal and wail into Knuckles' mouth even as the echidna's cock shrunk within him.

"Mmmmm, that was real sweet…" He slipped out of the kid's tight rear and looked down, marvelling at the blood. There was some fecal matter on his dick, and he wiped it off on the fur provided by the kitsune's thigh. "See how dirty you are? I like you…" He dropped the kid, throwing the jacket on his left shoulder as he walked back to his bunk. "I'm gonna love havin' you around the house…"

Tails slumped to his knees, sobbing, "I hate you, Knuckles," he wept even as he bled from the asshole, knowing the echidna didn't care, "I hate you and I hope you catch something!"

Knuckles laid down on his bed, smugly satisfied with what he'd done, "You know you liked it. And it's okay, you can pretend to hate it for the sake of making it fun… Just remember that you're a worthless slut in this cell. My sperm still swim inside you, and you're the one who was helpless, taking the dick… You can expect the same treatment. Every. Single. Night. Until I get bored with you…"

Whimpering, Tails wiped himself, and pulled up his pants. Then his trousers. Then, still crying and limping, he had to go to the trouble of turning his bed the right way up and pushing it back into place, "I'm very boring, Knuckles," he told the echidna, "I mean, you're not exactly my first," *you moronic sadistic prick*, he added in his head, "What's so great about using me? You're not exactly proving anything except that you're still a cock-hound…" he sniffled.

Knuckles grinned. "Because the sex is better when you cry…"

Harley: There we go… first sex scene…

SonicFrank: That oughtta get 'em reviewin'!

Mirrors

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: There's been a slight delay, but here's chapter numero siete!

Chapter Seven: Mirrors

Doctor Amy Rose Blossom sighed, rubbing her eyes as she walked into the infirmary, looking at the two battered hedgehogs. It was no huge surprise to see one of Shadow's cellmates in here. It was a lot less often that he was brought in with them. She looked up at Mephiles, who sneered and left her with them, then back down at the hedgehogs, "Okay…" she sighed, looking at the slash marks made by a razor - probably Shadow's, "Let's start with some morphine for those aches and pains…" she picked up a bottle and a needle.

"I don't need painkillers, Doctor," Shadow protested instantly, lying blatantly. She wasn't overly keen on the black and red hedgehog - he had a tendency to talk to her chest, hips, or ass, and he was doing it right now.

"What're you, an Amish Rabbi?" Sonic asked Shadow with a smug grin, "Give me the drugs, Baby! I'm blue as the sky so blow me up high!" Both inmates had been handcuffed to their beds. Shadow was restrained for Amy's safety, Sonic just on principle. "Don't want me movin' around, eh?" he asked, dishing out a charming smile to the pretty doctor, "Kinky…" Sonic was administered the painkillers first.

Then Shadow was too; Amy did know when the dark hedgehog was talking big, and despite his mild refusals he was clearly in pain. It

wasn't entirely ethical to give them to somebody who had refused them, but when it was out of sheer macho bravado, it was more an act of kindness, "You two shouldn't be fighting," she told them, "You're more alike than you know; I have your medical and psychiatric reports to prove it. I'm not even going to bother to ask who started this, because it really doesn't matter…"

Shadow rolled his eyes at the idea of him being anything like the blue twit, but relaxed a little. He had just enough leverage to pull out a large shard of mirror. As Amy's back was turned, he tilted it to look up her skirt, leering.

Sonic raised an eyebrow, then cleared his throat really loud. "Gettin' a good look, Nipple-Bush?" He was deliberately taunting Shadow now. Despite how strong the ebony hedgehog was, and how bad they'd both beaten each other, Sonic was set on proving he still wasn't afraid.

"Huh?" Amy turned around to see Shadow looking up her skirt. Her eyes narrowed, and she slapped it out of his hand, dumping it in the bin, "You and I know you're not trusted with sharp objects, Shadow," she admonished him.

"Pft. You just wish you'd thought of it first," Shadow sneered at Sonic, then looked at Amy, "Listen Doc, when I get out of this hell-hole, how about we go for a ride sometime…"

"Shadow!" Amy admonished him sharply, before she stripped both of them down to their underwear, producing antiseptics and starting to wash the blood off Sonic, "Anyway, you both need cleaning up, and stitches. They can come out in a few days, but without them you'll scar. And I'm going to recommend that both of you can spend some time in the labour rooms fixing up your uniforms - after they're washed clean of all that blood. They're covered in tears in the material and lord knows I certainly don't have the time to repair them."

Sonic was naturally very suave, and even more smooth. It seemed he knew how to talk to women… but he wasn't hitting on her. He seemed to Amy the type who'd be a joy to be around, if he weren't incarcerated. "A hot nurse AND a sponge-bath? This place has the works! Think I might stay a while after all," he told her with a grin.

"Oh no… you can't stick around in here," Amy sighed, "I have far too much work to do and patients to attend to without keeping you two as pets," She turned her attention to Shadow, who was by now starting to stop bleeding. The blue hedgehog was a lot more subtle and pleasant than the black one, but she knew he was in here for a reason, the only difference being that he was more polite - and it was often the polite and charming ones you should look out for, "As for you, Shadow, you should be thanking Sonic. If you didn't need medical attention you could well be spending tomorrow in a Hole for your behaviour."

"Huh…" Shadow just muttered, "Well maybe if that bastard Mephiles wasn't so Guard Robo happy with the electricity and the tasers…" he winced slightly as the antiseptic stung his arms and side, "Maybe if he occasionally showed up when he was actually needed…" he glanced sourly at Sonic, then addressed Amy's chest again, "Maybe you'd have a little less work on your hands."

The blue hedgehog shook his head. "Now I know why you're in for rape, Stripe-Neck," he told Shadow while Amy tended to him, "You have no class. You just don't know how to treat a lady. So you had no other options!" He tried sitting up, the gash on his chest causing him strain.

"You don't know a goddamn thing!" Shadow snarled, about to try and stand, but lying down again quickly. Amy left him to stitch up Sonic's cuts, "You don't know a goddamn thing…" he muttered.

Amy clicked her tongue at Shadow's response, and bent over, pulling a small photograph out of Shadow's jumpsuit and handing it to him, knowing it might help him calm down. He rolled onto the side that faced away from Sonic and looked at it quietly while she stitched

up Sonic, "Hold still, Sonic Hedgehog," she told him, "You've got quite a few slashes… and your hand is a terrible mess…" she started to stitch that up.

The quick-witted hedgehog had an instant comment ready about his right hand, but decided to hold it off. "Yeesh, talk about an unpleasant sting. They say it hurts less if you talk about somethin' else. Mind helpin' me out by enlightenin' me as to how a pretty face like yours ended up workin' in the dirtiest dog-pound on the planet?"

"How? I passed my exams and became a doctor. And as for your next question, which is almost certainly why, I chose to," Amy told him, "Working as a doctor in a prison is considered humanitarian work. Like working in the Third World, or helping out in a No Man's Land. I've been in both those places; working in a prison was just the next step. It's not always easy… but it's emotionally satisfying."

"For you and the slobs with all the booboos both," Sonic commented, agreeing with her logic. The treatment she was giving him made him wince occasionally, but either the morphine was taking its toll, or he was very good with pain. "I know it's ill-advised to talk about personal matters with jail-snails like me, but your family must be worried. Mine's a wreck with worry about it, and I'm a guy!"

"They aren't happy with my choice," Amy admitted, "My father was especially difficult. But as a humanitarian, I believe in the distinction between combatants and non combatants, the principle of non-refoulement, and most importantly of all," she moved over to stitch up Shadow, "that all people have the right to a life of dignity. Those interests conflict hugely in a prison for violent offenders," she told Sonic as she stitched up the frowning Shadow, "But I enjoy the challenge."

"Aren't you scared?" Sonic asked, impressed with the work she'd done on his hand. Even though Shadow was a dirtbag pervert about it, Sonic couldn't help checking the hot nurse out when her back was turned himself. What could he say? He was male. And the girls didn't come nearly as petite where he'd been living. "Us Prison-Ponies

don't have a rep for galloping the dirt road of trust, know what I mean?"

"I know exactly what you mean… you're a killer, a thief, a liar and an instigator of trouble," Amy shook her head, "Do you know why I do what I do, Sonic?" she asked him, aware that Shadow was listening to her too, "Your file shows that you consider yourself a freedom fighter; you distinguish between good and bad lawbreakers. I distinguish between those who *have*, and those who *need* . And I hope and pray that by leading by example, I can help those whose pain sinks so much deeper than their bodies; help them see that there are people in this world who will help them. I'm scared only by the idea that…" she cut a thread and turned, a firm look on her face, "That rather than raising the needy to my level, I may come to fear people like Shadow and indeed, even you, and sink to yours!"

The peach-fuzzed blue hedgehog gave her a warm smile. "Well Nurse Rose, I seriously doubt me and the Mrs. over there will give you a darned thing to fear. Ain't that right, Sunshine?" he asked Shadow, and threw a piece of wet cotton at his arm to ensure a reaction. Amy hadn't seen anybody so keen on being playful with Shadow Robotnik's temper…

Shadow gave a low growl and muttered a curse, "I'll do whatever the hell I want," he growled at Sonic.

"Maybe it's time you two knew a little secret," Amy stepped back, looking at both of them. Still scowling and holding his photograph, Shadow looked at her, "Anger and aggression stem from fear, I'm sure somebody like yourself is aware of that, Shadow," she told him, before looking at them both again, "But fear of what? We become the most hostile when we want to protect ourselves. But what we're really trying to protect is the soft, warm, compassionate, *vulnerable* place in ourselves. It's because you are open to the world and can be so deeply touched that you want to shield your heart in the first place. To keep yourself from being hurt emotionally, rather than just physically. Will my commitment to medical and spiritual healing lead others to recognise there is tenderness even in their violence?" she

laid a hand on both Shadow and Sonic's hearts, "I don't know. But I've made a decision that I must try."

"Huh. Yeah, like *trying* ever did anything," Shadow growled, but he wasn't snapping at her contact, only holding tightly to his photograph.

"Heh, you deserve some mondo-applause, Doc, "Sonic told her, visibly impressed by her speech, "But I got one hand stitched and the other's all cuffed up from all the caring I've had today. Still, it's the thought that counts, right?"

Amy looked a little disappointed, "If Shadow ever decides to open himself enough to tell you why he's so… protective… of himself, that's his choice, Sonic," she told him, "A prison is the hardest place in the world to remain open, because you can be hurt so much for it. And that's why I'm here," she backed away slowly, turning the lights down to low, "I hope you can both rest in peace tonight," she told them both, "If you really need me, I'll be around…" She went into her office and pulled out a temporary bunk to sleep on while the two of them were in the room together.

Shadow sneered at Sonic as Amy left, "So according to the good doctor, I'm so *angry* at you because I *care* so deeply," he glared.

"Yeah, I figured you'd developed a little crush on me when you couldn't keep your hands off me no matter how much I insisted," Sonic retorted, grinning with his mockery. "It's okay that you're bisexual, but you're really not my type! So I'll keep insisting that you don't do it again, or else I'll insistently sew your face to your friggin' sphincter. Nancy."

"Oh, don't you ever shut up?" Shadow growled, "You know if I was like you, picking fights all the time just to show myself as the big man…" he smirked, "Pointless. You're a fucking asshole, Faker. And I'm not bi. I'm not a fag," he tugged at his handcuffs, "I'm not… I'm NOT!" he snarled, furious that he couldn't get up and smear Sonic's brains all over the bed he was lying on, "You always act like

Mephiles, don't you? Talk down to somebody who can't get you? A real cell-soldier, you are… talking big behind the bars."

"Jeez, you're a real raging PMSer, aren't ya Toots?" he asked Shadow, still taunting him without the decency of even looking in his direction. Sonic laid in a relaxed position with his eyes firmly closed. "It's okay, I accept you for who you are! You can even tell everyone that you're my girlfriend if it makes you feel better; I won't mind one bit!" The day-old newcomer cleared his throat. "But if you ever try feelin' me up again, we're gonna go at it again. And again. And again! Until you learn some respect. Though with a hot nurse like Amy around, I'm almost tempted to encourage your advances so we can rough each other up and come back here."

Shadow was no longer going to put up with the insults he was receiving from the blue hedgehog, not even when there was really nobody to see, "Okay, that's IT!" Shadow tucked his photograph safely in his underwear, "You love this, don't you…" he swung his legs off the table, not caring that he was cuffed to it, dragging it with him as he headed for Sonic, "Fuck this… infirmary! I'm not gonna be the only one playing nice, you goddamn turd! If you won't shut your trap, I'll shut it for you!" he snarled, raising his free fist to slam it into Sonic's face.

In turn, Sonic was ready to hop out of the way and drag his bed along with him as well, with the possibility of using it as a weapon most fanciful in his mind. But Prison Doctors, even ones as nice as Amy, knew to always be prepared, and Shadow felt the slight twinge of a thick needle getting stuck in his arm.

As Shadow slumped to the floor, Amy caught him on the fall before he landed, and gave Sonic a doctor's glare that prompted him to right his bed and get back in, as she put Shadow back into his, "Boys like you surely don't make my challenge any easier, Sonic," she scolded him, "To joke around is one thing, but to deliberately taunt somebody like Shadow? To push his limits? As far as I saw, he had more respect for this place than you did. That's shameful."

"Call it disrespect if you want, Doc," he started while shifting to get under his bed's thin covers, "But that's the kinda guy I need to piss off a few times before he gets the prickly point." Once under his blankets, he punched his pillow to plump it as best he could. It really wasn't much in the way of comfort. "I didn't do anything to provoke him before, but he out-right hit me for no reason other than to get some kinda control over me; that dominance that comes with being feared. And then I warned him that I'd fight back, and he didn't stop! So now we're here. And since he had the junk to put his hands on me when I didn't provoke him, I'm gonna get him so rattled up with my words he'll lose all hope of gainin' fear over me. Then I reckon we'll be buds! He'd make a great Tennis Partner for me; we wear matching ankle-braces!"

Amy sighed, "Shadow doesn't think like me, or you, or even most of the other killers here, Sonic," she told him, "Shadow's history has left him feeling so inferior to others that he feels the only way to prove that he is even worthy to be alive is by displaying his superiority to others. And that history is one of violence. He doesn't *care* that this place has no witnesses to his aggressive deeds, because *he* is here. Please, try to stop attacking his mental state, if not for his sake, or even your own, then perhaps for mine?" she appealed.

"For you, I can do that." Sonic promised with a wink. "But if he lays his hands on me again, I'm hittin' him the way I know it hurts worst. Sticks and stones won't do it, but words? Oh, they hit the spot."

Amy shook her head, looking unhappy, and Sonic sensed that he had hurt her somehow. She patted the unconscious Shadow on the head as she put him under the covers, but her final check on Sonic was more chilly, before she returned to her office. He heard the door lock, and he was alone in the dim light, to try and sleep. Shadow was no fun when he was unconscious.

Harley: Okay, I want like… a THOUSAND reviews before we put up the next chapter!

S.F.: She's kidding. Just several will do. ^_^

Breakfast Time

Prison Island Break Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

---

Harley: Hey, you gotta read THIS chapter! It's the only one where Chris Thorndyke gets beaten to a bloody pulp! Also, elsewhere people think we're doing a grand job of keeping characters in character, even when they're in orange. What do you think?

Chapter Eight: Breakfast Time

It was another day, another breakfast. Already Sonic felt the eyes of the entire cafeteria on him. The smaller inmates were especially staring at him, muttering between themselves at their tables. He had just fought with the psychopath of the prison and come off… not winning, but not actually being killed. The crowd parted on reflex before Shadow for the purpose of not getting stabbed… but Sonic was finding it a little less difficult to get through the crowd today than yesterday.

Shadow had just taken his place in the line, cutting in easily. Vector and Espio were already seated, and he switched tables most days to, as he liked to put it, keep people on their toes. A particularly stupid inmate bent over his shoulder, "Nice stitches, psycho," he told the black and red hedgehog, "Practicing your needlework? Not so tough now, are-"

Shadow didn't even give him the dignity of finishing his sentence. He grabbed hold of the hair of the squirrel, and pounded his forehead on the metal surface where pancakes were being served by Queen Bean and Bark. He held it against the hot surface with a nasty smile while Bean served him, "Pass the syrup, Bean," he told the duck. He then took the bottle, and squirted a large quantity of it down the back

of the squirrel's pants, before kicking him down and stepping to a table, humming to himself.

Sonic was standing in line only a few inmates ahead of Shadow. His hand hurt like hell and so did the stitches on his chest, but the rest of him was healing quite nicely. The usual murmur of prison cafeterias had begun boring him long ago. "Jeez, we need a stereo up in this joint," he commented to the guys ahead and behind him, not particularly caring who they were. This hedgehog's metabolism was as fast as the rest of him, so he could eat whatever he wanted and not gain an ounce. With that knowledge, he took some of everything on the day's menu.

When Shadow was done serving himself, he stepped calmly over to Vector and Espio's table, sitting down there. Mighty was no longer with them. It took a certain kind of lunatic to deliberately be able to sit with the Mob Boss and his enthusiastic bodyguard, but Vector had long ago decided that even if Shadow was a wild card, almost uncontrollable, that lunacy had a tendency to accomplish things that the sane couldn't think up even in their nightmares. And he wanted to know just how the fight between Sonic and Shadow had gone last night. "So you spent the night in the infirmary, Shadow," he stated.

"Very comfortable. Very… sedate," Shadow stabbed at a pancake venomously.

Espio wanted to remind his boss that the black and red hedgehog didn't win his fight, but held his tongue since the large croc seemed to be in the midst of a decent, promising conversation. He peeled his egg quietly, listening on.

"It looked like something of a… draw, to me, Shadow," Vector told him.

"You're implying that blue cretin is stronger than me?" Shadow sneered, "He's only alive because the Guard Robos interrupted. Mephiles obviously gives a damn if he lives or dies…" He frowned, "The stupid blue Faker thinks he can help his little friend Tails,

somehow… not much hope now that the little bitch is bunking with Fuckles…" There was this to be said for Shadow not being tied to any one clique; he certainly heard a lot of news. He glanced at Tails, who was limping near the back of the line, "I'm guessing that red cock-hound has taken his share already," he finished, without the slightest hint of sympathy in his voice.

Espio finally spoke up. "The oral reports testify that the scuffle lasted between six and eight minutes," he told Vector, fully aware that Shadow was within earshot but not caring to show him any form of courtesy, "If a kill was to be made, it shouldn't have taken half that long. The hedgehog beside you fibs of his prowess against the other."

"Oh, put a shuriken in it, Ninja…" Shadow snarled nastily, earning a glare from Espio.

Silver the Hedgehog was sitting at the table just behind the one with Shadow and the Mob. He had a steady eye on them, reading what best he could of their conversation from his distance. He couldn't help feeling something bad was on its way; impending doom had its sights on him. And he had to find a way out of it, fast. Without destroying his own values.

Sonic was whistling as he grabbed his grub and went to sit down, eyeing Tails toward the back of the line. He almost smiled, until he saw his friend limp.

Tails looked at Sonic regretfully, but said nothing as he took his tray. Rumours in a prison spread faster than wildfire, and he'd heard of Sonic's fight with Shadow - and how the two hedgehogs were in pretty much the same condition. Sonic looked sore. Shadow seemed to be covering it up better. Last night had not been happy for him, and neither had this morning. After he'd been raped by Knuckles, his sleep had been filled with nightmares - but then, it usually was. When the morning had come, as one of the more non-violent prisoners he had requested a trip to the infirmary, been given the inquisition by Amy who obviously knew what had been done to him

but he hadn't dared admit it, taken some painkillers, and was now awaiting whatever punishments Prison Island Penitentiary had in store for today.

Tails watched Sonic place his tray down on a nearby table, and stand beside it, waiting for him to grab his grub so they could find a spot to sit together. It seemed they both had a painful night, but if Sonic's hunches about Tails having been violated against his will turned up true, he'd need to have a word with his assailant. Tails simply filed along the queue. He didn't have the confidence to leave his tray alone, or cut in line. Other inmates were looking at him, and he hated the attention. The more experienced ones who had heard the noise he'd managed to make gave him approving looks, even if they did clearly pity him for the cell he was in. Others who had come on the last shipment and hadn't been assaulted yet gave him looks of disgust. It would only be a few days before they found themselves taken too, he reflected. Either by a predator, or somebody who was going along to show team spirit.

The God Squad table, consisting of Nack, Manic and some other like-minded individuals, were more interested in Silver. Nack was muttering to them about the white hedgehog, and Manic told him something too. The God Squad rarely attacked, but taking them on was generally unwise, owing to their tightly knit loyalties and the fact that some of them were absolutely hulking in size. Finally, Manic left his tray safe with them, and walked over to Sonic.

"Sonic, what in the Lord's name are you doing here?" the green hedgehog asked his brother.

Sonic nearly choked in response. "Ma-Manic?" Right then, right there, in front of everyone in the canteen, the blue inmate grabbed his brother, and engulfed him in a massive hug. "They say it's easy to find brotherly love when you're in jail, but this is off the chain!"

Manic hugged his brother back, "What are you doing here, bro?" he asked again, shocked, "I… I haven't seen you for over two years! How did you wind up in Hell? I mean…" he shook his head, trying to

clear his thoughts, "This is crazy! I know I blew up a few government buildings for the resistance, but you… I figured if anybody would keep out of the slam it'd be you! Is Sonia alright? How's she doing?"

"Haven't seen 'er! Last I checked she was gettin' hitched!" Sonic let go of the green hedgehog, clearly excited to have reunited with one part of his triplet brotherhood. "But after my last few heists, I've been all over the papers, so with any luck she'll know that I'm here, and come pay us both a visit!" Then he hugged him again. "It's great to see you, Bro! From now on, we're stickin' together!"

"Yeah, come on, I managed to make friends… you know how I thought those buildings were empty but they weren't, there were still people inside…" Manic looked regretful, "Well anyway, come on, we're always lookin' for new recruits!" He started to pull Sonic towards the God Squad's table.

And to the horror of every pair of prying eyes in the canteen, Sonic went along just chipperly.

Espio was about to attack Shadow for his insolence, when he saw Sonic being pulled towards the God Squad's table. He nudged Vector, and pointed at the blue hedgehog. Just in case his boss had any objections…

Vector watched the blue inmate joining the God Squad's table. Of course it wasn't anything permanent yet… they'd seriously thought they had a new member in Shadow at one point, until it had become apparent that what he prayed for was not what they prayed for - and of course his time with Scourge… but the last thing he wanted was for the God Squad to become even stronger. At the moment they weren't a problem because they spent all their free time in the chapel, and generally kept their heads down, but with a guy like Sonic in the team, they might start pushing their boundaries. There were already several cons who were considering it. "Stop him," he told Espio simply.

The chameleon vanished. Not going invisible due to the red cross on his face, but moving so quickly, and silently, that Shadow hadn't realized he'd left until he was trotting toward Sonic, with very quick feet but still arms that were held up before his chest. Just as Manic was introducing his newfound brother to the founding members of the God Squad, Espio interrupted. He tapped the blue hedgehog on his peach shoulder, and put on his best smirk, which he had mastered at making intimidatingly friendly. Excu-" But he was cut off, quite rudely, when Sonic gave him a waiting finger.

The God Squad's members cringed. One of the smaller ones stood up, and whispered something to Manic, whose eyes grew wide.

"Heh. The Faker joining the God Squad? That's a laugh," Shadow sneered from his table, "The idea of him spending all day in the chapel… my ass would he pull that…" Then he stopped. The God Squad were pretty easy to throw out of the chapel when he wanted to go in for an hour or two, but if Sonic wound up with them he'd never get any peace in there… he cared no more about them than any other clique but the idea of having one as a cellmate - especially Sonic - made his toes curl.

"Gotcha," Manic said after a few seconds, before turning back to Sonic, "Well, maybe not right now. This table's a bit full and you'd look kinda dumb having to sit on the end… But there's always room on the God Squad for one more so… if you want to talk to any of us, we'll be in the chapel. Me, I've got Janitor duties, but that just means I'll see you around, huh?"

Sonic raised an eyebrow, and turned to Espio. He immediately caught on. "Heh, guess you've finally managed to stay clean, eh? All right, I'll get groupie with your buds next time. It's… mondo amazing, seeing you here, Bro…" He gave Manic a high-five, "I'll see ya around!" Then he turned to the chameleon, who was growing very impatient. "Sorry to keep you waiting. Still not in the mood for chips, though."

Espio's eyes squinted in anger. "My boss wants to talk to you. You're aware of who he is?"

"Yep. Sure am! C'mon, let's go chat."

Vector looked at Sonic as he sat down at the table, "Good choice," he told the blue hedgehog, "Never let it be said that I don't respect the God Squad… but they don't ever take action… unlike yourself, Sonic. I think you'd find them rather… dull."

"Take action on what?" Sonic asked, placing his tray down and grabbing his fork with his left hand. "They're a peaceful bunch. What's wrong with that?"

"Oh, just that they sit around all day, doing nothing much… most of them are content to wait out their sentences. Even the members who will never leave legally." Vector shook his head, "The last thing I need is for somebody with as much potential as you to be wasting your time with them."

It was at that particular moment that Knuckles entered the cafeteria. He normally shoved his way straight to the front of the queue, but for some reason, he took a place behind Tails. He leaned over, and sniffed at Tails's ear. "G'mornin', Honey…" The kitsune felt his assailant's large hand on his butt, squeezing it.

The blue hedgehog looked over at Vector, and couldn't help noticing Shadow sitting next to him. He gave his cellmate a friendly wave, and tore a syrup packet open with his teeth. "And what exactly do you need from me, if not to lay low and stay outta trouble like those guys?" Sonic asked, catching wind of that was taking place on the breakfast line.

Vector cracked his knuckles slowly, "Oh, just that your good friend Tails over there," he nodded towards the small fox, who was obviously terrified of his current position but lacked the confidence or strength to skip ahead in line, "Said you might like to escape. And

frankly I don't blame you… but you'll need more than prayer to get past the walls."

Tails was looking at Knuckles, holding in his yelp of pain, "Why can't you just leave me alone?" he hissed quietly, "You had enough fun last night, go pick on somebody else!"

Sonic's green eyes were focused solely on Tails, and he gave up trying to cut his pancakes with the plastic knife he'd been supplied with, opting instead to use the edge of his fork. "Let me guess. You think my chances of escape are higher if I hang with you and Barney Jr. over here," he gestured to Espio, "You tried bamboozling me with those chips; and you didn't even have the common decency to offer me the good kind. We're off to a bad start already, Pal."

"I can make your time in this place very easy… or very difficult, Hedgehog," Vector told him, "You don't have to join me…" he nodded at Shadow, who smirked, "But I'd advise against trying to fight the natural order."

"Like Preacher over there," Shadow sneered across at Silver, who was still looking bruised over there, "Hmmm…" He stood up from the table, apparently bored with the conversation, and headed to sit with Silver, without even bothering to excuse himself.

"It takes time and various undesirable mental illnesses to get to Shadow's level of… respect," Vector told Sonic, "But you seem to be managing quite well while sane…" he noted Sonic's attention on Tails, "You seem concerned about your friend. You really don't want any reasons to become more concerned, do you?"

Knuckles pushed his cellmate forward, knocking him into the person in line before him. This made that person angry at Tails as well. "I'll be right back," Sonic told Vector as he stood up, and left the table toward the line.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Tails pleaded with the human in front of him, "I…" he looked at Knuckles, "I tripped, I'm sorry…"

"He's overconfident. I'd like to break him," Espio spoke up.

Vector nodded at Espio's comment, "Doubtless he'd be easier to control. But, like Shadow, less use. Shadow made one of the best escape attempts I ever saw. And he was doing it all on his own. Then Scourge broke him - not to the point of becoming controllable, but to the point of not trying to escape since. Perhaps we can convince him he needs us without having to cut off a few toes."

Unaware of the approaching hedgehog, Knuckles grabbed hold of Tails's tray, and was about to take it when a stitched hand grabbed hold of his wrist. "That ain't necessary, Pal. There're plenty of trays up for grabs at the back of the line."

Knuckles looked at the hand, and so did Tails. Then at the person posessing that hand, "I like the one belonging to Prower," he replied to the blue hedgehog, vaguely aware of his latest accomplishment of enduring one of Shadow's attacks, and felt an instant dislike of him, "It's got his scent on it," he finished.

Tails was holding on to his tray tightly still, and shaking. He looked thankful of Sonic's intervention, but obviously scared of what might happen next.

Letting go of his arm, Sonic stood face-to-face with the echidna in a fearless gaze-lock. "Well you're about to get 'scent' halfway across this eatery if you don't let it, and every other sick, twisted liking you have of my pal Deuce go. Got it?"

Knuckles didn't look scared in the slightest. He was, however, aware of the eyes of every person in the cafeteria on them. Then he sneered and ripped the tray right out of Tails' hands. Then he used it to slap the fox across the face hard enough to knock him to the floor, where he remained, whimpering. From across the cafeteria, Sonic could hear Shadow burst into sadistic laughter at the sight.

Sonic let out a large sigh, and began rolling up his left sleeve, carefully. "Y'know, I really wish you hadn't done that, Dreadlocks," he

then rolled up the opposite sleeve, and cracked the knuckles on his good hand, "A guy's gotta rest a few days in-between fights, y'know? But today, I gotta make an exception," then he assumed a fighting stance, lifting both fists in front of his face, left in front of right, and also swayed slightly to the left and right. "Let's go, Barbie Doll. Put 'em up!"

"No, Sonic, you'll get-" Tails grunted as Knuckles kicked him in the gut.

The red echidna didn't bother rolling up his sleeves. He lashed out hard with gritted teeth, slamming his padded fist into Sonic's face, the blow not as fast as Shadows', but a lot harder. It knocked him across the room, where he skidded to looking up at Vector, who smirked a little.

"Still determined to go it alone, Sonic?" the crocodile asked, "Like I told Preacher, it's not as easy as Shadow makes it look…"

Thanks to the damage he'd already suffered from his cellmate, Sonic's head was throbbing far worse than his face was. "Oh, a little two-on-one action, eh? But that's not fair!" He flipped to his feet, and cracked his neck. "For you guys!" he charged forward, running toward Knuckles at a speed not quite shock-inducing. Yet. "My turn, Riding Hood!" He speared Knuckles right in the gut, just hitting the thirty-mile an hour mark as soon as they hit the ground, shocking them both with the warden's little ankle-gift. The shock took a lot out of Sonic, but he was getting used to it. Knuckles wasn't. So he used what little time that gave him to land his own punch in the face. It was left-handed, but it was still hard.

The punch was a good try, but it'd take a lot more than that to take down Knuckles. The echidna grabbed Sonic's quills, and was prepared to slam it so hard against the floor that Sonic's head might well be smashed open, when two Guard Robos wrenched them both apart, and shocked them both.

Sonic wasn't afraid to yelp in pain; the robos' shock held a bigger sting than that of his anklet. They were being pulled apart before he could react.

Knuckles gave a yell, before he glared at Sonic, pointing at him and slamming one fist into a palm angrily as they were being taken back to their places. Tails was still curled up and whimpering, and Knuckles was holding onto his tray again, as he left the little fox's side, casually pushing his way to the front of the line while Sonic was pulled back to the nearest table - the one with Silver, and Shadow still laughing at him.

The blue hedgehog placed both hands on the table, leaning on it as the fuzzy feeling of being shocked still ran through him. "Jeez… Somebody needs to pull the plug on those tin-cans!" Then he looked up, and saw that he was at the wrong table. "Oh, hey Faker. Someone show you a funny face?"

Shadow just laughed, "You think you can do it alone! Oh God that's rich!" Sonic was honestly starting to think Vector and Shadow had a point, "It's just… hilarious watching the way you keep on trying and you keep on getting the hell beat out of you! God, you're stupid! Maybe even as dumb as Preacher here!" he snickered.

Sonic rolled his eyes, and looked to Silver. "Do you hear somethin'? Call me nuts, but I can't shake the feeling that some faggot's checkin' me out and gigglin' about my good looks," he patted Silver on the shoulder, and started back for his table. "Careful! The girl in front of you can get real touchy about her emotions!" Then he sat across from Vector again, and picked up his fork. "Anyway, what were you saying? Somethin' about making friends?"

"Not so tough now, are ya?" Silver asked Shadow, staring sternly at him. "I'm glad he's here to stand up to you, you deserve to get put in your place."

Shadow glared at Silver, "And I know how to put you in yours, Preacher. Faker has the right to mess with me because he can land

a hit. And that illusion will fade soon enough. I don't see anything about you that can put me anywhere… but you still think you can pull off his kind of shit. I figure I can deal with that… it is shower time real soon, after all…" he was interrupted by Tails, who, after finally picking up his breakfast and being waved away sternly from Sonic's table by Espio and Vector, had apparently decided it was a second-best option - maybe - to sit with Silver. Shaking, he sat opposite the white hedgehog, not saying a word but trying to eat his food quickly, aware of the empty seat next to him.

Silver didn't say anything to Tails, still firmly staring at Shadow. "I've been inspired by him, and I'm warning you… I'm gonna find a way to get my powers back. When I do, your nightmarish tyranny over the inmates of this penitentiary will fade. I'll make sure of it…"

" *Sure* you are…" Shadow nodded ingratiatingly, "You still think I'm the problem, don't you?" he asked, looking up as Knuckles approached the table and sat next to Tails, who was shaking again, "You think the rot just kicks in at my level, Preacher?" he asked, not even acknowledging Knuckles' presence, "I can't wait…"

"Finally claiming your own sprout, Hedgehog?" Knuckles asked Shadow, placing an arm around Tails's shoulders. "I've just picked mine…"

"Silver?" Tails stammered, pushing Knuckles' arm off him, "Can we switch places… please?" he begged with wide, frightened eyes.

Silver thought about it for a moment, and thought himself doing Tails a tremendous favour by agreeing. He grabbed his tray, and stood up off his chair for Tails, "Homosexuality is a sin," he told the echidna, "And forcing it upon those weaker than yourself is even worse. You'll burn in Hell for your putridity."

Shadow sneered at Knuckles, and Silver watched as Tails switched places with him almost before he had time to sit down again. He had to sit next to Knuckles, "You know I don't go for guys… I'll get that doctor. You watch me. Hell, when I get her, I'll make you watch me!"

he watched Silver sit down next to Knuckles, "Although if there was anything that could turn me as gay as you are, I'm sure it would be this little bitch…" he looked sharply at Tails.

"You guys think I'm a big joke, don't you?" Silver asked them both. "Well you just wait and see… Soon as I get my powers back, you'll both be wishing you had played nice from the start…"

Shadow laughed and looked at Silver, "As for that runt, Knuckles? He's all yours. In fact I'd say he's your type… Sure is small, and pretty, just like your cellie Prower. I'm saying…" he looked from Silver to Tails, and then back to Knuckles, "You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours."

"Aw, man…" Tails started to stand, and Shadow reached out casually, pinning his wrist to the table.

"You guys really ought to watch the way you talk to me-" Silver's warning was interrupted, by one of the last people he'd have expected. A human boy, who had approached Tails. Most of the cafeteria went quiet again.

"Um, excuse me…" The young male nervously said, "I've been told you're good with computers, and… My name is Chris Thorndyke…" Chris suddenly became aware of the many eyes surrounding him.

"Um…" Tails swallowed. The kid was obviously a fish, and knew nothing about the 'rules' of fraternization, "I think, um, Chris, that you should go back to your human friends now," he tried to warn the kid, avoiding eye contact. Beside him, Shadow had finished his pancakes, and stabbed his fork into the table, rapping his fingers impatiently at the human's presence.

Knuckles was also staring, leaning his chin on his elbow in a strong show of impatience. He looked to Shadow for a certain signal. A gesture of the need to keep order.

"Um, well… I was hoping maybe you could help me..? Send an email…?" Chris continued.

"They don't let me on the computers," Tails told the kid, still looking at his food hard.

That's when Knuckles slammed his fists on the table, and stood up.

Shadow stood up almost at the same time as Knuckles, tired of waiting for the kid to leave. One warning. That was all you ever got. He classed Tails' quiet and polite suggestion that the kid should leave as being that warning. He stepped towards Chris with purpose, narrowing his eyes, his hands becoming fists. Knuckles was more abrupt; and was closer to the kid as he was sitting right beside Tails, while Shadow was across from him. The bulky echidna punched the kid right in the gut, without warning, causing him to double over. By the time he went for his second punch, Shadow had arrived.

"Upsy-Daisy," Shadow growled, grabbing Chris by the hair and pulling him into a suitable position for the four-foot hedgehog to attack, "I… hate… humans," he snarled, just before he brought Chris' face down on their table hard.

Tails cringed visibly, but made no move to step in.

"Wait, what are you-" Silver was about to intervene, when Tails grabbed Silver's sleeve.

"Don't, just don't," he whispered in a frantic warning not to involve himself while Shadow was preoccupied with kicking Chris in the side.

The human was yelling for help. Then a kick to the gut from the attacking echidna sent him buckling to the floor. "Who the fuck do you think you are, crossing over to our turf like that, you filthy piece of flesh?" Admirably, none of the humans went to their fellow Chris's aid. They apparently thought a lesson was to be taught…

"Goddamn, what is it with these… humans?" Shadow agreed with Knuckles, "As if Hell wasn't bad enough, they've gotta be in it!" He picked Chris up again, and punched him in the face.

Knuckles looked over to the rest of the humans, "Next time I catch one of you greasy skin-muffins over on our turf again, I'm not stoppin' 'til I get me a shaved piece of ass! Quote me on it!"

"You!" Shadow glared at one of the smaller humans suddenly, "Punch yourself in the face!" The human punched himself lightly with a whimper, "You call that a punch?" the psychotic hedgehog shouted, "YOU!" he pointed at a much larger one, "Punch that little shit in the-"

The second human punched the human next to him much harder.

"Better," Shadow snarled. He and Knuckles picked up Chris and dragged him to the table, before Shadow picked Chris up bodily and dumped him on the human's table, to treat however they saw fit, "That's the trouble with this Pepsi-Cola generation," he told Knuckles loudly enough for the cafeteria to hear, "They don't have any respect for their elders and betters. They need to teach each other some damn manners."

"They better," Knuckles responded, staring into the eyes of of of the bigger humans; one of the well-respected inmates from their side, "Cause' God-forbid we have to do it for 'em." He turned around, and went back for his seat. Tails was long gone, and so was Silver.

Chris gurgled, blood dripping from his mouth…

Numerous inmates had witnessed either Knuckles or Shadow beating up another prisoner at some point. It was rare that the two of them bothered to team up, but it was always, always ugly when they did.

Shadow ripped his fork out of the table, and looked at Tails' vacant seat, "Looks like your new pet's gone walk-about," he told the red

echidna, before looking at his hands, "Damn human… he got blood on my gloves…"

The large echidna punched his fist again, "God I hate humans… Especially the frail ones. It's like punching a jelly donut," He looked down at Shadow's gloves, and grinned, "I'm gonna have blood on my dick tonight for sure. What's with that white hedgehog? Need me to teach him some manners?"

"I don't *need* you," Shadow's voice became quieter, "But I'm sure not fucking him myself. I know what I want to do with him, all I need is for you to make it true. He thinks gays are so bad, huh? See how he likes being one for a bit… I help you get Prower, you… well, I bet you haven't fucked an ass-virgin in a while… but you do it while I'm there. Put some red on that white."

Knuckles shrugged. "He's not my type," then he grinned, "But neither are you, and you had to get really persuasive about keeping me off you." He looked around, and specifically eyed Sonic. "What about the other one? Your blue boyfriend who wears matching socks with you. We tag-teaming that ass as well?"

Shadow gave this some thought. Sonic was amusing, in an annoying kind of way, "No. Teaming his blue ass won't do any good. Just make him even more of a mouthy bitch. Feel free to have fun on your own, but I'm gonna beat him down by myself."

"You gettin' soft on me, Shade?" Knuckles asked, grinning, "Normally you'd have him staining every pair of underwear he has by now. But he doesn't seem to mind your advances at all… I say we take 'im down a notch or two…"

"I beat you down before, Fuckles," Shadow growled, "And I don't plan to give up on that bastard… in fact, next time he acts up, he'll be sleeping on the floor… cus I'm running out of toilet paper and his sheets will make a good replacement if I need them." ~~~

Harley: Reviews! Now!

Scrub a dub dub

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: We had a review from somebody who said 'Sonic doesn't seem the religious type'. Well of course he doesn't. Because he isn't. The only reason he was checking out the God Squad was because his brother was in it. On the whole he's going to be about as religious as an Irish priest.

SonicFrank: Harley's mom is Irish so… she's allowed to make that joke.

Chapter Nine: Scrub a dub dub

It was finally Silver's turn to wash up in the shower. Two days in Prison Island Penitentiary without a decent wash had left him feeling itchy and gross, so he was ecstatic at the chance to get clean. Shadow's threats had him feeling nervous, though… Surely he was just bluffing. That's what the white hedgehog had to tell himself to work up the nerve to get on the shower line. Even though Shadow didn't seem the type to blush…

He'd watched as Shadow had been ordered to strip, face a wall and been given a pat-down. The fork from the cafeteria had been confisticated, and Shadow had been put into the line. He didn't seem troubled about the loss of the 'weapon', but had, smiling without emotion, joined the line. Meanwhile everybody's clothes were being searched for anything that might be a weapon, or for contraband. Most of the smaller inmates looked very, very nervous indeed.

Silver glared in Shadow's direction, and asked the human guard if there was any way he could shower later on. He was of course denied, as showers only took place at a certain time of day. A quick shower would suffice, he thought while being stripped and searched.

Knuckles was the only one who, when ordered to strip, wasn't allowed to remove his gloves; instead small plastic bags were pulled over the material. Once naked and under the water, very few inmates remained as confident as they had been with their clothes on. Knuckles was the only one who didn't seem bothered at all, as if it was all a show put on for his personal amusement. Tails was cowering and trying to keep as far away from him as possible. Shadow looked thoughtful, standing under one shower and humming as he scanned the area.

Sonic was in line a few guys behind Silver, but the showers were full before he could get in. The blue inmate would have to wait until some of the men who were currently washing up to finish before the next batch could go in.

Silver looked around. The showers were loud with the thunderous echo of pressured water hitting the white tile flooring. There were five rows of shower-heads, with five each. He chose the safest one; away from Shadow and Knuckles, and tried to mind his own business.

He had no chance. Shadow moved quietly and calmly, the other inmates getting out of his way without hesitating, until he was standing right behind Silver. Before the white hedgehog could try and push his way away, he kicked out, striking Silver in the small of the back and kicking him across the wet shower floor so that he collided heavily with the red echidna.

"HEY!" Silver yelled, trying his best to prevent the collision, to get traction on the wet floor, but found too late that he couldn't. He crashed into Knuckles' shoulder, and fell down on his back. Why was Shadow doing this to him? Why did these two bullies have their

sights set on making him miserable? They'd leave him alone if he had his powers…

Knuckles caught Shadow's smirk. He'd been intending to catch the little white hedgehog for some fun anyway. Now was the perfect moment being provided, as the circle began to close, and he bent down rapidly and flipped Silver onto his front before he could stand, pinning his shoulders down.

The white hedgehog lunged forward, trying to free himself from the echidna's grip. The circle of men started laughing, cheering, joking and taunting. It got very loud, very fast. "TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!" Silver screamed for his life, with terror in his voice. His cries were drowned out by the many jeering men surrounding him. A little further out, Shadow had started laughing at it all.

But the fun ended before it could start. Sonic the Hedgehog had been let into the shower room, and the commotion hadn't escaped his ears. He'd had a feeling Shadow and Knuckles would pull something like this; not putting it past either one of them to team up and impose their faggotry - or at least, Knuckles' blatant faggotry and Shadow's unbridled sadism - as dominance. Just as people moved out the way for Shadow, they now moved out of Sonic's way. The show was being enjoyed, but nobody tried stopping him from coming to Silver's aid.

While Shadow had his guard down, too busy laughing, his cellmate tossed a solid, soggy bar of soap right in his left crimson eye. Knuckles received a swift foot right in his face, the big toe of Sonic's foot nailing him right in his violet eye. If he hadn't been so hygienic as to clip his toenails, the echidna might have lost a pupil. "Well, well! What've we got here? I'm all for scrubbin' each other's backs, fellas! But ya gotta be nice about it!"

"Fuck!" Knuckles cursed, rubbing his eye, his fun abruptly spoiled. He almost looked to Shadow for help, but remembered one of the black-and-red hedgehog's personal rules; never help anybody. The hedgehog was busy washing the sting out of his eye anyway, "I'll

scrub the back of whoever I want, hedgehog, so why don'cha get with your back to me right now," he demanded.

Sonic shrugged, and peered at Knuckles. "Sorry pal, but you aren't my type. You're not cute enough. Now back off or get up and fight! I wanna get a shower in at some point today!"

By now, the surrounding inmates weren't sure whether to go on with their business or do more circling. Silver pulled himself to his feet, and glared at Shadow. Sure, Knuckles was the rapist, but Shadow… He was the instigator, and Silver hated him most right now. He grabbed the dark hedgehog's head by the quills, and smashed it against the tile wall, "I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE!"

"Me? What did I do?" Shadow put a look of stunned surprise on his face. He grabbed hold of Silver's fur on his chest, and began kicking him repeatedly in the balls, "You don't… talk… back… to… me!"

Knuckles didn't need any more prompting to fight, and got up, his fists ready, and punched Sonic in the face.

When his fist slammed into Sonic's cheek, the hedgehog's knee dug right into his groin in response.

Silver was finally released by Shadow, and fell over, whimpering in pain. But by that point, several Guard Robos had been called in to separate the fighting inmates and take them back to their cells to cool down. Sonic was relieved; all this fighting was taking a toll on him.

Just as he was being pulled out of the shower, Shadow swept a leg so that Tails was another one knocked onto his front, laughing again, while Knuckles struggled against the Guard Robos. Electrocution couldn't be used in here, thanks to all the water.

Sonic saw his cellmate trip his friend, and gritted his teeth. "Just wait 'til we get home, Shadow! We are SO talking about your behavior in the shower!" There was a lot of humour to what he said, but Shadow

was beginning to learn that humour had a lot to do with how Sonic expressed himself, even in anger.

Shadow sneered back at Sonic, "Yeah, you like talking, Faker," he replied loudly, as Tails scrambled to get up to his feet before the entertaining diversion of Shadow, Knuckles, Sonic and Silver could finish and he could be noticed.

Silver was in too much pain to say anything at all. He allowed himself to be taken away. So much for getting himself clean…

Shadow had been pulled into his cell just two minutes after Sonic, and already the blue hedgehog was laying exhaustedly on his bunk. The Guard Robo tossed the dark psychopath in, and shut the cell door. Apparently, being locked in their cell together would be their punishment for fighting.

Shadow scowled at the ceiling. He'd been hoping that Silver would be fucked by Knuckles in public - most likely leading to a gang rape right there in the showers. Sonic had pushed in to be protective. He wondered vaguely if Tails would still be walking; his deal with Knuckles involved him making sure the little fox would be victimised even more. Well, for now it would have to be enough that the fox had been scared out of his mind at the least. "Why the hell do you do that?" he scowled at Sonic.

Sonic didn't answer at first, placing his forearm over his eyes. "Urgh… I should be askin' you the same thing, Needle-Neck…" For someone who hadn't backed down from a fight so far, Sonic wasn't at all opposed to showing how tired he was.

"You stand up for the worthless little punks who have no respect at all for their elders and betters, and you actually support them," Shadow rubbed his head, "Then they get ruder because they think they've got you at their backs, so I have to get harder…"

"You really get off on that, don't you?" Sonic retorted, rubbing at his temple. "Gettin' the weaker guys to piss their undies whenever you look at 'em. I'm all about demandin' respect there, Smiley, but bein' a good-for-nothin' bully's a whole different ballgame. Especially when it comes to forced buttsex… Not cool, Bro. I ain't havin' it."

"It's not about the little kids," Shadow replied, "I don't keep respect by picking on little kids unless they start pushing it. You have a problem with that? Bring it up with Knuckles sometime. But that fish Silver… is gonna get himself killed if he doesn't start showing some respect soon. You've done time; you should know about respect."

"Oh, so you want 'im raped cause' you're concerned for his safety… Yup, that makes a lotta sense," Sonic responded, still shielding his eyes from the cell's bright light. "For someone who carries shanks around in his sleeves, you sure are a bleeding heart. Not."

"If he won't show me respect, he won't show you respect," Shadow replied, "And his shiny, shiny view of the prison… thinking we're the bad guys… it's his type that snitches and kisses up to the guards. Not even regular getting pally for a few privileges with the library and getting a good conjugal - but telling on escape plans. It was a fish I backed up once, that ratted out my escape and got Mephiles put in charge. You want him telling on your escape?"

"No, but I don't have to rape 'im to keep his mouth shut, dude." Sonic responded. He and Shadow had never talked like this before. Like people. "You really oughtta try finding a different way to get his respect. Gettin' 'im fucked might do it for most of the guys around here, but for some of 'em, it'll just make 'em turn out…" he paused, unshielding his eyes to look over at Shadow. "Actually. It'll make 'em turn out like you. Makes me wonder…"

" *Don't* wonder," Shadow growled, hands clenching, "It's not your business." He regretted that statement almost instantly, since he was starting to learn that if there was something Sonic was being told not to do, he would do it almost on reflex.

"Uh-oh," Sonic smirked, using his hand to cover his eyes again, "Think I just figured out why you want that kid to get dicked so bad," he cracked his neck, "Cause' you know from experience that it works. But I ain't askin' any questions; just know I won't let you do it. Last thing I need is another one o' you."

"And the last thing I need is another one of you," Shadow replied, "You stay out of my business, Faker. Fuckles thought a team-up on your ass might break you in, but I know better than that," he sneered, "Knuckles can fuck whoever he likes, and that *includes* you, but if I need that fag to help me break you in, I'm not trying hard enough."

Sonic dropped his hand, to give his cellmate a hard gaze. "What makes you think you CAN break me in, Robuttnik? I've taken your punches AND the homo-echidna's, but I'm still sitting here tellin' you I'll fuck you up if you try feelin' me up like you did last night." He held his gaze for a moment, before changing the subject. "Besides. We both know each other's weaknesses. I doubt either one of us can out-punch each other where it really hurts. We'd be better off workin' together so we can blow this joint and never have to face each other's pretty mugs ever again."

"Still convinced you can square the circle?" Shadow laughed, "I've tried Parole Plan B. Riots are fun… you check records; I've started more of them than all the other cons put together. But escape? That's still impossible."

"Meh, 'impossible' is just a word people use to make themselves feel better after they quit," Sonic lectured with a grin, "I'll let you know when we need a riot."

Shadow grinned, "There was one I started three years ago that lasted for five weeks and took six GUN squads to deal with," he chuckled as if in fond memory, "Admittedly I wound up in Solitary for a week, but it wasn't with Scourge… Maybe you read about it in the papers… or maybe you saw it on the news; there were journalists here… You can read, right?" he smirked at Sonic.

"I'm readin' you like a tramp-stamp on a cheerleader, Happy." Sonic grinned right back, "… man, I could really use a conjugal… I'm takin' a nap. Lemme know if you wanna go at it again; wouldn't mind spendin' the night with that hot nurse twice in a row."

"Not if I get to her first," Shadow replied, "Heh… Hell is empty, Faker…" he stared at the ceiling, "All the devils are in here… You wait. You'll see. You'll see how right I am."

Harley: Read and Review! Come on, you know you love all this stuff about all the characters being dangerous criminals! Come ON!

SonicFrank: No-one loves it as much as you do, Harl…

Servitude

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: More Male on Male prison rape! And what can I say but that I love you all, reviewers! Also, never, ever pity Shadow. Also… next chapter Silver gets a beating. But his rape is being saved up for a special occasion!

SonicFrank: And you're gonna love it!

Chapter Ten: Servitude

He'd waited 'til the very last minute; that small speck of time just before the guards would start getting physical about enforcing curfew before actually retreating to his cell. Tails was seriously considering auditioning for the God Squad, or even pretending to be Sonic's 'girlfriend'. Anything would be better than the alternative. He entered his shared quarters, meekly and quietly to attract as little attention as he could.

Confined to his cell for most of the day, for one little attempt at fucking a fish, Knuckles had been denied the pleasure of jumping somebody smaller than him for nearly twelve hours. He'd intended to grab Tails anyway, but knew that the kitsune wouldn't come easily. So when curfew hit, he stood quietly in the shadows to one side of the door. The moment Tails was over the threshold, the bars closing behind him and the few seconds it took for the guard to move on, he made his jump, grabbing the kitsune and pinning him to the bars, one hand clamped over his mouth, narrowed violet eyes staring into terrified blue ones.

"Shhhh…" he whispered softly, before he began to smirk.

"Mmmmff!" Tails shouted back, searching with great terror for a means to get out of his assailant's grip. He grabbed tight hold if the bars and pushed as hard as he could, but to no avail. He'd been afraid of this all day; one night of violation from the inside out wouldn't be enough for someone like Knuckles. No, he'd belittle the slender fox night after night and not grow bored until there was nothing left to break.

"Oh, please," Knuckles grinned, "Well, Prower… 'til a quarter to three… or whatever time I want… it's just you and me…" he punched the little fox very hard in the stomach, "I've been waiting for this all day." Without pausing for breath, he took his hand from Tails' mouth and smothered his cries instead with a violent kiss, caring nothing for any witnesses in the opposing cell. For him, the more witnesses he could get away with, the better. He pinned the kitsone's hands with his own.

The punch made him double over, but Knuckles didn't let him fall. The kiss enforced upon the small inmate's lips involved a tarnishing tongue that defiled his mouth with its vulgar slime. Tails was beginning to cry, tears of rage, disgust and helplessness pouring out of him. But still he tried eagerly, weakly, to pull away.

Finally Knuckles broke the kiss, and dragged him over to his own bunk, pinning him face down and sitting on his back. But he didn't start straight away; no, the prowling echidna was far too much the sadist to just get it over with quickly. Besides, he had a better idea… "You know, I'd really rather it didn't have to be this way, Prower," he said smoothly, stroking the fox's bangs, "It'd be so much easier if you didn't fight it. I mean, you're smart. You know damn well that it's all this fighting the inevitable that makes it hurt so bad…" he leant forward and licked the back of Tails' neck.

Tails shuddered, a look of putrid disgust forming on his face. Knuckles' bunk stank of his own cum and that of unfortunate former cellmates. There were spots of blood on it. Tails wanted to lash out,

he wanted to vomit, he wanted to curl up and never be seen again. He wanted to die. But he was too afraid to do anything about it. "I-I know what you want… S-Storm wanted it too…"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever…" Knuckles snickered, "But that's the point. *Poor* Miles…" he used the fox's first name, "Always so jumpy… even with your buddy Sonic around, you're always having to watch your back. Always having to look out for the next beating. Or another status-fuck. Always fighting it, never winning, because you're so *weak*… it must really suck, being *weak*… never been weak myself, of course…"

Tails winced at Knuckles' subtle suggestion. All of this was so degrading; how could he ever live with himself after what he was considering? "Y-you're strong enough to protect me… But you don't…"

"But I *could*…" Knuckles was stroking Tails' fur again, "You know how it works… you give a little, you get a little," the red echidna was being horribly gentle, but he was already hardening against Tails, "Of course, sometimes I might get a little enthusiastic… because you're so goddamn *pretty*… but isn't that so much better than me having to beat you into it every night? I can't protect you if you don't stay close to me and for *some reason…"* he laughed nastily, "For some reason as soon as that door opens in the morning the first thing you do is run away from me and get yourself into deeper shit."

Is this what Miles Prower had sunk to? Willingly becoming the slave of a power-hungry faggot like the echidna who had every intention of raping him? "I hate you… But I'll do it… If you protect me…" It was surely better than living in fear every second of the day…

"There you go," Knuckles grinned, "If it makes you feel better, think of it as… a business arrangement. You do everything I tell you to, you stay real close to me, and nobody else… *nobody else…* gets a look in. You don't get hurt by anybody else, because I don't want that pretty face of yours messed up. You don't get taken by anybody else because you're mine. And you don't get beat up, because I don't

want you too sore to *do as you're told.* Just as long as you're by my side."

Tails gulped in displeasure. Not only was he going to be on the receiving end of gay sex if he agreed to this 'business arrangement', but he'd have to go into it willingly. Perhaps even perform submissive erotic acts that made his stomach acids flare upon thought. But what choice did he have? It was either this, or keep being bullied… "Y-you'll protect me? Against everyone? Even Storm? And even Sh-Shadow..?" The psychotic hedgehog's name made the young kit shudder.

Knuckles' hand crept up Tails' jacket, stroking his furry chest. Shadow could beat him down, if he really wanted to. The dark hedgehog's revelry in dominance over others sometimes reminded Knuckles of his own father, though he'd never admitted it. After his father had found out that his son didn't conform to 'normal' sexual standards, he'd set to beating it out of him, and some days… some days it had been so bad, Knuckles had been convinced he was going to die. Being gay, of course, was just an excuse; his father had treated his mom pretty much the same way. Regardless, it hadn't worked…

God, he *hated* his father…

But at least Shadow respected the rules of ownership…

"As long as you stay close to me, yeah… even from Shadow. Nothing less for *my* boyfriend," he assured Tails, "But if you start running off or disobeying orders, you'll get into trouble. You *know* all this, Miles."

The desperate need to cover his face swept over him, but Knuckles' weight didn't allow him the chance. He was disgusted, afraid, and more pinned down than he'd ever been in his life. Both literally and figuratively. "Okay…" Tails gave in, though his stomach made him want to vomit the words. "I'll… do it… As long as I won't have to be…" he swallowed, "Afraid, anymore…"

"Well, I sure can't promise you that you won't be afraid ever again," Knuckles licked the back of his new toy's neck again, "But I can assure you that you won't need to be afraid of anybody except *me*…" He sat up, moving back just enough that Tails would be able to get off the bunk again, "Now get up… and *strip*," he ordered the kitsune.

Tails whimpered for a moment. It was a short second, but the heavy burden of shame and disgust was difficult to adjust with. He got up, sliding off the bunk ever so slowly. And with a gentle, held-back sob, began unbuttoning his jacket…

"Yeah, you keep doing that," Knuckles grinned sadistically, "And because you're being such a good little boy, I won't hafta gag you or choke you, so I guess I won't be needing *this*…" he started unbuttoning his own jacket.

Tails looked away from him in a flinch of disgust. He tried to maintain whatever speck of pride he may have had left by not looking at his oppressor; avoiding submissive eye-contact. Once his jacket was unbuttoned, he let it fall, leaving just his t-shirt, trousers and shoes.

Knuckles was doing the same, "And the rest, Miles, *darling,* " he told him, rolling onto his side and watching intently, "I want to see it *all* this time."

Tails nodded, though it was more a shudder of his head. He grabbed the base of his shirt, and hesitated before pulling it off himself. Knuckles was watching him like the sick pervert that he was, and the kitsune wished to gouge the echidna's eyes out in fury. This was so *humiliating* . Standing shirtless, soft and with very little muscle tone, he kicked his shoes off and brought his shaking fingers to his trousers…

"Now was that so tough?" Knuckles had a smirk as wide as his face, "You being so soft and fluffy… I don't know why you're so scared 'a hiding it from me. Now the first time's always a little awkward… but don't stop now. Not when we're just starting to have *fun…"* He started to ease down his trousers and even with his underpants on

Tails could see his hard-on. All things considered, Knuckles felt he was being remarkably patient with Tails.

In a sudden burst of desire to get the worst over with, Tails dropped both his trousers and underwear at the same time. Stepping out of them and standing up with a shamed expression on his tender face. He was flaccid, limp; almost shrivelled…

"Shame about that…" Knuckles said, looking at the cock, "But you'll be enjoying yourself soon enough… you did pick up a couple of packets of that syrup like I told you to?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer, produced his own from the drawer, "Lube up," he ordered, opening the first of his own packets and starting to use it on himself.

Tails cursed under his breath, nearly stomping the ground as he picked his pants up to dig in the pockets. He'd taken several packets, but felt he would only need one. The rest should be saved for other occasions… Tearing one open with his teeth, he squeezed some of the sticky fluid onto his finger, and with a shameful expression, fingered himself to spread it around. "Just… Don't make it hurt too bad, okay? Please?" he asked, practically choking on his words.

"You do as you're told right, and it won't hardly hurt at all," Knuckles was on his second packet, doing it all very skilfully, as if he'd done it a hundred times before. If he needed more, he could always bully it out of the kitchen staff, "Blood and shit make for lousy lubes, Miles, as I'm sure a sweet little thing like you knows…"

Tails nodded, and the overbearing need to get this over with was rattling within him. He wished he didn't have to… "Sh-should I… bend over my bed? So it's soft…?"

"You get to lie face down on my bed, *darling*," Knuckles told him, "And you can yell all you like, too, because you'll be enjoying yourself so much, I'll bet… Now, come over here. Don't waste time, or that syrup lube'll dry up and *you don't want that,* do you?" he

narrowed his eyes, and Tails knew that even if it was dry when he got there, Knuckles would fuck him anyway.

His impulse was to shake his head, but he withheld it with great distaste. His finger was covered with evidence; he couldn't even claim rape if he wanted now. Walking hesitantly up to the echidna, he bent over his bunk, and swung his legs over it one at a time to lie on his stomach. This was the first time Tails was going into this willingly. He already never wanted to do it again.

"There's a good kid, eh? We're gonna have us a great time, in this little room, or wherever, whenever I say so," Knuckles looked down at Tails piercingly, *"Aren't we?"* he asked, his voice a growl as he moved one large hand all the way down to Tails' cock and balls.

"Y-yes…" Tails whimpered out, on the verge of crying. He felt so emasculated, so feminine. So much like a helpless little girl; a bitch. Somehow, his response didn't seem concluded, and when Knuckles gave him the extra second to finish, Tails said something he immediately regretted. "Daddy…" His eyes grew wide. Why had he said that? It was impulse, second-nature, a runaway thought that had somehow escaped. Maybe downloading all that porn wasn't such a good idea after all…

"That's right, I'm your daddy, and I'm in charge here," the words made Knuckles feel infinitely better, he grinned, and lifted up Tails' tails, before he started to push his hard cock into the hole there. He wasn't yet started enough to forget about what else he wanted from Tails, and started to rub at the kitsune's privates, his teeth gritted.

Tails cringed, shutting his eyes so tightly that the tears could barely soak their way out. The act was so nasty, he felt his body being ravaged and tarnished, like he was no longer safe in it. And to his horror, Knuckles's advances had his own shaft hardening as well. He didn't moan, didn't grunt, didn't scream. He just gasped at the painful intrusion.

"Holding it in, huh?" Knuckles grinned, and gave a low moan as he pushed his way in deeper, "You make all the noise you like, Miles… just don't be stupid and yell for help…" he groaned again, "'cause I'm the only one helping out now…"

It wasn't a moan, or a scream or a grunt or even a cry, but Tails let out a deep-rooted squeal of pain, grabbing the bedsheets tightly as he felt Knuckles split his body to get inside him. There was a damp spot on the mattress where the kit's face was, wet from the tears that streamed down his face and fell off his nose and chin.

Knuckles chose to ignore this. Now he was all the way in, and he started to thrust, leaning forward so that Tails could hear every obnoxious pant and grunt that he made, not thrusting as deeply as the previous night, thank God for small mercies, but moving fast, his hand hot against Tails' crotch even through the padded gloves, his body starting to sweat.

Tails could feel Knuckles' musky breath, and murky sweat and even his dingy saliva falling onto him and sinking into the skin beneath his fur. He was being used as a worthless sex object, for a man, and had allowed himself into it willingly. He dug his head into the mattress while Knuckles humped him, terrified and alone. His sobs grew louder.

"Nnnngh… sad, huh?" Knuckles grunted out, still moving, "C'mon, be happy for daddy…" He didn't wait to let Tails try to even fake happiness, but leant in, hips still moving as his own cock was just about ready to come, and turned Tails to face him, pressing another hard and passionate kiss on him, pushing his tongue in once more.

Tails choked; Knuckles could feel it. He was so disgusted that he gagged on impulse. He wanted to shout, scream, demand that Knuckles either finish up or pull out of him already; this was insulting in the deepest of ways! But he didn't. He lay there, and let the echidna do as he wished. He neither kissed back, or tried to fight the kiss away…

Finally, Knuckles came inside him. But he wasn't pulling out yet. Oh no. This was his new toy, and toys were made to be played with. He broke the kiss, but held Tails' face firmly in place, *"Look at me,"* he growled at the kitsune softly. Then, moving his own body much more slowly than before, he began to rub at Tails' privates, slowly and gently.

Tails didn't want to look; he complied by opening one eye while he cringed to turn away. What was this monstrous faggot doing? Why was he jerking Tails off? Wasn't this all about his own selfish pleasure to begin with? Was it not satisfying enough to know that his sperm now swam inside the young fox's body, staining and marking every inner morsel of flesh that they touched? "Wh-what are you-?" Miles asked, thought the words were so choked he may as well have not tried.

"We're *both* going to enjoy this, *darling*," Knuckles told him, still breathing hard, still moving in him, though much less painfully since he'd cum, and was going at it more slowly and more shallow, "Your porn may not be my style, but *one way or another* we are both going to enjoy this, just like I said we would. You won't have *any* reason to complain, Miles." His hand was still rubbing, and from the look in his eyes, Tails knew that Knuckles *was* enjoying this.

"Please stop…" the fox finally begged, clearly repulsed by what was being done to him. Sure, he was hard, but only due to the rubbing. There was absolutely nothing arousing about this encounter at all. Not for him, anyway. He shut his eyes tight, and tried to picture something else, anything else, so that he could cum and get this over with…

"I *told* you to *look at me,"* Knuckles growled at Tails, rubbing harder at him, " *Don't* make me tell you again…"

Yelping at the sudden rigidness of the echidna's hold on his delicate shaft, Tails looked up at him with great fear. Though there was such disgust in his eyes that Knuckles thought he might vomit on the spot.

Tails finally came; it was a very weak orgasm, but it was something. And he immediately felt horrid afterwards.

"That's better," Knuckles frowned, "Although you could use some improving…" And with that, he smeared a gloveful of Tails' cum on the fox's furry chest, "We'll work on that…" he told him, "Now do you know what happens next tonight?" he asked, pulling out and wiping his own cock clean on Tails.

The kid was already revolted; he was feeling nauseated and it showed. "No…" he replied, gagging.

"We cuddle up together… like this…" Knuckles grinned, rolling Tails so that his back was to Knuckles' front, and wrapped his arms around the kitsune possessively, "Because you belong to me. Say it, Miles," he breathed in Tails' ear, "You belong to me…"

The words came out without hesitation, though they were dry enough to peel dry paint. "I belong to you…" The urge to fall asleep had long left the violated fox long ago. He just laid there on his side, eyes dull as spattered as his pride. He didn't hold Knuckles, but he felt the echidna's body heat surrounding him. He couldn't die soon enough.

Knuckles pulled the sheet over the two of them, "There's a good boy… and tomorrow, I start upholding my part of the bargain…"

"Why the hell does Shadow need to be such a… bastard?" Silver asked Nack. He'd had the whole day to calm down, but he still felt shaky about what had nearly happened in the shower.

"Well…" Nack looked thoughtful, "Could have to do how you haven't apologised to him yet. Or it could be because it's coming up to visitor's day. Shadow always gets extra edgy around visitors days. Like gals have PMS. You can set your watch by it. Come to think of it, he's usually much *worse* 'n he was today."

Silver shuddered at the idea of Shadow managing to be worse than he'd been today, "Why visitors days?" he asked, and then sneered a bit, "Let me guess… Shadow doesn't get any visitors."

"You haven't been here long, Preacher," Nack told him, "So maybe you don't get what it's like to not have visitors. You're locked up in hell for the rest of your life… and nobody outside cares. Nobody gives a shit whether you're alive or dead. My sister Nick, she writes me from the Women's Correctional Institute in Westopolis, and I write her. Some of the bastards have lawyers, some of 'em have pen-pals who do it for projects. Christ, even that fag Knuckles gets his mom dropping in every once in a while, and it's a good day for everybody when she does. But Shadow? Word is he's never had a visitor, or even a letter. Ever."

"I'm not surprised," Silver muttered.

"Oh, that's low," Nack warned him, "That's a real low blow, Preacher. Even you should get that's the reason Shadow's so goddamn obsessed with his rep on the inside; 'cause he doesn't have nothin' on the outside."

Silver thought about it. It did sound kind of sad, in a way, "Didn't mean he needed to try and have me raped in the showers," he muttered.

"You just mind you don't make fun of it," Nack told him, "Last time somebody pulled that, it wasn't just Shadow what got him for it; a bunch of guys without pen-pals banded up and fucked him for it later, and Shadow didn't even need to *tell* them to."

Harley: Well? How are we doing? Painful and wretched enough for you? In time, everybody gets what's coming to them. And Nick exists in this universe that uses practically every Sonic character there is.

The Regular Channels

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: A reviewer asked why we said 'don't pity Shadow'. It was mostly a joke… because if you pity Shadow in prison, he'll twist your head off.

Chapter Eleven: The Regular Channels

"I dunno how you do it, Chump," Sonic told Shadow as he sat back in the old, worn couch with many tears at its soft material. The blue hedgehog's legs were crossed, relaxed, but he was still his usual energetic self. The rec room was bustling with chipper inmates; it'd been a good day so far.

So far Shadow had been in a relatively good mood, at least as far as Sonic knew him, which made him almost tolerable. A good mood seemed to mean that Shadow put on sharp answers to questions and made dry comments that were almost funny, and he hadn't savagely attacked anybody, and Sonic was starting to recognise the pattern - if he didn't get in Shadow's way, Shadow wouldn't get in his. "Do what?" the black-and-red hedgehog asked predictably, flipping channels rapidly.

"Use your left hand for everything," Sonic responded, gesturing his right hand. It hadn't fully healed yet, though the stitches had at least come off. "It's been a real pain in the gonads for me to use my left for everything; can't cut my meat, can't jerk off, can't wipe my ass. I know you just meant to inflict pain, but this is just mean. Heh." Shadow seemed to have some kind of authority over the remote in this place. In his last few penitentiaries, inmates got to selectively

choose what was on based on majority; but here, the psychotic hedgehog seemed to have full control, and nobody fought him over it.

"Well," Shadow seemed to choose a science documentary, "Most people use their right hands… like you. So when I go to shiv them one," he gestured violently with the remote, "Or shoot them, they can't handle that. They're stabbing with their right side which makes them more open on their left, which is where I'm aiming. On the bad side, it makes it tough to open a can of beans, and all that."

Was this guy serious? They were in a prison full of bad-asses, and Shadow was considered one of the craziest ones; so why in all hell would he decide on a boring science documentary about crap nobody cared about? "Dude, come on! I wanna see some boobies; let's at least watch an action movie! Sing-alongs are better than this!"

"There's no porn," Shadow replied, "None worth it, just shitty Rom-Coms with Julia Roberts for the bitches," he sneered, and put on a falsetto, "Oh, I love this guy but he never notices me because I wear glasses so what I need is a makeover - I'll just take off the glasses and let down my hair…" he smirked, his normal voice returning, "And then the guy finally notices her. You want to watch shit like that, you just hand the remote to Queen Bean."

Sonic raised an eyebrow and grinned. "Heh. I'd rather watch Barney and Friends." Then he stood up, and stretched. He had too much energy to watch television anyhow, "Enjoy your geek-show, pal. I'm gonna hit the gym." No porn? He'd have to find a way to remedy that. Being in prison, a guy HAD to see a pair of jugs at least sparingly to keep himself sane. The gym was a short walk away, and he went for it. He was really starting to miss running…

Shadow stretched a couple of times. Sonic was unbearably annoying but attacking him physically didn't seem to work out. He considered starting a shit-war, while turning to a police-chase channel. Some idiot had just given up on his car which had bust three of his tires on spikes, and was trying to run for it. That was so moronic, he switched

back to the documentary. At least that involved engaging the brain, which was more than Sonic seemed to do. He didn't even notice Silver coming in.

Silver the Hedgehog, new inmate as he may have been, was sure that he'd figured this whole filth-pot out from the start; everybody here was evil. Minions of the devil; prone and encouraged to sin. He'd nearly been gang-raped, and those who'd never spoken to him before had circled around, cheering and jeering for no reason. They wanted such a horrible thing to happen to him. He had no friends; no-one could be trusted. Without his powers, he was helpless to do anything about his situation. So he stood to himself, and noticed Sonic walking across the room. That blue hedgehog was the only person here who defended Silver in his time of need; he'd have to thank him at some point. For now, just having the guy around made him feel safe and more secure.

Shadow, on the other hand, the hedgehog who had deliberately incited others to attack him, was sitting on the couch watching a documentary on black holes. Silver had the feeling that if Shadow wanted Silver to be safe, he could easily protect him, but the dark hedgehog had, it seemed, chosen to single him out for victimisation. And Silver could think of no decent reason why.

The white hedgehog cleared his throat, and was about to step towards Shadow when another familiar form caught his eye. Knuckles the Echidna had entered the room, having finished his breakfast. The three of them were in the same room; Knuckles, Shadow and Silver; but surely they wouldn't victimize him right in front of all the guards? He held his talk with Shadow off, then noticed another person. Much smaller, much younger… It was Tails!… but why was he holding onto Knuckles' pocket the way he was? Silver didn't understand…

Tails had a wretched, utterly miserable look on his face. It was obvious he wasn't happy in his current position. Shadow turned on the couch to check out who had arrived, and chuckled sadistically when he saw it, "Finally persuaded your cellmate to be your *boy*

friend, Knuckles?" he asked the echidna, a wry look on his face, "Prower must be *really* desperate…"

Knuckles grinned, "Nah, he's had a crush on me all along, haven't you Baby?" he asked, patting his young lackey on the back. He saw Silver watching from a distance, but did nothing to acknowledge him.

Tails wasn't entirely sure what to say, but gave in by nodding quietly.

"Must be why I didn't hear so much noise last night," Shadow replied, "You were trying to make him happy, instead of banging him just for your own get-off, and from where I'm sitting… he looks like he's been let down…" He looked at Tails, thoughtfully, "That's not the point though… you need a kid in your back pocket, keeping your ass safe… Me, I get on fine without some little bitch whimpering behind me."

Knuckles squinted. "Are you insulting me, Psycho?" he asked, placing a hand on Tails' chest and pushing him away, harshly, "I hope not, 'cause I figure you'd know better by now." He stood face-to-face with Shadow, with only the couch between them.

"I'm not a psycho; it's the rest of the world that's fucked up," Shadow growled. Then he smirked, "As for insulting you? I don't need to; you do it fine by walking into a room. Anyway…" he vaulted the couch, heading for Tails, aware of Silver watching, "I think Prower prefers me. I could take care of him much better. Remember all the *fun* we had when you were in my cell, Prower? Wasn't it a riot?" he loomed over Tails, "I said, *wasn't it a riot?* " he growled.

Tails was already shaking. He remembered all right. Shadow hadn't raped him, but he *had* torn up the fox's books, poured half a bucket of shit on his bunk to make him sleep on the floor, and beaten him repeatedly for asking too many questions. Tails had been in Shadow's cell when the psychopath had started a 'small-scale' riot. He had nothing Shadow couldn't take by force. He looked towards Knuckles desperately. It was time for the echidna to pay up on his half of the deal.

And pay up he did, nailing the dark hedgehog with a strong right-hook to his jaw, knocking him flat on his back while sliding backwards. "WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?" he yelled angrily, practically set off to rage-mode but not quite. Everybody in the rec room stopped what they were doing and backed off; everyone except Vector and Espio, who were in the midst of another game of Chess, and couldn't care less for the commotion. Silver was among the many who stepped away, "This is MY bitch, damn it! Everyone better recognize this shit or I'm gonna thrash the sorry motherfucker who fucks with my boy!"

"Why'd I want to fuck him?" Shadow grinned, standing and rubbing his jaw. Damn, he'd forgotten how hard the echidna could hit. The dark hedgehog then turned and bitch-slapped Tails sharply, making the kitsune yelp. Everybody was watching to see if Knuckles really would hold up. He didn't have to win, but he wasn't allowed to give up either, "I'm not the faggot around here; you are! And as for protecting him from me; that's a goddamn laugh! You couldn't even protect yourself from me!" he referenced the time he'd fought off Knuckles' attempts to fuck him. Then he punched the echidna in the gut.

This made Knuckles scream out, in the rage he'd been holding back. He charged at Shadow from his doubled position, tackling the red-striped inmate to the floor and pinning him down. Upon righting himself, two punches were delivered into the hedgehog's face.

Shadow didn't bother to headbutt Knuckles; he'd fought the red echidna enough times to know it wasn't worth the pain. Instead he kicked Knuckles directly under the ribcage, then again in the side, rolling so that he was on top, before punching him in the jaw and standing up quickly, backing off with another sadistic chuckle, even as he rubbed his sore face. His nose was bleeding, "Fine, fine, if you need him that badly, keep him!" he smirked.

It had been seen in public - most inmates knew that since Knuckles had fought Shadow on Tails' behalf, Tails was officially now his property. Knuckles had an obligation to protect him from both

Shadow and everybody weaker than him, which was pretty much the rest of the prison. If he backed down from any fight challenging that, Tails would effectively be on the open market again.

Knuckles rolled over and got to his feet. "That's what I thought," he told Shadow, glaring. Then his eyes peered over at Silver, which led to a smirk. At the expense of a few punches, Shadow had just handed Tails over on a silver platter, without ever owning him in the first place. And now Knuckles had to repay him by getting some of Silver's backyard pussy? The echidna felt like he had it made.

Shadow nodded, silently reminding Knuckles that he had to do Silver while he was watching. He had lost no reputation from ending the fight early, since Tails hadn't been his in the first place. He vaulted the couch again, and realised that the documentary had just ended. He cursed and started flicking through the channels again, looking for something interesting.

Tails swallowed. He wasn't sure that he was glad Shadow had handed him over to Knuckles; he'd rather take a few bitch-slaps from the crazy hedgehog than be fucked by Knuckles nearly every night. On the other hand, there was a damn good reason why nobody asked Shadow for protection, and it boiled down to the fact that it wasn't *just* a few bitch-slaps you'd take; you'd risk getting his name carved into your back, have an arm in a cast for a month, or possibly lose an eye. So the fox stepped forward and quietly slipped his hand back into Knuckles' back pocket.

Silver stared in disgust. Why wasn't Sonic protecting this kid the way he protected him? He looked around, and noticed the blue hedgehog wasn't there. He'd surely do something to prevent all this… ownership, stuff. Homosexuality was disgusting; how could Tails submit to something so perverse and demeaning? As the crowd began to break and go back to their meaningless lives, Silver walked towards Vector.

The croc looked up from his game of chess, unperturbed by the violent fight between Knuckles and Shadow. He glanced briefly at

Espio, then nodded shortly at Silver, "You've got those two packets of chips, right?" he asked. Silver didn't have much time left before the first week was up.

Silver's face immediately went angry. But for the moment, he didn't move. His glare was harsh, though his mouth remained closed. Then he saw the familiar hue of Sonic's blue body re-entering the hall, and a sudden flask of security came over him. "I told you I'm not returning any bags of chips; I'm not succumbing to your nonsense trickery!" he yelled back, standing poised to hold his ground.

"Now you're just being rude," Vector admonished him, "Espio, remind me what happened to the last guy who was being rude to me?"

"I sliced his testicles off. With my tongue." The purple chameleon responded without remorse. His concentration remained on the game, as it was his turn. He moved a single pawn, and went back to waiting. The whole prison, even the guards and Guard Robos, knew well that all it took to get this reptile to dismember someone was Vector's effortless word.

The amber eyes of Silver peered harshly. "I'm not afraid of either of you; there's no way I can give back those chips and you know it. You're the guy who runs the snack bar!" His fists clenched in anger, "If you want them back so bad, give me the chips and I'll give them back right on the spot!"

Vector sighed and shook his head, "You just don't get it…" he said simply, "Espio… hurt him. But don't do over the face until last. Otherwise the… aha… victim… gets all dizzy and numb…"

Sonic had been watching the whole thing; the scene between Silver and Vector had caught his attention from the moment he stepped into the facility. He was all about standing up for one's self and holding ground, but mouthing off to Vector the Crocodile? The guy practically ran the damn prison on-par with Head Warden Mephiles!

He stood rooted, and leaned on the couch behind Shadow. "Yo, Faker. Check this out."

Espio's attention remained on the game. "Infirmary? Casts? Or should he just have scars, Boss?"

"I think… a few body scars will suffice today," Vector replied, moving a Rook into a more aggressive position, "After all, we want him upright to be able to find those chips…"

Shadow chuckled at the sight, "I hope he lives… I've got my own beef with that punk…"

The fact was that people had paid back chips, and their interest. Knuckles had managed to do it by beating them out of another prisoner. Tails had finally been able to pay it off by stealing them from the kitchen during one of Shadow's riots - although it hadn't saved him from his status as prison bitch, by that time. It wasn't impossible. It was just incredibly painful.

The chameleon stood poised for a few more seconds, studying the board, before he moved a Bishop. Then, placing both hands on the edge of the table, he lifted his body into a quick hand-stand and used his arms to jump over the croc's head and crash into Silver with both feet forward. It happened so fast, the white hedgehog had no time to react, and had his back to the prison wall in no time. Espio landed on his back as well, but twisted and sprang acrobatically to his feet. Then he charged forward, and dug his horn into Silver's ribcage, punching him in the stomach more times than anyone could count with such speed.

Silver barely had time to cry out in pain! He just fell to the ground, bleeding and bruised, when the chameleon flipped backwards away from him. He looked toward Sonic, who was looking right back. The blue inmate was shaking his head. And Silver was suddenly very afraid.

The watching blue hedgehog whistled, impressed. "That purple dude's got some major boost behind 'im! Can he really turn invisible like everyone says?" he asked Shadow, who was also watching.

"With the paint? Not so much… but enough, sometimes…" Shadow was busy smirking, "See, this is what happens when you help people. They start depending on you. Taking advantage of you. They think you're soft and then they turn on you and you have to SHOOT THEM THREE TIMES IN THE HEAD!" he stopped, aware of a few stares, "What?" he asked the room sharply, "That's what happens."

"I reckon this royal spine-whoopin's gonna give him whatever courses he needs for learnin' the lesson you wanna teach 'im by gettin' 'im raped, dude." Sonic told Shadow, "Just let it go already!"

"But then it wouldn't be my work, it'd be Espio and Vector's," Shadow replied, "And why should they have all the fun?"

The crowd watched with enthusiasm; Espio was hardly ever needed to lash out at anyone nowadays. So it was a real treat to observe as he spun around in perfect twirls, whipping Silver one lash after another with his long, quick tongue. It looked as if someone were splattering lines of paint of the hedgehog's skin in fast-forward; one red smear of blood after another.

"Fine. Then just hit 'im the way these guys are. And do it yourself instead of lowering your standards to that faggot Knuckles!" Sonic spat back, though he was intently watching the beatdown ahead of him.

"Heh, I was rather planning to," Shadow replied, aware that Sonic's demand corresponded with his own intentions. At least Sonic was sane enough to not side with a doomed guy. Technically Shadow had won his last fight against Espio, but then his toilet had *coincidentally* blocked up for a fortnight and he'd had to give up a whole pack of cigarettes to Vector to get it working again.

Espio stopped spinning only to unleash another two-legged kick to the pansy hedgehog's face, smashing his head against the wall. Vector hadn't told him to stop, yet. So he grabbed the punk's head and smashed his face against the floor.

Finally aware that much more would end with Silver whining in the infirmary, Vector snapped his fingers loudly.

The slim reptile had been about to smash Silver's face against the floor again, but he let go at the sound of the snap, letting it drop to the ground instead. Then he walked back to the table, and sat in his chair to get back to the game. "You haven't moved," he told his boss.

"A good strategist always thinks five moves ahead," Vector replied, "With five contingency plans, and five backups for those contingencies…" Then he moved his Knight, "Check," he said calmly.

Shadow chuckled at the sight of Silver on the floor, trying to get back up. He certainly wasn't going to help him, and nobody else in the room seemed too inclined to side themselves with somebody that suicidal. Then he looked up at Sonic, as if nothing had ever happened, "Oh, you might want to check out who your little bitch Prower is hanging with nowadays," he gestured towards Tails looking nervous behind Knuckles.

Sonic looked, noticed, and sighed toward Shadow. "You really get off on doing that, don't you?"

"Doing what?" Shadow looked smug, "Drawing attention to the depressingly obvious?"

"No, more like pointing out that my friend's in a dicked-up bind, cause' you know I won't like it." Sonic told him nastily. "You're like a fucking girl, you know that? A fat drama queen who gets her kicks on other people's misfortune. You think you're all that and a bottle o' Pringles, but you're just a sad, obese bitch on the inside for real'. I'll fight with you for saying that later; I'm gonna go talk to my friend."

With that, he walked off, not giving Shadow so much as a glance for his furiously icy reaction.

Tails saw Sonic coming. And for the first time he'd ever been in Sonic's presence, he was afraid. Afraid of what Sonic would say, and what he was going to have to say back with Knuckles listening to everything he'd say. He didn't want to lose his only real friend in here, but he didn't want to be savagely beaten later either.

Sonic waved with his usual cocky smile as he approached. Knuckles was chatting with Storm, with Tails standing behind him. "Yo, Deuce!" the hedgehog greeted as he reached his friend. "Looks like you've found a way outta gettin' bullied! What's up?"

Tails looked up at Knuckles. The echidna was used to having himself addressed before any of his pets, "I… I'm sorry, Sonic…" he stammered, "Knuckles says I shouldn't talk to strangers without his permission…" This was awful. He wondered if it was too late to withdraw himself from Knuckles' ownership and return to a life of being raped and beaten up and insulted, but at least without slavery. He admonished the thought. That possibility had been crushed as soon as Knuckles had fought Shadow for him.

"Say what?" Sonic asked, flabbergasted. Miles, his long-time friend, had just referred to him as a stranger, and at Knuckles' directions? He glared at the echidna's back, then at Tails. Knuckles was also looking back at Sonic, ready to intervene. Then the blue speedster realized that Tails had put himself in a situation where he'd be in grave danger if Sonic tried being his friend. So he stepped back. "All right, I see how it is… But this isn't over, Fuck-Knuckle. I'm gettin' my friend back one way or another…"

Knuckles turned around, and placed an arm around the fox's shoulders. "You sayin' you're gonna try and steal my woman, Freak?"

"No…" Sonic responded, stepping further back. "Just that I'm gonna get 'im back. And I'm gonna do it right in front of your face.

Somehow…"

Tails looked pleadingly at Sonic, trying to put into his expression that this wasn't what he wanted. That desperate times called for desperate measures, and he still wanted to be Sonic's friend. That he didn't want it to be this way.

Sonic nodded at him, a simple tilt of his head, then walked away, back toward the couch where Shadow awaited.

"And *that* is why I never help anybody," Shadow told him, "You'll never get Prower back now. I mean, even if you managed to beat him in a fight, it wouldn't mean you'd win Prower back."

"Shut up," Sonic told Shadow, obviously angry about the situation.

Shadow smirked. Sonic had had his fun, pissing him off. If the blue hedgehog's weak spot was his friends, he'd get him back that way, "It must suck, mustn't it? To watch as somebody you really care about is taken away from you and destroyed while you have to watch, helpless, from the sidelines."

The green-eyed inmate glared, but if Shadow wanted to play his cards this way, Sonic was game. "About as much as it sucks to be a no-good faggot clown like you, Princess." He turned directly toward the dark, striped hedgehog to look him in the eyes. "You want another man raped, and you wanna watch. That's about as orientally curved as it gets. Not to mention you're a big bluff; a giant joke. You do have someone you care about; you aren't really a rocky heart like you pretend you are. I saw that picture you have stuffed in your crotch at the infirmary. Who's the blonde babe? Bet I could make her squeal for ya." Sonic grinned.

Shadow's face immediately stiffened up. Without even another word, he lunged at Sonic, knocking over the couch as he did so, and wrapped his hands around the blue hedgehog's throat, trying to throttle him, beat his head against the floor, and break his neck all at the same time. It wasn't an entertaining beat-down; this was what

Shadow had earned his reputation as a psychopath for - he was clearly and genuinely trying to kill Sonic.

Sonic had expected this; but that didn't change how unpleasant it was to be on the receiving end of being choked. He grabbed Shadow's chest fur and pulled him in close, so their stomachs were together. This made it impossible for Shadow to up-hold his choke, as he was too close to his victim. With his arms wrapped around the striped hedgehog's body, Sonic pulled off a move he hadn't had the space to use in their cell; a belly-to-belly suplex, tossing Shadow behind him so he slammed right on the back of his neck. Sonic was on his back as well, and flipped to his feet to chase Shadow down.

Silver was on the sidelines, still recovering from the beat-down he'd received. Why was Sonic only fighting now? Why hadn't he protected Silver when he needed help? He just didn't understand…

Shadow didn't try to run; his entire current focus was on killing Sonic. He jumped up and lunged at Sonic again, grabbing hold of a handful of blue fur - not to pull it out, to cause pain, but to keep hold of Sonic so that he could try and rip his heart right out of his chest with his bare hands. There were no cheers from the sidelines, and no bets placed. This wasn't a punishment; this was a murder waiting to happen. Guard Robos were already on their way. One grabbed hold of Shadow, who spun around and tore its metal arm right out of the socket without a pause for breath.

Another grabbed Sonic by the ankle, and pulled so hard that the grip he had on Shadow's head-spines was practically ripped away. Sonic landed face-first as he was dragged away. "I told you not to fucking touch me! Fucking queer!" he yelled back, not quite as psychotic but just as hungry for a fight. "You WILL learn to respect me, Shadow, or I'll fucking kill you tryin' to impose it!"

"FUCK YOU!" Shadow screamed back, lunging again with the metal arm in hand, just before four Guard Robos grabbed him and managed to pin him face-first to the floor, one to each limb and all four administering shocks to force him to drop the metal arm. Even

so he was still fighting to get up, struggling as a warden managed to get his hands behind his back and cuff them. And he was still struggling; Sonic could see blood running down his wrists from the cuffs digging in.

"I'll see you tonight, Sunshine! Don't be late!" Sonic yelled back, mocking Shadow further as he was dragged away. He hadn't beaten Shadow, but the surrounding inmates were amazed at the lack of fear the new hedgehog had over the penitentiary's resident psycho. They were beating the hell out of each other so often, it was almost guaranteed they would eventually join forces. Or inflict death by blood loss on each other.

Shadow was just screaming at him now; the warden was using handcuffs on his ankles to keep him from kicking. Sonic wasn't sure that the black and red hedgehog even heard him. It took repeated blows to the head with a nightstick, before he was finally out. Sadistic and vengeful as Shadow could be, he rarely went totally psychotic on other prisoners, and *this* was why they strived to make sure he didn't.

"That crazy bastard belongs in a fucking *cage*, not a prison…" a huge polar bear muttered behind Sonic.

Silver watched on, breathing heavy with blood trickling down his face. Something told him there'd be many more fights between those two to come.

Harley: Where's my cake? I mean, sorry… I was kinda distracted on something else. Now give me cake! I mean, reviews!

New Friends, Old Enemies

Prison Island Break

Co-written by Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: A dozen chapters and still going strong! The public reaction to this fix couldn't impress me more. I'm glad all you readers like it! Please continue to submit constructive feedback so we can make it even better!

Harley: I see people telling me to get on with the plot. Fair enough… it is getting old with just the savage beatings, and we listen to our criticism. So we're moving on. This chapter does move things along, like I think you all wanted. A new character is introduced from Archie Comics. To be honest I'd never heard of him but SonicFrank says he's legit…

Also - oooh, now our fanfic is enjoyed so much people want to draw a comic for it? Man that's cool! But could it even be pulled off? Well, I've seen worse ideas for Unfamiliar Contextual Reassignments…

Chapter Twelve: New Friends, Old Enemies

The corridors he was being dragged through were as cold and heartless as ever. Sonic the Hedgehog was brought into a room for questioning, and the Guard Robos dragging him weren't gentle about it. "Hey! My arms don't bend that way, Bolts for Brains!"

The robots were cold, and emotionless. Almost as cold as Mephiles. They treated him like every other prisoner; a piece of meat. Still, he considered, it could be worse, after what he'd seen them do to Shadow to take the psycho down. After how the black and red hedgehog had reacted to his comments about the girl in the photo,

Sonic knew he'd found Shadow's weak spot. But he was going to have to be careful about how he exploited it… which wasn't really his style. Still, the other option seemed to be getting a shiv in the throat…

Finally the dragging seemed to be at an end as Sonic was pulled through a door, to see a human sitting calmly at a table, waiting for him. The Guard Robos pushed him into the opposing chair, his hands still cuffed behind him.

"So, Oglivie Maurice Hedgehog," the human warden asked him, "What's your problem?"

"Well, I have stitches in my right hand, so jerking off's been outta the question. What can I say? I get jittery." Sonic replied, grinning. Most of the human guards were tall, broad and ugly. This guy was short, and old, and reminded him of somebody's father. Which made him wary.

The human nodded at the Guard Robos, "Uncuff him." The Guard Robos complied without questioning him, "I am Nate Morgan. Warden Morgan. And I mean, what's your problem with Shadow Robotnik? You and Shadow Robotnik have been arguing - and that's a mild word for how you've been acting. Your hand alone is testament to how hard you've been fighting…"

"Heh, that depends. Which story do you want? The honest truth, or the truth with the juicy add-ons?" Sonic asked, rubbing his bruised wrists.

"Let's just hear your side of the story," Nate Morgan told him.

"My side of the story is, inmates don't snitch," Sonic told the elderly guard with an impervious grin, "So I'll just tell you it was all my fault and that I'm sorry and will behave like a blue whale in a pod full of orcas." He took a moment to look around. There were plaques, some dated past thirty years. Black and white pictures of family members who if still alive would be farting dust. And even an old, boxy T.V.

"This is a nice lil' pad you have goin' on… Been here a while? I haven't seen a V.C.R. since I was wearin' Pampers."

"Coming on to forty years," Nate admitted, "So I understand; firstly you don't want to get into trouble with the other convicts, and secondly, it's just not the 'done thing'. It's not that important. This isn't an interrogation. Well, not up until the moment when one of you kills the other in another fight. Because Shadow always gets extra antsy coming up to visiting day…"

Sonic's ears twitched, though he tried to keep his thoughts synonymous. In truth, he was absorbing information, scouting for small clues that could lead to his escape. "Oh, you don't say?" he looked toward Nate, and made the immediate decision that he liked the guy. So old and frail, yet dedicated to his work. "It must be rough, servin' forty years and gettin' no love for it. I'll bet you have stories that could make Dr. Seuss feel like an average soap opera."

"That I may, Mister Hedgehog… that I may," Nate agreed, "Like how in all his time on Prison Island, Shadow Robotnik has never had a visitor. Visitor's days always get him edgy…"

"Well, he's not exactly in for unpaid parking tickets. Nobody likes a serial killer…" Not getting any visitors, not even one, must really suck for Shadow. He's got nothing to look forward to on the outside world except committing a few more rapes. "You've been around long enough to know how this prison thing works, Old Man," Sonic smiled at him. He used the nickname with such respect, "I think ol' wire-head'll start respectin' me soon enough."

"I'm curious to know why a psychopath like Shadow the Hedgehog is going to respect you when he doesn't even respect the wardens," Nate asked, aware that Sonic probably wanted something from him.

"Because the way he sees it, the wardens are what's keeping him in this dump," Sonic responded, leaning back comfortably in his chair, "You guys' main role around here is to uphold the peace, cause' if any of us gets hurt, it all comes down on you. But the inmates're

blind to all that. To them, you're what's keeping them from freedom and a nice piece of poon-tang."

"True," Nate agreed, "Still, I'm still missing why Shadow is going to respect you. So far you've beaten each other to a draw in every fight you've been in."

"Exactly," the hedgehog pointed out. "Day in and day out I've taken nothin' without givin' it back. Whether it be him, that whacked-out echidna or one of those humans. Shadow's bamboozled right now because I haven't been broken yet when clearly anybody else would've rolled over in pieces," Sonic saw an old picture, in colour but very fuzzy, of a much younger Nate and a young Black woman. It immediately occurred to him that Nate had a family. "He's already startin' to ease up in the cell. When someone only meets you halfway on everything, takes all your blows and never stops throwin' 'em back, all you can do is respect 'im. Y'know?"

"If he works that out… he'll kill you," Nate smiled grimly, "By the way… the girl in the picture?" he asked, "She was Shadow's sister… and she's dead."

Sonic raised an eyebrow, then gave the elderly guard a sheepish smile, "You have more push 'n' pull in this place than you're lettin' yourself show," the hedgehog stretched his arms over his head. His neck was a little sore from Shadow choking him, but otherwise he'd come out of the tussle unscathed, "That's cool. You deserve to be in charge, Old Man."

"I won't be here much longer, Kid," Nate told him, "I'm retiring in a few months. That's why I'm not in charge."

"Well congratulations!" Either Sonic was really good at pretending, or he was actually being genuine. Most inmates with his calibre of rep weren't good guys. He was."Any plans on how to leave your mark, make this a better place, before you leave for the good life?"

"None I'm obliged to tell you," Nate smiled, "You'd like to be friends, I'm sure, except that you're a convict and I'm a warden. No, I've got no specific plans to leave any mark on this place. Perhaps you have?"

"Oh, zillions!" Sonic responded with a grin, leaning forward with his hands clasped together, "You'd like to be friends yourself, Shiny, except that you're a warden and I'm a convict. So I'm pretty much obliged to not like you," then he shrugged, "But we already know that'd be an act."

"I'm sceptical about that, myself," Nate nodded, "So let's play pretend. We're friends, despite the fact that my job is restricting your freedom to do as you please. What can I do for you, 'friend'?"

He chuckled. Most inmates weren't subtle enough to play these games to get what they wanted. It had been a while…

"Well, the question ain't what can you do for me, as much as it's what can you do for the entire inmate body," Sonic had to worm his way into making Nate see that his words were the truth, "For one thing, what's with all the modesty around this pub? We're all gentlemen here, even if a few of us role the other way…" He grinned, knowing the old man caught his pun and knew exactly what he meant by it, "All these guys are surrounded by each other. Day in and day out. So they're gettin' a little antsy after a few years… What we need is a way to raise the morale. Give 'em somethin' they don't already have; somethin' that'll make us all happier, and less prone to fightin'… Any ideas?"

"A few," Nate smiled wryly after a few seconds, "Yeah, I have a few ideas for what you want…" he glanced at Sonic, "You getting it would make you a popular guy, wouldn't it? Best of all, you wouldn't get into so many fights to have to prove that you're a big-shot, generally disturbing what time I have left to retirement."

"Well, I wouldn't put it that way," the blue inmate responded coyly, "Nobody has to know I suggested it… You could use it as a goin'

away present for the guys you're leavin' behind!"

"Maybe…" Nate shrugged, making a mental note to talk about getting some medium-porn channels for the televisions to the Prison Director, "And what would get you to stop fighting with Shadow? And no, I don't care who's starting it, what matters is that it stops."

"Get us laid, that would break the ice," Sonic responded, though it was almost sarcastic. "I wish I knew, Old Man. The guy's a complete psycho. Though a conjugal visit or two wouldn't hurt anybody. Why not hire a hooker to make his fancy?"

"When you talk about 'not hurting anybody', you are aware that Shadow the Hedgehog raped and killed numerous women to get put in here?" Nate asked him, "If I have to persuade anybody to visit him… guess who gets in trouble if it hits the fan?"

"Looks to me like you'll need someone to set the example first," Sonic grinned widely.

"And let me guess that by 'somebody', you mean yourself?" Nate raised an eyebrow.

"If Shadow becomes aware that good behaviour and bein' friendly with the guards could lead to a conjugal, he'd calm down. It'd be a long shot that could backfire, but if it works, he'll be all warm and chipper inside," the hedgehog may have had a point, "In fact, if I get one first, he'll want to know how I did it. So he'll find it in his best interest to be really nice to me…"

"Or he might just see you as kissing ass and try to kill you," Nate added.

"He already has, three times at least," Sonic pointed out nonchalantly, "But what can I say? I die hard. He might not like it, but he's finally met his match with me. Since he can't beat me, he'll join me. Eventually. I just need you to help me persuade him a little…"

"Tell you what… you find a visitor for Shadow, and I'll find a conjugal for you," Nate told him in something of a compromise - although Sonic couldn't imagine what kind of person would want to visit Shadow - actually, he could, but that didn't make it any easier.

"Now, when you say 'visit'…" Sonic started, but saw no need to continue…

"Visit, 'visit'… either one," Nate replied, "When Shadow isn't attempting to kill women his profile documents them as finding him astonishingly… interesting, you might say. Especially the interesting way he's tried to kill them. Women date bad boys, but they always come home to the good guys."

"No kiddin'. That's why I row both tides," Sonic replied, smirking. "But you've got yourself a deal. I know someone who'd give her left tit to meet a guy like Stripes. Give me a week. And a phone call," he added.

Nate considered it, "Okay," he said finally, "But god help you if Shadow thinks you did this out of pity."

"I am," the inmate responded, "But he won't know that."

Shadow was currently being dragged into Mephiles' office. The Head Warden glared at him as he was pushed into a chair. He didn't offer him a coffee. He didn't tell the guards to leave, or take off the psychopath's cuffs, "Third fight with Sonic the Hedgehog in one week," he said, "Want to tell me why that blue streak is still standing, Shadow? Why you haven't been able to break him in? Maybe you're getting weak…"

"Maybe I just knew that's what you wanted from the start," Shadow responded, glaring right back, "Maybe I don't fancy being the scary puppet you use to scare the kiddies," he struggled against the cuffs and shackles, wishing with all his might to lunge at the sick hedgehog before him, "Maybe I just thought, 'Fuck Mephiles, if that

faggot wants this pathetic blue retard broken, he can do it himself'," Shadow tried pulling the cuffs apart; it had worked once, but to no avail, "Maybe I want him to piss you off."

"He's pissing you off too," Mephiles pointed out, "Those nasty comments he made on Maria… suppose something awful were to happen to that nice photograph you keep, all because he's not been snapped yet."

The dark rage in Shadow's eyes made his pupils flash a darker shade of crimson than normal. "Suppose doing something like that would only break what little will I have left to live," Shadow responded, "Suppose the photo of my dead sister is that last thing standing between you, me, and an act of vengeance that would surely give me the death sentence," Shadow looked at both robos, and clenched his fists, "Suppose I get the death sentence for tearing your balls off and shoving them down your throat, just before I force you to watch me sodomize your morose loved ones and hear you scream like the bitch you are… If you do anything to the one item I hold dear to myself, there is no telling what I'll do to get my revenge, you worthless pile of excrement…"

Mephiles managed to suppress the look of discomfort on his face, "Or… all this trouble you're causing might just end up with you spending a little more time in Hole Number 3," he suggested, "That wouldn't be very nice either… unless you would like to look upon the words you carved into the door with your own fingernails again."

The expression of fear on Shadow's face was elusive, present for only a second before he stowed it away, "Or… I've already figured out that Hole Number 3 is your last resort," Shadow would have crossed one leg over another to sit comfortably if he hadn't been wearing shackles. Then again, if he hadn't been wearing shackles, he'd have gouged Mephiles' eyes out by now, "That wouldn't be very nice either… If I pointed out that I've backed you into a corner. Unless you like the idea of being so desperate as to use your secret weapon. If you ever put me in there again, that faggot Scourge better

kill me this time, or else I'll find less and less reason to fear him… And then you'll be the powerless bitch you deserve to be.."

"Are you just going to let Sonic the Hedgehog walk all over you?" Mephiles asked, "You've spent years building up your reputation… and he's going to take it away in a week or two? And take your position and all your respect by walking all over you… while you get fucked over by all the other inmates who'd love to see you brought down a few notches. Face it, Shadow… out there you're a monster even to the monsters. In here, you're my tool."

"Fuck you," Shadow shot back, "You're nothing but a bitch coward who can't bully anyone else, so you act all high and mighty in the one place you have any power," the ebony hedgehog wasn't about to let Mephiles have his way. Not again. Not ever again. "Even if he is a bleeding-heart asshole, Sonic the Hedgehog has the guts to face me head-on, face-to-face, with no need for petty threats, or any form of back-up. That's more than I can say for clucking hens like you. He's not doing me any harm whatsoever and you know it. The more I fight with him, the more everyone else knows not to fuck with Shadow Robotnik. So why don't you go suck someone else's dick for a change, and cease trying to intimidate those who are stronger than you?"

"Shame…" Mephiles snapped his fingers, and the Guard Robos both shocked Shadow at once, making him scream, "You know I really don't care where I have my power over you, Shadow, because with a psycho like you, the very idea that I have power over you anywhere at all is bad enough. And I do have power over you…" he reached forward and took the photograph of Maria out of the Guard Robo's claws, holding it up. It had been alleviated from Shadow while he had been shocked.

Terror surged through the shackled hedgehog's face, the shock only delaying his reaction when he saw the picture. "Don't you dare… I'll fucking kill you…" He didn't want to beg. If he did, Mephiles would have all the grip he needed around Shadow Robotnik's heart. "I'll fucking… Don't…"

"I'll give you two options…" Mephiles smirked. He stood up and turned on a paper shredder, holding the photograph over it, "You can pretend to play nice, and you can have this little memento of the real world right back, or you can keep up that bad attitude with me, and the photograph goes back into storage with the rest of your things. And who knows what might happen to it while it's all alone in a dark box with nobody to make sure nothing bad is happening to it?"

"What the fuck do you want me to do?" Shadow screamed out, enraged, "That blue retard isn't a fish; he can fight back and he always does! Why don't you break him yourself; put him in with Scourge?"

"Maybe I will, maybe I won't," Mephiles answered, "Is he really at the standard you were in when you arrived?" He callously flicked the photograph onto the carpet, "Scourge is, after all my last resort. Since maybe I don't need him to keep you in line, do I need him to keep the blue hedgehog in line?"

Shadow had to think about this. As much as it enraged him on the inside, the picture he had of Maria gave Mephiles complete dominance over him. He punched the ground, and looked up at the Head Warden. "I'll see what I can do…"

"Then do it," Mephiles sneered at Shadow, "And pick your dirty photographs up off the floor before you leave…" he sat down, "You live in my prison, Shadow… never forget that. Because I just had the most delightful idea for a game, and it involves throwing that photograph in with Scourge, and finding out if you've got the balls to get it back. Either way, you lose."

Cuffed and shackled, Shadow degradingly crawled across the floor, and picked the photograph off the ground as Mephiles had demanded. Seeing Maria's face made him want to cry, but he didn't. Instead, he avoided looking at the photograph for the remainder of the time he was in the office. "It might not be soon, but one day I'm gonna make you regret fucking with me, Mephiles… Until that time, I'll keep everything in line…"

"Well, you've got the rest of eternity to figure out how you're going to get back at me, haven't you?" Mephiles looked down at Shadow, who was shaking in a combination of rage, hate and fear. He enjoyed seeing somebody as terrifying as Shadow squirm beneath him. He snapped his fingers, and Shadow was given another shock, "And that rather stupid fish… deal with him too. Enlighten him."

Shadow shuddered.

Harley: Yo! So, how is it? We're moving on a little now! Next chapter - a day in the life of Tails!

SonicFrank: Constructive criticism is well-advised!

Working Day

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: We're getting some displeased readers these past few chapters! I've even been called a moron! But y'know what? That's fine. I'm glad to get input from our readers. Please keep it coming!

Harley: So anyway I was feeling slightly flush this month, and I had an idea of what to do with all that tasty, tasty money. So I've commissioned some art of the characters in this story, and all in good time you should see it come out. How's that, eh?

Chapter Thirteen: Working Day

Tails blinked his eyes. It was the morning after the night before, and he suspected that for a very long time it would be that way. Getting out of Knuckles' clutches was going to be nigh-impossible. Sonic's idea to escape looked as impossible as ever, but it was looking infinitely more attractive. He wouldn't be allowed to hang out with his old friends now either. They'd understand, but they were all in for the same sort of things he was, and none of them were any better at fighting than he was. They couldn't help him. He looked over at his owner, who had pressed him into sleeping in his bunk last night. The echidna was asleep still for the time being, but their cages were being unlocked.

Miles missed computers. There was a library with limited Internet access but he had been absolutely forbidden on any circumstances to use them. The prison operators had believed he'd rewire the entire security system through a backdoor and cause riots. They were probably right, he thought to himself as he got up quietly to wash.

Knuckles awoke to the faint sound of his cell-mate, his 'buddy', brushing his teeth. *Good*, he thought. One of his constant demands was that Tails keep his hygiene up to standard. Groaning loud as if to call-off the growing desire his body had to wake up and face the day, he opened his eyes, and yawned. "Which toothpaste are you using?" he asked the fox, rubbing at his eye with a padded glove.

"Um… I brought some mint-flavored stuff from Manic's cell," Tails managed. Manic had been okay for a cellie. Apart from the general arrogance that all Janitors seemed to have everywhere, he hadn't been much of a bully, using his privileges rather than his muscles to deal with problems, "Is, um, is that okay, Knuckles?"

"No, it's not okay," the echidna replied, obviously grumpy as he'd just woke up, "If I wanted you to have some fancy shit, I'd have told you before. I hate Colgate kisses. Use the blue vile from now on, it tastes more like air." First thing in the morning, and he was already being bossy. Tails was beginning to think Knuckles never relaxed.

"Okay," the submissive fox sighed, knowing that it was easier to just give in. Maybe he could trade it with somebody later on. Or maybe Knuckles would, for now that he was the echidna's 'girlfriend', the echidna owned everything that he did, "Knuckles?" he spoke up nervously, "Um… you are gonna stop the humans from shoving me around, right? As well as the Anthro jocks?"

"Maybe. If you behave." He was stretching his broad, strong arms; the ones Tails couldn't keep off him no matter how hard he tried. "Which humans bother you? I'll beat their asses just on principle. Ugly monkey-looking fucks."

"All of them, mostly," Tails admitted, then a couple of names sprung to mind, and he added venomously, "But there's a guy called Jason Griffith, and his band really liked to single me out. They put me in a large-load washing machine once. And Martin Burke is a creep too. They're awful…" he scowled.

"I dunno who the fuck those guys are, but point them out to me and I'll know their faces." Getting up, Knuckles got dressed, and walked up behind his cell mate. Just before Tails could move out of his way, he felt those familiar strong arms wrapping around him, pulling him in for an embrace. "And how's my boy doing this fine morning, mmm? Ready for breakfast..?"

"Um, um…" Tails squeaked. Even if prison protocol had allowed it, he'd never have been able to get out of Knuckles' embrace. Despite his size, the red echidna was one of the strongest people in the prison, "Ready for… for anything," he managed to blurt out in agreement.

"Good. If you ever use that toothpaste again, and I don't get my morning kiss because of it, I'll feed you to the fattest, hairiest, ugliest human I can find." He ran his hands through the soft fur on Tails's chest. "And I'll let him bring some friends. Got it?"

"Got it," Tails answered instantly, "I'll… I'll trade it to somebody as soon as I can, then it won't happen again. Okay, Knuckles?"

He patted the kid's head, ruffling his hair a bit. "Good. Now get outta my way." With that, Knuckles shoved the kitsune aside and began his morning rituals. Despite always having to get fucked by a man, and being constantly reprimanded by him, Tails did feel a hell of a lot safer with him as a bodyguard…

Breakfast was almost always a nightmare for inmates like Tails. He was usually shoved near the end of the queue, just ahead of those inmates even worse off than him who had been turned into good little whores for the prison's pimps, and the freshest fish. Certainly all the decent food was gone by the time he got there. Today wasn't so bad. Knuckles could shove his way much further ahead than most inmates - not right to the front, but pretty near it. Tails tried to ignore the looks he was getting from other inmates as he slipped in behind his guardian.

Just when the frail fox thought he was getting a break, the echidna opened his big mouth. "Get four boiled eggs," he told him sternly, "And extra yogurt. I'm taking a piece of your bacon, too." Tails being at the front of the line only meant Knuckles was getting more food than he usually got.

The young fox groaned audibly, but did as he was told, "Yes, Knuckles," he told the echidna. At some point the line curled in on itself and behind him, he could see the new inmate Silver staring in confusion at how Tails had managed to get a decent place in the queue. Just in front, Shadow was trading a porn magazine to one of the cooks and pocketing a small knife in return. *So that's where he gets his sharp stuff from,* he thought.

"Did you see that?" Knuckles asked Tails, continuing before he could respond. "Don't ever let me catch you with any of that filth. Women are disgusting. They bleed once a month for days at a time and don't fucking die. They're weak and pathetic. If I see you with any of that crap, I'll treat you like a girl yourself. Then you won't want to look at them anymore."

"Okay," Tails replied obediently. He knew that most homosexuals didn't dislike women, well, not as friends. Knuckles could have created the entire stereotype on his own. It wasn't as if he'd ever had much to trade for anyway.

By the time they were seated, Tails was carrying more for Knuckles on his tray than for himself, leaving him feeling quite cheated with what he was left with. Still, he did get some of the better portions, which were a treat on their own. The dominant echidna seemed to keep a constant vigil on the newcomers. Fish who hadn't been hooked yet. Boys who hadn't been victimized. Among them were the few he had no interest in. But there were many he'd consider trading for, or perhaps even forcing Tails to share his pocket-space with.

Tails only became aware of something very important when he was slapped sharply on the back of the head. He yelped, and looked up

at Sam Speed, one of the most athletically inclined humans in the prison, and a constant thorn in his side.

"Well it looks like you've got yourself a new friend, freak," he told Tails mockingly, "Whose leg are you gonna be humping tomorrow, you little whore-faggot?"

Tails winced, cringing without answering him, "Knuckles…" he pleaded with the echidna for some backup.

Knuckles took a deep breath, and finished chewing his food before pushing his tray aside and standing up. The human was much taller than him. So much taller it was like he'd been flattened with an iron. He'd have to bring him down to size. "You're on the wrong side of town, Ape," he told the red-headed man. "And you're messing with my boy. I suggest you go eat shit before I stuff it in your mouth."

"Oh, it's your boy, is it?" Sam asked, "For a moment I thought it was your girl. Well, since I'm not a fag, I guess he's all yours…"

Sam didn't get to step away, because one full-force blow from the burly echidna had him down on his knees, holding his crotch for dear mercy. "Funny thing about us faggots; we spread like vampires. How'd you like it if I made you a faggot right here, right now? Then you'd not only be a filthy monkey, you'd be a sperm-wielding fairy, too." He was aware that Sam's posse; a bunch of other humans, were gathering up to step over to their side.

"You're dead, fag…" Sam croaked out. All of his posse had given Tails pain at some point. Emboldened by having Knuckles as a meat shield, Tails stuck out a leg quietly and tripped one of them who wasn't looking.

"I'LL MAKE YOU A FAGGOT TOO!" Knuckles yelled out, grabbing a fistful of Sam's hair and smashing a knee into his face. More humans came toward him, but he was smart enough to use their fallen comrade as a weapon. With a devastating screech from the tall man, Knuckles flung him by the hair into his gang, causing several of them

to topple over. Then more of them came. Thankfully, this was a very good way for riots to break loose, so the guards were on top of it quickly. As so often happened in these circumstances, Shadow could be heard several tables away, laughing nastily at the sight.

As the potential combatants were pulled apart quickly and Tails covered his head with his hands, the kitsune wondered why Knuckles worried about being called a fag at all. After all, he was one. Of course when the word was used as an insult, retaliation was practically required. Fortunately none of his breakfast had been spilt this time. He looked at Knuckles shyly, "Thanks, Knuckles," he mumbled to his guardian.

"Shut the fuck up," he reprimanded, then turned to all the humans on the other side, "Let that be a lesson to ALL you furless monkeys, God damn it! This is MY property!" he grabbed Tails's bangs, yanking him to his feet by the hair so everyone can see. "I won't let ANYBODY touch my stuff without permission; especially you fucking apes! I'll kill every one of you!" The guard robos shocked him again, and it was enough to make him give in. For now.

The shock carried to Tails, who yelped in pain - he was used to pain but he only rarely got into situations where he'd been shocked. Clamping his mouth shut, he could feel Sonic's disapproving gaze from a mile off.

Knuckles stood up, muttering to himself before sitting. "If he ever fucks with you again, I'll kill him." With that, he stuffed his mouth full of pancakes.

Silver was watching from a distance. What was this strange… system, that Tails had going on with Knuckles? Was he really exchanging slavery for protection? And why was Knuckles talking about imposing homosexuality on another? Did being raped really make somebody a 'faggot', as they call it? He shook the thought away, ridiculing the dumb logic. He couldn't shake the sense it made, though…

Bark the Polar Bear and Storm the Albatross were heavy-set muscle-heads with a lot of energy, much like Knuckles. This made them adequate spotting partners during workouts, as well as motivational fuel to maintain a certain standard of strength. If any of them got soft, even a little, the others would belittle him for it. "Let's go, Stacy. Give me ten with this weight and I'll share Bean for a week, free of charge!" Bark told Knuckles as he laid down to bench-press.

Tails was standing next to Knuckles. Oh man, contests. Normally he wouldn't even step into the gym on account of it being a rape-sentence. Now he had to come in because Knuckles wouldn't let him out of his sight for a damn second. Theoretically Bean being shared with Knuckles was great because the echidna might take less notice of him. On the other hand, it meant that he was automatically the trade for losing. It certainly added incentive to cheer on his keeper.

Storm was standing with crossed arms, watching the echidna's reps and laughing along with the forthcoming wisecracks that never seemed to die down. Then he caught wind of Tails, and took a moment to 'check him out' while his owner was busy. "Say Knuckles, that pussy of yours sure looks purdy. Y'plan on sharin' 'er with the boys anytime soon?"

The echidna finished his reps, and sat up. There was a gleam of warning to his eyes. "I don't share," he replied, and turned to Tails to make sure he was okay.

Tails backed away, trying to get back to stand even closer to Knuckles and keep away from Storm, "I belong to Knuckles," he added. It was the only thing he could think of to say that definitely wouldn't get him in trouble with the red echidna.

He said nothing, just acknowledged with his eyes.

"Cute one you bagged, though," Bark grinned, "Come on Knux, don't be so stingy; that ass has been known all around the prison already…" he tugged on one of Tails' tails, and the fox yelped, "I share Queen Bean…"

"I'm made of candy!" Queen Bean grinned wildly. The crazy duck was always blurting out and no amount of discipline was going to cut that out.

Knuckles grinned, but it was that of held-back violence. He wasn't good at maintaining his temper, so when he tried, it took severe measures. Standing up, he grabbed hold of the polar bear's wrist, and squeezed tight. "Let go."

Storm laughed, cracking his neck. "Heh. Oooooh! Now you're givin' me ideas about you, Knuckles! You know how cute you are when you're mad…"

Queens like Bean were a valuable and rare commodity and 'she' had been ranked higher than Tails from the moment 'she' had first put on a bra. Bark kept the green duck close, but was known for giving her a relatively long leash. Unlike Knuckles, who always kept his boyfriends right in his back pocket. Tails tugged his tails away from Bark and backed closer to Knuckles.

"Hey, no need to get your dreads in a knot, Knux," Bark smirked, not scared, but not pushing his luck right now, "Looks like your pet's way too attached to you already."

"As he should be," Knuckles responded, glaring at the both of them. "He knows I'll fuck his world down if I ever catch him looking at another man the wrong way," he put his arm around Tails, claiming him. "And you two know I'll gouge your eyes out and skull-fuck you if I ever catch you fucking with my boy. I don't care what you do with your kids; who fucks them or whether or not they wear pink undies; I don't play that game with mine and the penalties are fucked for breaking my rules. Got it?"

Bark and Storm looked at each other, and then at Tails, who was huddled up next to Knuckles with a rather helpless - and unfortunately for him, rather adorable expression, "Heh… we know the 'rules', Knuckles," Bark told him, giving Queen Bean a crushing embrace then patting him on the back, "Speaking of rules though, I

figure there's a few who won't follow 'em… Better keep Prower close or he might just go running back to his old buddy Sonic…"

"He won't." Knuckles responded, pushing Tails away so he tripped over the bench-press bar. "I'll make sure of it."

It had been a whole day now, and Tails was already getting very tired of being Knuckles' bitch. He couldn't talk to anybody, take his hand out of Knuckles' back pocket, or even take a piss or shit without his permission. Even looking at anything other than Knuckles' ass was debateable. Some inmates had a long leash for their pets. Knuckles was not one of them. Still, nobody had beat him up or fucked him or even pushed him into a drying machine all day. Still, now they were headed back to Knuckles' cell, and if his ass wasn't sore right now, he knew it would be soon…

The echidna was in a bad mood. Stern and grumpy, more so than usual. Something about Bark and Storm's behaviour in the gym earlier that day had strongly irritated him, and he had a gut feeling he should have punched one's teeth out and tore the other's beak off his face. When he reached his cell, a few inmates across from them were staring and laughing. Not at him, but at Tails. Which in his current state was almost as bad. "The fuck are you looking at? You got somethin' to say?" he yelled over at them, their smiles fading instantly. "I didn't think so! Let me catch one more motherfucker smiling at my boy; I'll tear your ear off and fuck you in your SKULL!" With that, he stepped into his cell, the area around him going quiet despite the many inhabitants.

"Um… um… thanks, Knuckles," Tails mumbled, trying to placate the red echidna. People did laugh at him a lot. It was hard to be tough in any way when you had not just one, but two cute fluffy tails. There were plenty of freaks in the prison, but it was really the ones who couldn't defend themselves who got picked on. He obediently stepped into the cell right behind Knuckles, "It's, um… been a long day… can I clean my teeth and go to bed now?" he asked, a hopeless tone to his voice.

"Stop asking stupid fucking questions," Knuckles retorted angrily, throwing his jacket off and tossing it aside in a wrinkled ball of fluff. "What fucking good are you to me if I spend all God-damn day protecting your bitch ass if I don't get to fuck it when it's lights-out?" he fell back on his bunk, relaxing as best he could while still reprimanding his cellmate. "Shut the fuck up and wait 'til they lock the damn cells so I can have my way with you and you can cry yourself to sleep like the gutless little whore you agreed to be."

Tails rubbed his nose, "Okay, Knuckles…" he sat down on his bunk quietly, hanging his head. It was true what was said about the protectors taking all you had and more. He really wished he was in with Sonic right now. But that would be way too good to happen to a kid like him. Only inmates with as much power as Vector were put in with their friends. Most others had to either pray for a reasonable cellie, or make a new friend, or grin and bear it.

Knuckles sat up, and threw his pillow at the kitsune. "What part of 'shut the fuck up' don't you understand?" He cracked his neck, and cleared his throat. "Since you want to use your mouth so bad, why don't you come over here and use it on my dick? And you better stop when the guards show up; if you get me caught and I have to spend a day in the Hole for it, you might not come out alive, cause' you'll be in there with me!"

Tails whimpered. God but this was hard… He nodded and walked over to Knuckles, sinking down to his knees and opening his mouth, waiting for Knuckles to pull down his pants to continue on command. This was the worst job he'd ever had…

"What? You expect me to do this for you, too?" He glanced over at the cell door, which was still open. "You work for me, Bitch, not the other way around! I took care of all the other dicks all damn day, you take care of mine!"

Tails nodded mutely, unzipping Knuckles' pants and pulling them down, then buried his face between the other con's thighs, starting to lick at his crotch with his tongue to make him erect. He felt like such

a helpless little bitch… really not much different to how he'd felt yesterday, the day before, or any of the days during his eighteen-months so-far stay.

Knuckles didn't seem to react, but his body did. He became erect very quickly, and with little effort from Tails. "Yeah… I've been waiting to fuck you all day… And you're gonna like it… Keep going!"

Once Knuckles was erect, Tails wrapped his mouth around the thick cock, moving his lips up and down it. He just knew Knuckles was going to give him specific orders on how to do this.

"The idea is to suck on it," the echidna told him sarcastically. "Trust me when I say, you don't want my guidance."

Tails started to suck on it, putting his hands on Knuckles' knees and spreading his legs just a little, so that he would find it easier to go further in. He hated the taste of cock in his mouth. But he didn't dare to think about biting his cellie. His life would rapidly become an unmitigated hell if he tried it.

The dominant prisoner didn't say anything for a moment, but Tails could almost feel his smirk up above him. "That's a good boy…" He felt Knuckles' padded glove run through his bangs, admiring how cute he was, "It's not your fault I'm mad; it's the other fucktards. I'm not sorry for a damn thing, but I have been mean to you, haven't I, Precious?" he asked, sighing in the relief the kit was giving him.

"Mmmph…" Tails' sort-of reply could have meant anything, from agreement, to disagreement to just the fact that his warm, soft mouth was packed with meat. He licked a little as he sucked harder, to try and make up for making a noise.

"Yeah, keep doing that… Hum for Daddy, Miles…" Tails felt Knuckles lean back on his hands, obviously enjoying himself. "Mmmmm, I think I feel an orgasm comin' on already, thanks to that pretty face of yours…" That's when he heard the distant, familiar footsteps of the

guard robos, and grabbed Tails's head to prevent him from pulling away. "Hurry up! I'm almost there!"

Tails sucked harder, humming again so that his larynx and mouth vibrated a little. He used his tongue more, too. He wasn't entirely sure of what would happen if he couldn't make Knuckles come in time, and he didn't relish finding out. The important thing was to do as he was told, much as he hated to, rubbing his hands up Knuckles' thighs as well now.

Knuckles held in a grunt, but articles escaped his clenched teeth as his body finally tensed and erupted. Tails nearly vomited when he felt the echidna's sperm hit the back of his throat. "Yeah… !" he gasped out, before sighing as his orgasm subsided. Tails knew what was coming next. "Swallow it… And get the fuck away from me before the guards see!"

Tails gulped it down, trying to taste it as little as possible, before backing away hurriedly and scrambling back to sit on his own bunk. Two patrolling Guard Robo stomped past. They were briefly scanning each cell for signs of fighting. If it wasn't actually happening, they didn't pay any attention. And there were usually two hours between each patrol… plenty of time to get your butt fucked by your cellie. Or to be killed by them.

Knuckles had an arrogant, cocky grin on his face when the human guard looked into his cell for the head-count. Wardens always tried so hard to maintain fear over their inmates. They all failed to instill it on him. The door was locked, and they walked away. "You better lube up. Cause' I'm sure as hell not going to."

Tails whimpered, looking around for something to use as lube. It was important to be able to improvise. After a few seconds, he grabbed a tub of margarine from under his bunk, and took out some of it, starting to smear it in and around his butthole, sweating slightly. He was really going to hate this… but then, he always did.

Waiting for the lights to go out gave the meek fox plenty of time to prepare. Once they flickered off, Knuckles kicked his shoes off, dropped his pants, and stood up off his bunk. "Now here's how this is going to work, Miles. So long as you call out my name, and moan in pleasure, I won't get violent on you. Now take your clothes off. And lay on your back. I'm in no mood for foreplay."

"Yes, Knuckles…" Tails began to strip, knowing that even if he was bent towards guys, Knuckles would do absolutely nothing to get him to enjoy this. And nothing he said or did would get the echidna to stop. Hell, stopping at his request would have nothing less than the effect of making Knuckles look weak, and there was nothing the violent, hot-headed echidna hated more. And Tails wasn't even in a position to challenge him to make it feel good. He put some more margarine over his butt, laid on his back, and tried to relax.

He felt the bed shift under the large echidna's weight as Knuckles planted one knee after the other on his bed. "Spread your legs for Daddy, like the little slut you are. And don't forget to moan…" he told him with a malevolent grin.

"Yes, Knuckles…" Tails spread his legs obediently, bending his knees. He hated being a slave.

"That's a good boy…" The fox felt familiar strong arms wrapping around his thighs, pulling him in closer, locking him in place. And then the sickening feeling of the large, red cock at the tip of his asshole. "Mmmmm, you're tight already…" Knuckles sighed, and began forcing his way in.

"Ow… nnngh… ow…" Tails was trying not to show pain but it hurt already, even with all the margarine he'd used, "Ow… Knuckles…" he whined in pain. He could only hope, as his asshole was stretched, that Knuckles wouldn't get too pissed that he couldn't make sounds of pleasure for the entry.

"You know you like it," the Echidna growled, relishing in the feeling. He loved having a skinny bitch like Tails to fuck whenever and

however he pleased. On top of it, the young fox was so damned soft, and so cute… He groaned in deep-rooted pleasure as he suddenly thrust the rest of the way in, filling the kitsune with his meat. "Moan for me…"

"Oh, ow… AH!" Tails cried out again, "Knuckles!" He could feel tears coming to his eyes. It wouldn't be the first time he'd have cried like a girl while being fucked either.

"Oh yeah…" The bed started slamming against the wall as Knuckles started pumping in and out of him, grunting in dominant pleasure every third bust. "Louder… Call my name louder! So the whole wing can hear!"

"Knuckles! Knuckles!" Tails began to scream in pain, knowing that nobody, not even the wardens would bother with the cries. They certainly didn't for any of the other punks. They only showed up if there was a serious risk of somebody getting killed… and not even always then, "Knuckles!" he screamed again.

Even better, the other inmates were hearing his cries. They knew what was happening to him. What Knuckles was doing. What Tails was letting him do. What nobody else wanted to suffer. The echidna grunted over and over, wrapping his arms tighter around his boyfriend's hips, digging his knees deeper into the mattress, fucking him harder. "Nnnggh! Say you want more… Say you love it… !" he whispered, low enough that nobody could hear, but loud enough for Tails to know he was dead serious.

"Nnnngh… MORE, KNUCKLES!" Tails lied as loudly as he could, "I WANT IT KNUCKLES!"

"Yeah… ! Damn you're a good boy!" The echidna's back arched in sadistic pleasure as he lost himself in the tight sensation of the boy's rectum wrapping around his cock, violating and sodomizing him like the helpless whore he was. Knuckles was powerful… That's all he cared about as he at long last came deep inside Miles Prower, and stuffed his tongue down his throat as he did.

Tails wailed again, not Knuckles' name, but a cry of pain. It came mostly muffled by the echidna's intrusive mouth. And he knew that he had better get used to it… because it was going to be happening a lot.

"Such a good boy…"

Harley: So, it's more Knuckles/Tails. Just a small example of how punks are treated in prisons. Don't worry about it. We just keep moving on, don't we?

SonicFrank: We do?

I, Janitor

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: Oh! I know there's too much gayness for some people. That WILL be rectified in time.

SonicFrank: Yeah, the babes are comin', baby!

Chapter Fourteen: I, Janitor

"Dude…" It was Manic the Hedgehog's favourite word, and it was especially applicable when it involved cleaning some of the cells. He liked the privileges his job gave him. On the other hand, he didn't exactly enjoy the stains, and he'd been forced to go cold turkey in Prison Island Penitentiary. On and off, on and off. Still, there were worse things to come off than pot. If he'd been outside, he might have been looting these rooms. On the inside, that sort of thing would end up with both his legs snapped off at the knee, which was a much better reason to come off drugs than merely worrying about your health, because it was much more obvious. He still occasionally stole cigarettes and matches from the new guys, and picked up dog-ends from all over the prison. It was another test, to see what they'd do about it. He didn't take anything from the big guys, and he *definitely* never touched anything personal, like photos or books. That would get him killed and anyway, what had personal value to one person would be worthless to the rest of them.

He also knew his only brother was in here, partly because Sonic made noise wherever he went. But he hadn't had time to talk to him. He held up a stained sheet with a shudder, before dropping it in the laundry basket on wheels that he was dragging around.

Sonic had made sure to check on the janitorial schedule two days ago, so he knew Manic would more than likely be in his wing on this day. He arrived, all alone. Most people couldn't get away with being by themselves; there was strength in groups. He spotted a cell with some movement, and saw the familiar green spines of his brother's head. Bingo. "Yo, Manic!" he called out as he reached the cell, "About time you learned to clean up. Mom would be proud!"

"Whoa, somebody's goin' for the deepest roots today!" Manic tossed aside a sheet, grinning and pushing a hand through his green quills, "Nice to see you aren't holdin' pockets like you used to hold Sonia's skirts back in the day," he hesitated, "I heard you got put in with Shadow. That dude is way psyched… but I heard you're taking him. How's that going?"

Sonic thought about Shadow. Every criminal who had done more than throw a brick through a window had met a regular psychopath - guys who acted normally up until they glassed you in the face for blowing your nose too loudly. Shadow had bypassed such inferior scum by making psychopathy look not only an easier way of life, but also stylish. He didn't need for you to blow your nose; just for you to have one.

Shadow needed a shock or two from a taser just to get his attention, and even then if you hadn't successfully killed him, he still wouldn't necessarily believe you were serious. And his goal would be horrible and Sonic knew just after a couple of nights with him that the way he would go about it would be even worse.

If you didn't work out how to deal with that kind of insanity in a real hurry, your best hope of surviving time with him would be to huddle in a corner and hope he put you under the same classification as furniture. Otherwise, he'd tear you apart, because once he had started, he simply wouldn't *stop*, "He's a cutie. I think he likes me!" the blue hedgehog finally responded to the sibling whom he hadn't seen in years, "He can get a little whiny, but what girl doesn't, eh? How's playin' clean-up in this mud-hole?"

Manic waved a hand about, "So-so. You see a lot of work, you see a lot of mess… and you hear a lot too. *Nobody* fucks with the awesome power of the janitor!" He grinned. It was true; mostly he was left alone, and he had a great job for getting back at those who messed around with him. Of course, that was no excuse for deliberately messing with those stronger and more powerful than him, but it helped. Maybe that was why he'd been given this job - as one of the physically weaker inmates, it was his best way to defend himself. And getting the privileges it bestowed taken away would see him go through hell, so he'd better do it right.

"Can't wait 'til we blow this crib so we can roll a fat joint and pass it around with a buncha those Beach Babes from Station Square. Some Sex on the Beach might be nice too; it's my fave," Sonic was grinning, reminiscing on old times he'd shared with his brother. Times their mother wouldn't approve of. Nor their sister, for that matter.

"Dude…" Manic nodded, then pulled a double-take, "Wait, all that shit you were talking about Parole Plan B… that was serious? Woah, I figured that was just… you, y'know. You actually got a plan, maybe?" he paused, "I mean… after the mess I made of bringing down that government building… I thought it was empty, y'know? Then it turns out that there was a bunch of people still in it… I didn't mean to do it that way…" he looked down, "Worst off, there was a little girl, about six. So yeah. I don't know if I even belong out in the world now…" he looked ashamed, leaning on a wall.

"Manic, my man…" Sonic placed an encouraging arm around his brother's shoulder, "If you weren't meant to get over those fences, there wouldn't be weed on the other side," he leaned his shoulder on the same wall, facing the janitor, "Don't beat yourself up over it, Bro. You've suffered enough. Prison toilets aren't exactly sanitary, y'know? Let's bust outta here together, you and me. And give Sonia somethin' to spend all that cash on; some new identities for her bros!"

Manic cheered up a bit, "Yeah, I figure I've done my part for society," he nodded, "It's freakin' crazy - I get three meals a day, paid for by tax-payers. When I was outside I was paying taxes for guys like me to eat. I'm sorry, I say it every day to the Dude upstairs. And I only tried to escape Central City once," he added, "Yeah, I'm with you on this, bro. But this ain't exactly a summer camp. You don't exactly mozie on out and tell the wardens, 'I'm headin' to the shops for a deck of squares and I'll be right back', you know?"

Sonic grinned, "Listen, there's a few things I need to know about first. Like, how about conjugal visits? When do the married dudes get 'em?"

"Wednesdays," Manic replied, diving into the opposite cell - Bean and Bark's, "Dude, this place is… geez, it stinks," he pulled out a cigarette from a pocket, then lifted a match from the packet on Bean's side-table, lighting up, "You think one of your lady friends is gonna come visit for some fun?" he asked his brother.

"HAH! Who do you think you're talkin' to, pal? The ladies flock 'round from all over the planet for some o' THIS hedgehog! Maybe I can hook you up…" Sonic thought, smirking, "Unless you've already got one in here…"

"Nah," Manic shook his head, "Nobody special…" he tucked the burnt-out match into his pocket rather than dropping it to the floor, "Technically…" he looked uncertain, "Well, if I wasn't janitor, Knuckles'd have had me a dozen times when I was his cellie. As it was he had me share all my privileges and stick to his pocket all the time just to keep him outta my ass. It sucked, and Prower ain't even got nothing to barter. Heard you challenged that brute for the fox," he added.

"Damn straight I did. No pal o' mine's gettin' bullied like that if I have somethin' to slug about it," he crossed his arms, "You should know. I had to fight all throughout high school to keep your pushover ass outta yer own locker," Sonic told Manic, obviously still disappointed

in his brother's lack of pride. "I hate bullies. Besides, we'll need 'im for the escape. He's comin' with us. So's Shadow," he grinned, now.

"Heh… Dude, you really think Grim's gonna help you?" Manic moved down the cells, with Sonic by his side, "He never helps. Seriously, man, I've seen him start fights between inmates just to take the bets on it. Why's he gonna pal up with you?"

"Because he's my girlfriend!" Sonic exclaimed enthusiastically with a pat on his brother's back, "It may not look like it, but we're startin' to understand each other more and more. And he's more friendly than you might think. He'll help. Am I ever wrong?" He pulled the sheets off one bunk and threw them in the bucket, helping Manic out.

"Well, there was that one time you said-" Manic started.

"I mean about *important* things," Sonic interrupted quickly.

"Important…" Manic thought about it, "I guess not…" he flicked some ash from his cigarette into the current cell's toilet, "But I sure hope you know what you're doin', Bro. Shadow sees things differently to other people… and one of 'em is seeing other people as things… He's messed up, man." He tapped his head, and began to strip the other bed, trying not to look at the stains.

"Ya don't gotta tell me twice. But let's talk about another hedgehog…" Sonic rubbed his hands together, "Ya gotten a chance to nail that nurse yet? Come on, surely you've used the family charm on 'er…"

"Ooooh, yeah… Doc Blossom's got some hot Tee and Ay on her," Manic nodded, "I been on the bad end of a fight or two, and she's good about it… Best part about her is how much she hates Mephiles, just like us. I'd work the family charm, y'know… hell, I tried it, 'cause before I got this job I was in and out of that place all the time. Only trouble is Mephiles. Word is he used to be with her when she first came, but she dropped him 'cause he's such a fuck-headed bastard. Now he wants her brought down a notch…"

"Amy dated THAT- I mean, she dated HIM?" the blue inmate exclaimed in question, obviously grossed out by the new information, "Excuse me while I lose my over-cooked bacon! She does have a nice tush, though. Then again, so does Mina… Anyway!" Sonic seemed to have almost lost his thought. "What about Sonia? You hear from her at all lately?"

"Sonia?" Manic nodded, "She's visited a couple of times. She called when she heard you were being moved here… and she's visiting next week. Takin' down two in one go, heh…" he chuckled as they neared the end of the long line of cells, "Told me she was having trouble with some stuff. And with her credit cards. If she ain't careful, she'll be in the ladies' joint for the cards."

"Bummer Majores…" Sonic watched Manic grin. The two of them hadn't said that line together in years, but they used to all the time. "Looks like we're gonna have to rob a bank when we get outta here. But we'll cross that bridge when we get to it. Manic, I'm gonna need your help gettin' outta here. We're gonna be riskin' it all, includin' a life sentence, a major beatdown and worst of all, some time with a psychiatrist… But we can do it. With some ear-poppin' speed and a good plan from the world's most way-past-cool hedgehog, we can do it. Are you in?"

Manic looked thoughtful, "Okay. I'm in the car. But you better have one rippin' plan, because ain't nobody goin' on vacation without one."

"Atta bro," Sonic put his arm around him again, and pulled him in for a tight, brotherly hug, "Best thing about comin' here is comin' across you, man. And we ain't partin' ways ever again, 'less I got one chick and you have another so we'll need separate rooms… You know me, though. I never mind sharin'."

Manic grinned, "I could use a few strippers," he agreed, "And not just from the paper pimp either. You got your plan coming up? Or is that blue noggin 'a yours still empty?" he rapped playfully on Sonic's head, "What, no echo?"

"Quit temptin' me, Bro," Sonic threw back, ruffling his brother's green bangs, "Talkin' about echos'll make me wanna sing…"

Harley: Hey, how was that? A nice break from all the nasty pain and people being other people's bitches? And things keep getting better in the next chapter!

Going to the Chapel

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: We're getting lots of requests for Scourge to show up. Trust me when I say we have some great stuff in the makes. The wait will be lengthy but worth it!

Harley: We have quite a bit to get through before we introduce him. But we will get to learn a whole lot about what happens when people get thrown in with him real soon..

Chapter Fifteen: Going To The Chapel

Silver had already learned from Nack the Weasel that Shadow occasionally visited the chapel. But it seemed that he didn't have a particular day he did it. 'About once a week' was the closest guess Nack could give him. Certainly it kept anybody without a death wish from trying to track his movements, which were erratic and unpredictable.

He'd been very quiet, but it seemed he was lucky - Shadow either wasn't paying attention, or he simply didn't expect anybody to be following him. The black and red hedgehog simply walked briskly with purpose. He didn't have to push his way past anybody; the crowd opened up and closed behind him, desperate to avoid contact with the psychopath that might somehow annoy him. It was that sort of fear that Shadow revelled in.

It was that sort of fear that Silver despised about him. Having been sitting in the very back behind the crowd, Shadow hadn't noticed the white-haired hedgehog. Silently, the crowd escaped, steering away

from the mass murderer who stood currently in the front. It was known all throughout the penitentiary that the chapel was open to anyone and everyone. Except for when Shadow the Hedgehog stepped in. Even the humans knew better than to stay.

The other convicts resumed various prayers outside. After glancing around, Shadow took his own place, not at the front, but a couple of rows behind, and pulled out a photograph. The photograph of Maria. His precious, beautiful Maria. It was the only memory he had left of her - well, the best one, anyway. Shuddering slightly at what Mephiles had intended to do to it, he clutched the photograph of his beloved sister to his white, furry chest, "Maria… Maria, I'm so sorry," he whispered, just loud enough for Silver to hear at the back.

Despite being under the impression that he was alone, Shadow had been whispering. Silver swore he heard a name, though. Marie, Mary, Maria… Something of the sort. Perhaps the murderous hedgehog had come here to repent for his sins? If so, maybe Silver could be the first to welcome him to Christianity?

"Maria, I'm so, so sorry…" Shadow continued to whisper. Somehow, even though he didn't repent his many, many fallacies, he always felt like he didn't belong in a house of God. Like his presence soiled it somehow, "I'm sorry I couldn't save you… I messed up… forever… it's not like that, I'm so sorry… I will, I will if I get out but I'll never get out, they'll never let me, so it's okay to want to, right? It's okay to want to do this? No, it's not, Maria, I'm sorry… I didn't mean for it to happen like that… at all… I'm sorry, I'm sorry… I'll get them… I'll survive everything this hell throws at me and I'll get them… one way, or another… I'm so sorry it came to this, Maria… I couldn't protect you… I'm sorry…" he was rambling now, and he knew it. But then, that was why he threw people out first. So they couldn't see his rare moments of weakness. So that he could have a few, and be better than scum like Mephiles, at least…

"I'm sure she forgives you," Silver told him, having left his seat to sit on the row just behind Shadow's. "Angels always do…" He gave

Shadow a reassuring smile, still bruised and battered from the beating he received at the hands of Espio.

"GAH!" Shadow spun around, still clutching his photograph, "YOU! What… you little…" he choked in shock, then recovered himself, "What do you think you're doing here, punk?" he growled, pocketing the photograph quickly and only then clenching his fists.

"The same thing you were doing," Silver responded, still refusing to flinch at Shadow's surprise. "I was repenting for my sins…" he leaned both arms on the wooden backrest of the seat before him, giving the crimson-eyed hedgehog an understanding gaze, "Whoever she is, I'm sure she forgives you. And I'll bet she wishes you'll join her in Paradise some day…"

"Who she *was,* is none of your business…" Shadow replied, "Besides, you hate me. In any case I'm not getting to Paradise. They're probably creating a personal Hell just for me. Now get out. This is my-" he paused, looking up at the large cross at the front of the chapel, "… my floorspace…" he finished finally, still glaring.

Silver shook his head. "I never asked who she is; such information is yours to share. But it is my business to tell you that you're wrong. You CAN go to Paradise, Shadow. Father God is remorseful, he's a forgiving father and he loves you. He wants you to join him in Heaven, so you and the girl in the picture, can hold each other once again, and spend eternity in each other's love. And his forgiveness comes with at no price; all you have to do is repent. Ask his forgiveness and he'll grant it for you. Then live the remainder of your days sin-free. That's all! And you'll see her again. Guaranteed." The white hedgehog smiled again. He truly, whole-heartedly believed that what he was saying was true, and he said the words with such passion that most anyone who heard them would be tempted to believe them, too.

"You're just telling me the same old shit that a dozen God Squad members and my shrink have spouted," Shadow told him sourly, "You know what? Once, Preacher, once I was sorry. But you don't

watch your sister die, then spend all of your youth being abused by the fuckers who are supposed to be taking care of you, then spend the rest of it being hated and feared and tortured and still feel like apologising to God. You get my shitty life, and you'll start feeling like God should apologise to *you* ."

Silver looked down at the floor. "It's so sad… How much you deny our father's love… Everyone wants to go to Heaven, Shadow. Even the Devil himself. But some people see it as too good to be true. Some people want to suffer for what they've done. Some people, like you, don't think you deserve eternal bliss. But you do. And you can have it. You just have to want it enough to repent, and change your ways to that of Jesus. I wish you would, because I want to see you in Heaven when I get there…"

"Great idea, I'll die and come back to life," Shadow sneered, "Or I could mutilate some fig trees. Or I could grab a prostitute for my girlfriend…" he gritted his teeth and pinned Silver to the floor suddenly, "SHE WAS ALL OVER THE WINDSCREEN, PREACHER! ALL OVER THE FUCKING WINDSCREEN! IF GOD DIDN'T SHOW HER MERCY WHY THE FUCK IS HE GONNA SHOW ME ANY? HUH?" Tears were welling up in his eyes.

"Wha-?" Silver was suddenly terrified, not of Shadow's sudden brutality, but of the things he was saying. "SHE'S IN HEAVEN!" he yelled back, turning his face away from the raging hedgehog to prevent sprayed spit from hitting his eyes. "Whatever happened to her physical form here on Earth, God is making up to her spirit in Heaven! Her body was just a vessel, it's her spirit that was saved! Just like he'll save yours!"

"If heaven's so great, why's nobody in more of a hurry to get there?" Shadow growled, "You're so sure of redemption, Preacher… how about I snap your neck? You'll go to heaven, I'll stick around here in hell, everybody's happy!"

"I don't fear for my life, Shadow," Silver lied, "I fear for yours. I'm not afraid to die because I know with all my heart that I'll go to Heaven. I

just wish I could say the same for you…"

Shadow just laughed sadistically at Silver, sensing his lie, "Yeah, right… I'm just interested to see how Hell manages to make things worse than they are now," he pulled away from Silver without hurting him, though it took immense effort, "You have no idea, Preacher. No idea what this place will do to you. It's insane… and it can get a whole lot worse."

The grounded hedgehog scurried away just far enough to where he was able to sit up without risking a kick to the face. "This place is only bad because the inmates make it so. We alone have the power to change it, Shadow. Jesus Christ may have been able to perform miracles, but he clearly stated that as the children of God, it's up to us to make miracles happen. Together…"

"If the wardens wanted us to get along, they'd put two humans and two anthros at every table," Shadow replied, "Don't you know that they prefer it when we fight? Because if we're not beating the shit out of each other, we'd be taking it out on them, and we'd be running this joint within a week. Does that sound like fun to you, Preacher?"

"You're going off-topic…" Silver pointed out, standing up to dust himself off. "Whoever the girl in that picture is, she'll be very disappointed if you don't join her in the Holy Land. She wants to see you again, and you clearly wish to see her as well. The only thing stopping you from seeing her smile again is your own refusal to accept Jesus Christ into your heart. If that's not what you seek, then… Why are you in this chapel in the first place?" With that, Silver stepped back towards the door, and started to leave the dark hedgehog to ponder his words alone.

Shadow shuddered and took out his photograph, staring at it for a few seconds, "One day, Maria… one day I'll make up for failing you… one day…" he told the photograph, before he let the tears roll down his face. Nobody could ever see him cry like this. Nobody could witness him being weak, "And Silver?" he called out suddenly.

"Yes?" the white hedgehog asked, stopping short just as he reached the door.

"Tell anybody what transpired between us in this House of God, and I will not stop at killing you," Shadow warned him, "I'll hang the noose around your neck, and have you kick out your own bucket, and then I'll see you in Hell and we'll spend all eternity together, tormenting the other."

Silver tried his best not to glare. "You've no need to threaten me, Shadow. I would never betray you like that, despite how much you've wronged me in what little time we've known each other. Farewell." Then he stepped out, and Shadow was alone again.

Shadow gritted his teeth. This was why he always threw out the God Squad. Well, that and some of them were mouthy bastards. Silver had no right to preach to him like that… No right! Still sobbing over his only picture of his beloved Maria, he curled up, still begging for forgiveness for failing her. Her death was the only one he was absolutely certain he was responsible for, and he hated knowing it.

The inmates were slightly impressed. Sonic the Hedgehog was a bit on the slim side, but he was no lightweight when it came to a workout. He wasn't only hanging upside-down on one of the pull-up bars for an intense abdominal workout that most men found way above their endurance level, he was holding thirty-pound weights in each hand while he did it. He was disciplined enough to focus on form, not doing any swinging whatsoever to help him along, and holding the upward position for three seconds with each iteration. Nobody was staring, but everyone was watching.

Storm, who had been known for partnering up with Knuckles as spotting partners, interrupted the echidna's bench-presses to guide his attention over to the hedgehog. "Check it out. Looks like tiny's got some pecks to 'im after all."

"Huh…" Knuckles eyed him, clearly considering his options, "Yeah, he's got his good side… But I figure his real power's in his legs… like Shadow. If we ever jump him… guess we'll have to keep his legs still." He continued with his weights. Just to his right, Tails was reading a book quietly and holding on to his pocket. Normally he'd get the tar beaten out of him and the book ripped apart for bringing it into the gym, but at least right now he felt safe in doing so. Still, he knew there was always a price for this service; often more than he could afford. He looked up at Sonic briefly, who was still working out, "Hey, if you wanna look at something attractive, look at me," Knuckles ordered him nastily. Tails instantly looked away from Sonic. He really had little choice…

Storm looked over at his own girlfriend, seeing her chatting it up with a few of her girlfriends. He didn't mind, so long as she came to check up on him every ten minutes or so. Then he eyed Tails, and grinned. The young fox had such a soft body…

"Watch it, Storm," Knuckles told him, still doing lifts, "My cellie, my bitch. You can get it with any of your kids… but this one's mine." he replaced the weights, "C'mere, Prower. Give your daddy a quick kiss…" Knuckles was one of the few homos in the prison who didn't mind admitting it, but wasn't a queen at the same time.

Tails swallowed and leant over Knuckles, who suddenly grabbed him by the back of the head and pulled him down into a heavy kiss. The kitsune whimpered, but lacked the strength and backup to get away. He wasn't even allowed to fight Knuckles any more. Not if he wanted to be standing tomorrow, anyway.

Sonic dropped off the bar and flipped mid-air to his feet just in time to see Tails get orally violated in public. He couldn't stand for it. No way was he going to stand back and let his friend be victimized any longer; so he strode toward Knuckles and Bark with clenched fists. "Hey! Nap-head! I've got a bone to pick with you!"

Storm tapped Knuckles again. "I think he's talking to you, Red…"

Knuckles let go of Tails, cracked his neck, and looked up at Sonic, "Can't you see I'm kind of busy?" he asked, "Prower, darling… hand in pocket." Tails did so, standing behind Knuckles as the echidna stood up, "What's your beef, Blue Streak?" he asked Sonic, cracking his knuckles noisily, "You got a problem with me admiring my girl's moves in public?"

"Let go of his pocket, Deuce!" Sonic ordered his friend, "Have some dignity, damn it! And you!" the hedgehog pointed angrily at Knuckles, "Red Ridin' Hood! What big tits you have to pick on those that much smaller than you!" His green eyes were raging, and he was up for a fight. "I'm puttin' a stop to this crap. Find someone your own size to eat up, cause' I'm takin' 'im off your hands!"

"WOOOOOO! Hunk Hurdle!" Queen Bean yelled from the crowd, all of which had ended their workouts and began to stare.

"I, uh… I, uh…" Tails stammered.

"Goddammit…" Knuckles pushed him back, "You think I'm scared of you? Huh?" he asked Sonic, "I own him, and if there was a damn thing you could've done about it, you would have done it before he had to turn to me for some protection! You… you got a problem, then sure, let's work it out right here!" he slammed a hard fist into the other palm.

"You read my mind, Dreadlocks," the heroic hedgehog responded, cracking his neck on both sides, "But y'know what? I know faggots like you; I've taken 'em down before. You're a big bluff. If you really wanna prove how tough you are, let's make this interesting. If I win, Miles Prower switches Protection Agencies, with all rights to that fuzzy ass bein' transferred over to me. If you win… Heh. You get to fuck me." Sonic grinned, confident as always.

"What the hell makes you think I need your consent to fuck you?" Knuckles growled - not sneered, like Shadow would, but one hell of a glare, "And what makes you think I need your consent to fuck my girl, when I'm pulling her anyway? But fuck that!" he added, "I'll do it!

If only to make you squeal like the bitch you really are under all that cocky blue bastard!"

"Done! I'll see you in the ring, Punk!" Sonic scowled. "And you!" he turned to Tails, pointing at him. "I don't care what this faggot does to you; I catch you holdin' onto his, or anyone else's pocket ever again, I'm gonna beat your ass myself once I get through with him! Got it?"

Tails looked between Knuckles, who was glaring fiercely at Sonic, and Sonic, who was glaring fiercely at him, "Uh… Sonic, Knuckles is my cellie," he managed, "I don't know if I can-"

"Oh yeah, one more thing, Blue Streak!" Knuckles added, "These little matches take a few months to arrange. I'm looking forward to beating your blue ass right off your body. But unless you've got yourself some friends in the upper classes, I guess I'll be keeping Prower for a while longer! While you're waiting for that… HAH!" He punched out very hard, socking Sonic in the face and knocking him half-way across the gym floor.

The acrobatic hedgehog actually flipped over in mid-air, landing on his two feet rather than on the floor. He didn't fight back just yet though, standing straight to rub his nose with a casual grin. "Is that love-tap all you've got for me, Lumpy?" he asked, stepping back toward Knuckles with increasing speed. he was getting the hang of running just below his fancy anklet's speed limit, "Let's lighten things up a bit!" With that, he flipped in the air and shoved both heels into the echidna's face, just fast enough to get them both shocked. Sonic was starting to become accustomed to it. Knuckles, however, was not. Once it was over, he heard the Guard Robos approaching beyond the crowd, and turned to Tails. "I don't care if you guys're attached at the freakin' dick! Quit bein' such a pussy and stand up for yourself; I ain't gonna babysit you forever!" With that, the guards arrived, and Sonic looked nonchalant, as if nothing was happening, which was a dead giveaway.

Knuckles figured that since they were going to get put through hell anyway, he might as well put some hurt on Sonic while he had the

chance. Well, he really didn't care; he just had no intention of stopping and acting as if he was afraid of some robotic wardens. It was something Sonic still had the option of doing. Bastards like Knuckles and Shadow had no such of an easy way out. He dashed forward and punched Sonic again, "Real big fighter, aren't ya?" he shouted, ramming an elbow into Sonic, "Genuine cell soldier! Shooting your mouth off like a big-shot!

The elbow landed a direct hit, but it came with a penalty; Sonic grabbed hold of it while he had the chance, and used the charging red bully's momentum to flip him forward and into a stack of weights; knocking him out cold. Still, an elbow to his ribs really did hurt, and Sonic doubled over to catch his breath, "Heh… Talk about hittin' the weights real hard; guess all this workin' out's gettin' to his head…"

Harley: So, how about some reviews? We like what we're getting so far, even the negative ones where you guys make fun of S.F.!

Interrogation

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: New character in this chapter! It's Rouge the Bat!

SonicFrank: And I think we made her quite awesome in this story.

Harley: In response to recent 'concern' for Silver's well-being, he will 'get it'. But he'll deserve it. Deserve it like the raging infernos of hell. Also other cool shiznit will be happening.

Chapter Sixteen: Interrogations

A couple of days had passed since Sonic had challenged Knuckles. Far above the holding cells and other areas of the prison set aside for the inmates was an elaborate office with numerous computer consoles connected to the various security systems of the island and garish decoration fitting the eccentric man sitting at his large desk. This fat, moustachioed, bald human dressed in black, red and orange was Doctor Ivo Eggman, technically the Director of Prison Island and Mephiles' superior, even though he left the majority of running the prison to the warden. He was currently looking from his computer to the government agent standing in front of him, "So what problems do the government have with my prison this time, Agent Rouge?" he asked her, irritated.

"Conflicting reports," the white bat told him, "Some members of the press are complaining that this prison is being treated like a health spa for criminals, others claim it's a nightmarish cesspool that even the worst scum shouldn't endure, with experimentation being performed on inmates, previous inmates being hired as wardens,

and excesses of brutality. If things go on this way, they'll demand a full investigation, and I could be sent in on more investigative visits. If necessary, you *are* replaceable, Doctor."

The obese man folded his hands, resting them on his lap as he swivelled in his chair, making it creak, "Such reports are highly exaggerated on either side, wouldn't you presume?" he asked her, pointing out how insane those claims were. "I see to it personally that the head warden conducts this facility by every rule and guideline of the Correctional Facilities Administration. Of course, Prison Island is home to the country's deadliest criminals, and extra precautions that are above the average penitentiary must be considered."

"Of course they're wildly exaggerated," Rouge agreed nastily, "I'm sure this prison is run entirely by the book, and nothing goes on that you wouldn't authorise. And that, of course, is why I'm going to be paying a few visits. To talk to you, a few employees, and some of the inmates. To make sure there's no… funny business and put these ridiculous claims to rest."

"I'll just need to talk to a few convicts to confirm all of that," she continued with a friendly, open smile that Eggman knew from the faces of the more persuasive types of prison wardens, who were particularly good at getting confessions out of too-trusting inmates.

"Ms. Bat," Julian cleared his throat, "My pardons. Agent Rouge," he started over, "I'm sure you are educated and aware of the fact that Prison Island is home to the most outstanding of guests. I have a gentleman who can break solid cement walls with his bare hands and not so much as crack a knuckle. I have another inmate who can turn invisible at will, and even one who has the marvelous ability to bend space and time to his liking. Those aren't even the real threats; I've become aware of a particular rascal who can run at the speed of sound, and has a fancy talent for gathering powerful groups. There's also a technological genius in our midst; an individual who, if allowed to get his hands on a computer, cellular phone, even a standard GPS, has the potential to render this whole place haywire." He

paused, just for a moment. Rouge could tell he was catching his breath, so out of shape the merely speaking had him slightly flustered. "What I'm trying to say, Agent Rouge, is that the staff of this penitentiary has had to resort to desperate measures in order to contain the prisoners within it. This can of course be only accomplished through trial and error. Any experiments that my inmates have undergone were conducted for the sole purpose of learning how to contain them properly."

"Absolutely," Agent Rouge agreed, "I suppose that some of them were occasionally unco-operative regarding these tests to keep them in their place… that's why they were injured. So if somebody can bend space and time… just how can you keep him from bending it in order to escape? My files show Shadow the Hedgehog has started seven riots since he arrived here, and while most of them were contained quickly, one led to his escape into the surrounding jungle, and another lasted fully five weeks. How do you keep… men… like that in line?"

Julian gleamed at her through the dark glasses he always wore, and folded his hands on his desk. "Shadow Robotnik requires a source of power in order to utilize his unique abilities. We here at Prison Island Penitentiary simply deny him that source. Though he is still superfluously dangerous even without it," he cleared his throat again. "The phrase 'keep him in line' is one I find to be a bit over the top. In order for prisoners like him to behave, we have to spoil them, make them comfortable, and give them certain privileges. Phone calls, television, visitations, that sort of thing. In this manner, should their behaviour become intolerable, simply denying them these accommodations seems to be highly effective. We also have solitary confinement, though that is a last resort which we hardly ever find necessary."

"So I see…" Rouge flipped through the files - she had a lot of them, "Maybe I'll talk to him later… but what about the new 'rascal'? If he's making a gang - or a group, as you call it, isn't he dangerous? Persuading other prisoners to not tear each others' eyes out even for

a few hours is something of a worrying ability… how can you keep him and his new friends from starting trouble? Say… taking over the entire prison?" she asked.

"Our walls are tall, Agent Rouge. Our doors lock tight and our fences are barbed and electrified. Our Corrections Officers are the very best in the nation, led by a man who is the Undisputed Senior Corrections Officer on the globe. You may or may not have heard of Nate Morgan, but he is under our employment and we are very proud to have him," he reassured her, "There are many prisoners here who belong to and lead groups. We have, thus far, no reason to believe that Olgivie Maurice Hedgehog has any intentions to cause trouble; he is simply 'fitting in'. His files show a history of rebellion, but he is well under control here."

"Of course he is, Doctor," Rouge replied, "Of course I'm well aware that to many of these men, your fences mean nothing, being locked up merely means a different class of victim is opened up to them, any legal punishments are no deterrent, and oh look, Olgivie Maurice Hedgehog made several partially successful escape attempts due to his 'fitting in'. That's why he's now on this island in the middle of the sea. But some prisoners leaving have been complaining about prison rape, and prisoners beating the absolute shit out of each other. I know many of your convicts are here for life, but there are some who will be returning to society and on the whole it's preferred they do so in a reasonable state of sanity. Nobody likes a revolving door prison system."

The Eggman slammed his fists on his desk, although he seemed to regret it right after. "Prison rape is NOT tolerated under any means and is subject to the highest level of punishment! I assure you that such a crime, as well as any other form of brutality, will result in the direst of repercussions. Not once in several years has rape been reported within these prison walls. If it ever is, it is my deepest promise that there will be Hell to pay among the entire prison population."

Rouge nodded, "There had better be," she agreed, "It's one of the few things the public comes to sympathise with these monsters on, and while they're in here, that's the last thing we want. It may not be reported in here but it sure gets reported outside… you've got a violent homosexual serial rapist behind bars in this prison. How do you keep him from exercising his desires over his cellmates? Or did you just chop off his cock?" she asked dryly.

"You must be referring to the echidna named… was it Kneecaps? No… Elbows, or something of the sort. The same gentleman whom I mentioned can break through walls," he cleared his throat, carrying on. "Upon his arrival, Elbows was prescribed a daily prescription of impotency by our highly conductive medical personnel. The prescription was revealed to have the unfortunate side-effect of severe heartburn as well as pain in his abdomen. Our only option was a stronger medication. He has since agreed that such precautions would not be necessary, and has been on good behavior ever since. Not a single report of rape has come my way since his incarceration."

"I'll bet…" Rouge said dubiously, "Especially if he can punch through walls. I'd like to speak to him too. And the whiz-kid with computers - Miles Prower - can tell me how careful you are in this advanced prison to make sure he doesn't get his paws on anything he can use to bring the entire system crashing down - he may be physically weak but in his last prison he managed to rewire a car radio into a device that knocked out the security cameras, crashed contacts with the outside world for two days, and caused a riot that lasted for a week while he simply flew over the walls." She shuffled her files, "For now, I want to talk to Shadow U.L. Robotnik, Knuckles the Echidna and Miles Prower. And listen to what they have to say about how their freedoms are restrained without throwing human and anthro rights out the window."

"Knuckles! That was his name!" the director shouted out with a snap of his finger, before clearing his throat again to regain his composure. "Very well. You must be aware of the dangers involved

in speaking to these dangerous criminals, I strongly advise that you adhere to every safety precaution if you wish to interview any one of them, let alone three."

"Of course, and I hope you can provide those safety measures, Doctor," Rouge told him, "Restraints, guards, and a monitored environment. And any other precautions you feel are necessary," she added slyly, "After all, I trust your judgement."

"Only the very best, Agent Rouge," the Eggman told her, before lifting his telephone and pushing an anonymous button. "Excuse me while I have the necessary preparations made- yes. Advise Head Warden Mephiles of Agent Rouge's arrival. Have him arrange an interview between the agent and three prisoners; Shadow Robotnik-… yes, Shadow Robotnik. Knuckles the Echidna, and Miles Prower… Mmm'hmm. That sounds delightful," he smiled into the phone, "We shan't keep the agent waiting; it'd be very rude. Inform Mephiles that I expect him to arrive in my office as soon as the preparations are met, and that I will have him personally escort our guest. Thank you…. Yes, Shadow Robotnik. Carry on then." The phone was hung up, and he looked at Rouge. "I have just been informed that one of our staff members is celebrating a birthday today. Would you care for some cake?"

"Hmmm… you can celebrate birthdays in this place?" Rouge asked, "I see no reason why not…" In her personal opinion, the obese doctor before her had eaten far more than his fair share of cake already.

About half-an-hour later, and Rouge pushed open the door to the interview room, where the murderer and serial rapist Shadow U. L. Robotnik was sitting stiffly in a chair in front of the desk, his hands firmly cuffed and two Guard Robos, one on each side of him. She sat herself behind the desk, privately glad to have something solid behind herself and him, but showing no fear. She looked into his red eyes while she put her many files on the table, making sure he could

see his own file on top, "Good afternoon, Shadow Robotnik," she told the black and red hedgehog, waiting for his response.

The inmate seemed in a particularly sour mood when he had walked in, just as she expected. His expression changed when he saw her, which she expected even more. Having been seated quite harshly by the Guard Robos, he eyed Rouge like Eggman eyed the chocolate cake he'd been eating prior. "Well well…" he started, crimson eyes looking her up and down and stopping, quite disgustingly, at her breasts, "To what do I owe this honor?"

Rouge cleared her throat. She could go nicely on this hedgehog. His files documented him as being dangerously manipulative in his more lucid moments. He was probably itching for a chance to attack her, even with two Guard Robos and all the monitoring this conversation was under, "My name is Agent Rouge, Shadow Robotnik," she told him, "I'm a government agent sent here to make sure this prison doesn't break laws on humanity. As one of the longer-term inmates, I was hoping you might be able to help me."

Shadow's cuffs rattled as he tried, quite pointlessly, to pull his wrists apart beneath the table. His eyes only ventured to Rouge's for a brief second, before returning to her breasts. "I was hoping you might be able to help me as well. Looks like there's a trade in order…"

Rouge rolled her eyes, "You know, you could help yourself a lot and make life very unpleasant for your correctional officers by being more cooperative," she said, "How's life in here for you, Shadow?"

"It must be true, what they say about bats," Shadow commented, "They're fucking blind. Look around! This is a prison, not some fucking fairyland!" The Guard Robos stepped forward, but Shadow had already relaxed again of his own accord, "Either way, you seek information from me, but I don't see what I get out of it…"

"You get the feeling of goodwill and helping your fellow inmate make this a better place… and…" Rouge shook her head and carefully pulled out a large bar of sealed chocolate from her bag, placing it on

the table, "You could get this, to trade or eat yourself, whichever you choose. Isn't chocolate something like brown gold in most prisons?"

"Maybe, but it's not as yummy as information," Shadow told her bosom with a smirk, "I'm afraid you'll have to dig much deeper into your person if you want straight answers from me. And there's nobody else in this whole rotten filth-can who can offer the quality of information that I can… Especially not that faggot Knuckles, or his lackey Miles."

Rouge rapped her fake nails on the desk, "You really do have something of a one-track mind, Shadow," she commented dryly, "Isn't that what got you into this place? Are you sure this… Knuckles doesn't know what you do? Just why should I 'pay' you to tell me what I already know? Tell me what I don't know and then I'll repay you."

"You're not making any sense. But then, what woman does?" Shadow asked, envisioning the sight of her supple breasts in his mouth. "There's not a damn thing you can give me that'll satisfy my needs besides giving it all, and I don't take down payments…" This was no ordinary woman; she was extremely seductive, and inept at using the talent in a professional manner. "You should know better than to insult my intelligence by assuming I'd take anything less."

Rouge adjusted her position so that her breasts were more on show. If Shadow tried a goddamn move out of line, she was fully prepared for the Guard Robos to take him down and shock him until his balls fell off, "Doctor Eggman told me a lie, you see. He told me that prisoners like you get visitors and phone calls to keep you in line, but records show you've never had a visitor or used a phone call. Of course, I understand that you have no living family outside the prison, nothing to go back to, and you'll never leave. Your whole life is behind these bars…" she stood up slowly with a smirk.

"As such, I don't have use for either one of those privileges," Shadow responded, eyeing her from across the table as she stepped off her chair. She had much more to show than a pair of breasts, it seemed.

"They keep other men weak to their knees… It takes much more to make me smile, Agent…"

"Yes, there is one thing you really have missed since you were incarcerated," Rouge agreed, stepping around the table, standing in front of Shadow, "Unlike most women, I've never had a secret desire to be violently sexually assaulted," she sat on the side of the desk, "I don't see any great reason I should want that now…"

Shadow smirked, crimson eyes running over the agent's curvy body. Sitting before him, she was making a statement; that she had more to offer than double-Ds. She had a strong core, shapely legs, and a better ass than he'd seen in all his personal stash of magazines. "Then you'll find it very fortunate that I'm bound by these chains, and that anything you provide in exchange for answers will have to be submitted willingly…"

"How did your last victim suffer?" Rouge raised a perfect eyebrow, "Oh yes, you grabbed her after dark in an alley, severed her Achilles Tendons, and told her you'd let her go if she could run away. Then you raped her repeatedly, and stabbed her twice in the chest before gutting her alive."

"There's no need for that, Agent," Shadow replied with a gratuitous smirk, "Your very presence is more than enough to arouse me without such thrilling recollections…" With that, he stood up, the chair skidding loudly against the floor, and lunged forward, pressing his lips against hers and forcing her on her back. The Guard Robos reacted immediately, pulling him off by the shackles and shocking him repeatedly. The hedgehog didn't scream.

Shaking slightly with a combination of anger and fear, Rouge readjusted her clothing, "I can order those Guard Robos to pull you back at any moment," she told him, but smiled a little, "If you remain in your chair though, you'll be less likely to invoke my wrath…" She stepped forward, and bent forward so that her cleavage was very visible to him, "Are we quite clear on that, Shadow?" she asked him,

with a seductive smirk. She suddenly reached forward and spread his legs apart at the knees sharply.

Shadow was still twitching slightly, an eye shut tight as he gritted his teeth in the aftermaths of the shocks. He did manage a sly smirk at her, though. "Transparently, Agent," he told her, "But let's not waste any more time.." He'd have noticed how pretty her face was, if he hadn't been staring so feverishly at her breasts.

Rouge grabbed his face, making him look up away from her breasts, "You're a smart guy, Shadow," she said, "You could gain a lot by talking to my face, instead of lower down… Why don't you tell me everything you know so Doctor Eggman and Mephiles can both get fired, and in return…" she pushed a hand firmly against his crotch.

There was a deep-rooted grunt that escaped from Shadow's throat when the agent touched his crotch, and he glared at her with fiery red eyes that wished to rape her 'til she died. "Why don't you give me what we both know I want, and I'll tell you all about the experiments…"

Experiments? Rouge thought. What she said, when she saw the furious lust in Shadow's eyes, was different, "I dare say you're not the only one who can tell me about experiments, Shadow," she stepped behind him, leaning over his shoulder, "Anybody who helps me out always gets a reward, many, many times over," she whispered into his twitching ear, "What would you like most in the world?" she asked him.

"To tear your legs off at the thighs so I can fuck a legless whore; legs always do get in the way…" the hedgehog replied, "But you have nice legs, so I'd probably save that for the next worthless slut and keep you intact while I fuck you." Rouge was feeling very lucky, and very powerful, since he was restrained.

"Aw, that's sweet of you to say so," the white bat spoke in sugary-sweet tones, "You do like being in charge. Are you still in charge here?" she ran her hands over his shoulders, "Because I don't think

you're in charge down here," she pressed her hand into his crotch again, feeling the hard muscle underneath the fabric.

"I alone hold the information you seek," Shadow pointed out, grunting hoarsely when she grabbed his junk. "The way I see it, that puts me in charge of this entire situation… so take all your clothes off and spread your legs…" he chuckled sadistically.

Rouge removed the large heart-armour on her chest, but underneath that she wore a body-tight latex suit. It didn't leave much to the imagination - hell, it was so tight, the crotch of it was practically creeping into her cunt. Wearing clothes like that in a prison, Shadow reasoned, she was practically begging to be raped, "Experiments? Tell me more about the experiments," she told him.

Shadow smirked, soaking in the sight before him. Rouge was a curvaceous woman, the kind he had really enjoyed jumping when he'd been a rapist in Central City's red light district. Not skinny, but every small patch of fat she had on her was on the exact right place. "The experiments are painful. But they serve good purpose…" He was being careful not to give her the exact information that she needed, otherwise he'd have nothing left to offer. "They don't apply the Scientific Method…"

"Oh, I bet they don't," Rouge leant forward. Both of them were fighting to stay in control of the situation, "But that's not much. What's the matter, aren't I good enough for you? Don't you *want* me?" she leant forward and placed her hands on his knees, "Is that why you're holding back? Because you don't really *want* me?"

"Sure I do…" the striped, bound inmate replied, staring at her perversely. He was flustered and extremely aroused, but his head was in the game. "And if you want what I have in exchange, you'll stop wasting my time with this nonsense delaying and get to the fucking point."

"Okay… sir…" Rouge chuckled at seeing Shadow just barely restraining himself, and pushed up her tight black top to show her

large breasts, "How do convicts like you get away with assaulting other, weaker inmates?" She swung her legs on the table lazily.

"The wardens have their rules, we have ours. One of those guidelines includes mass forbidding of… Tattling…" Shadow huffed out a breath of hot air, practically salivating at the sight of her supple breasts, "And I *promise* I'll tell you everything if you'll trust me enough to uncuff me for a few minutes…"

"Oh, sneak, grass, tattle-tale… silly words… it looks like you won't get anything and I won't get enough after all…" Rouge pulled her top back down and stepped forward, "But I'll still be back. All you have to think about is being more co-operative…" she sat on his lap. Shadow was radiating heat right now, "You'll have plenty of time to think about all you missed out on… For want of a few names…"

Shadow clenched his fists, his left eye twitching with anger. "Don't you dare go back on our deal; I'll cut you open and make you swallow your own ovaries before you DIE!" he let out through gritted teeth. "If you want names, I want sex. You can't get them anywhere else and I won't allow you to manipulate me into telling you more than what you're willing to earn… That is, unless you don't want to know about the prison rape…"

"Oh, that… honestly, who cares what prisoners do to each other?" Rouge asked wickedly, "Half the people on the mainland say that whatever it is, it's just what men like you deserve. I could give you a shot of Rohypnol and rape you for kicks right here, and nobody would care. People would call it karma."

Shadow sat still for a moment. Just a moment, staring at Rouge with hateful eyes. Then he lunged, knocking her to the floor. The table was shifted over, nearly falling as one of the legs was nearly broken, "I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!" he screamed, kneeling on her and trying to tear her clothes off and crown her in the face with his cuffs at the same time. Fortunately for Rouge, the Guard Robos got to him first, shocking him and pinning him to the floor as he fought them.

Rouge had learnt a valuable lesson that most inmates didn't learn until the ends of their lives - Shadow was not a toy. For a while he would play the game, and suddenly you would say the wrong thing, or possibly blow your nose too loudly, and the game would end violently. Rubbing her head, she stood up, *eventually* gesturing for the Guard Robos to stop shocking Shadow, "Well, I think we've seen that this little conversation is going around in circles," she snapped. Angrily, she pulled out a small taser from her own purse, looking down at the growling Shadow. Then she leant forward and maliciously jammed the taser directly into his crotch.

Shadow would have screamed. His mouth opened and his fists clenched and shook. But no sound came out. Whatever erection he had before was gone, and he fell to the floor, whimpering quietly in pain as he clutched at his crotch.

"Any decent girl would have done that," Rouge told the semi-conscious dark hedgehog. From the smell, she guessed he had just pissed himself, "Okay, take him back to his cell. Or wherever you like, just get him out of my sight. And fetch Knuckles the Echidna. At least he's gay."

Shadow was wincing in pain as consciousness seeped back into him. "K-kill you… Fucking whore…" he managed to crack out, trying to get to his feet, "You'll scream so loud…" If he ever saw Rouge again, he intended to fully destroy her *for sure* .

" *Sure* you will," Rouge sneered to his back. She straightened the table and the files on it. On the plus side, Shadow had inadvertently confirmed suspicions about experimentation on inmates. On the negative side, she still knew nothing about the details the government would want on who was doing it, how far up and down it went, and what they were doing. She sat down again, waiting for Knuckles to be brought in. With any luck he would have seen Shadow on his way in.

SonicFrank: So how's everyone liking the story so far? We've seen a few complaints that the plot isn't being pushed along fast enough. Well, the truth is, we never intended for anything to happen 'quickly' in this fanfic. We plan twists, obstacles, and lots more character development. How are we doing so far? Let us know in the reviews!

Answers

Prison Island Break

Co-written by Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: Here we go! Part two of the interrogation! Rouge won't be back for another handful of chapters, so enjoy her while you can!

Chapter Seventeen: Answers

A government inspection ? Knuckles was highly annoyed. Who did these people think they were? It's bad enough they keep him incarcerated, now they want to take up what little time he has to himself away, too? He was in the middle of his daily workout when the guards pulled him away, and knowing his luck, recess would be over by the time this shit was done. Luckily, Tails was called along as well, so the echidna wouldn't have to worry about the other predators getting at him in his absence. As he approached the meeting room, he saw Shadow the Hedgehog limping out. There was definitely a woman inside.

Behind him, Tails had his hand pulled out of Knuckles' pocket as he was pushed into a chair to wait under guard, even though it was hardly necessary. In a prison, a couple of days could seem like a couple of months, and one day ground into the next without barely noticing. The kitsune was already getting used to being attached to his master. Knuckles, however, was escorted firmly into the office.

Rouge looked up at him, "Ah, Knuckles Echidna, I presume," she smiled thinly at the cuffed echidna, picking up a large portfolio full of his crimes, "Please, sit down," she gestured to the chair in front of the desk even as he was pushed into it by the two Guard Robos.

"What's this about?" he asked, quite abruptly as he sat down. Dark purple eyes glared into her with strong distaste. "I was in the middle of something, God damn it. Let's get this over with."

"Direct, aren't you?" Rouge asked. Knuckles was the simple sort, who bulldozed ahead without regard for the next event, "Well, my name is Rouge. Agent Rouge. And I've been sent by the government to… look around this place and make sure everything's running smoothly." Most homosexuals were perfectly fine with women, but Knuckles' reactions apparently ranged from disdain to flat out hatred. When she flirted with him, which she planned to do because he was really quite sexy, it wouldn't have the regular effects.

"Yeah, and what's that got to do with me? I have things to do, so you better make this quick, Bat-Girl." This inmate was large, for his height. Very powerful. Rouge could tell quite easily that word of his ability to break through walls was not an exaggeration in any way.

"Well, rumors have escaped these walls and fences…" she started, "Not just abuse of prisoners by prisoners… but abuse of prisoners by employees. And nobody likes that. Do they?" she leaned forward slightly, showing her cleavage, "I bet if I had to investigate too deeply, I'd have to do something about all of the attacks that happen in this place. All of them."

"What's your point?" Knuckles asked, eyeing her with disgust. "You may be a bitch, but do you really expect me to believe you're too stupid to know us prisoners have a code against talking to your kind? You're wasting your time."

"Sure, you have a code against tattling…" Rouge eyed him up, "But how would you really like to get Head Warden Mephiles, and maybe even Director Doctor Eggman into trouble? Maybe even fired?"

That got a grin out of the red inmate, and for a second Rouge thought she had him on her side. She learned otherwise. "Hah! What makes you think someone like you could pull some shit like that off?

You're a woman! You're powerless. Besides, I don't want them fired. I want them beaten to death. Humiliated first."

"The press will see to their humiliation," Rouge told him, "As for my power, you really are underestimating me. I could make your life very easy, or very hard. This investigation, of course, depends entirely on the claims I can find of abuse of power. If I don't have information, I don't have the power to help. I could repay you very well."

"Could you get me out of here?" the echidna asked immediately.

"Not exactly… but I could certainly have a retrial arranged," Rouge told him smoothly, "Perhaps a transfer to a less uncomfortable prison and a shorter sentence. In return for information, of course," she added, her tone sugary-sweet.

Knuckles' eyes squinted. There was something bluntly powerful about the purple in them; it held a fury much like Shadow's red ones but so much more head-on. "I wasn't born yesterday. I'm serving a life sentence and so long as my fists can crush a human skull at half my effort, I'm not going anywhere that isn't this dump. And I don't trust the weak. Namely you. Woman."

"Oh Knuckles, I know you prefer men… but what's so intrinsically bad about women?" Rouge asked him, "Especially women who can help you…" she added, "A big guy like you surely isn't scared of retribution for giving me information. Right? I assure you, it will be worth your while."

"I'm not afraid of a God-damn thing. I just don't like you. You're a lying, double-crossing whore. I can see it in your eyes." She heard the chains around his wrists rattling. They were much thicker than the ones used to restrain Shadow. "You don't intend on helping me and even if you did, you'd be useless. All women are. You want answers? Maybe you should ask the punks who get picked on, instead of wasting your time with the strong ones like me."

"Oh, the punks? But they're not any use," Rouge smiled at him, "They're not intelligent or powerful like you. They're not as well-connected either. And they haven't been in so long so they don't know as much."

"Then I guess you're just as useless as they are, sitting here trying to coax information out of the power-houses. What the shit do you want to know, anyway? Everything's pretty self-explanatory; it's a fucking prison!" Knuckles was growing impatient. the quicker she asked her questions, the quicker he could leave.

"Sure, sure, it's a prison… ever rape anybody, Knuckles?" Rouge asked him suddenly, changing tack sharply.

"Not since being incarcerated in this correctional facility and learning that rape is wrong," the echidna replied with a snide remark. "Rape is such a terrible thing to inflict on a person… I'll never do it again." There was a mockery to his eyes. He was intentionally revealing his lie without actually admitting it.

"Ever seen it happen, or heard of it happening?" Rouge persisted, "It's one way to display strength to the disrespectful, isn't it?"

"What are you, some kind of sick bondage bitch?" The echidna asked, mocking disgust. "Who the fuck comes up with nonsense like that? Why would I need to inflict respect when the wardens here take such good care of us?" He was lying some more. And he knew that she knew it.

"So… who are you protecting, Knuckles? And why?" Rouge asked him. Without the explicit naming of names, there was very little she could do, "I can't help anybody if you won't open up a little to me."

"There's nothing you can do to help me. I have everything I could possibly want, except for freedom. Unless you're willing to let me fuck you in the ass, since I haven't had any sex since I've been here, you're just as useless as the cockroaches we're too clean to have."

He placed his giant fists on the table. "Besides, what would someone as well-behaved as me know about corruption?"

"Well, maybe you've heard rumors," Rouge bent over and took out the large chocolate bar from her bag, "Who knows what a clever guy like you hears around and about?"

Knuckles eyed the bar, and looked back up at the bat. There was slight temptation in his eyes. If she worked him right, she would have him. "Ask the right questions and I might have the answers."

"Well," Rouge smiled, "I don't suppose you've seen anything of what you might call abuse of power from these so-called do-right guards? Maybe even inmates being dragged off reluctantly and coming back with unusual injuries?" she suggested, "Who knows what bad things wardens do when nobody's looking? Except somebody is always looking, in a prison. There's no secrets behind prison walls."

He couldn't hold his grin back any longer. "It's gonna take more than chocolate to get me talking about anything of the sort. If there's anything to say," the echidna replied. Things were indeed getting interesting. The bat was a woman, and she disgusted him, but she apparently had lots to offer. "In this prison, nobody squeals unless the reward is worthwhile. So worthwhile in fact that everyone else will agree that it's worthwhile. I've got nothing to lose. But there may be a bit I can gain.."

"Well, if you're honest, I can assure you that Mephiles will get into trouble," Rouge told him, "He'll be more constantly scrutinized, even if he isn't fired. He'll have trouble being a jerk when he's being watched - he'll have to treat all prisoners with the respect and dignity they deserve. You'd help everybody out that way. Every inmate would be pleased about that."

The echidna yawned. It was fake. "Mephiles doesn't fuck with me as it is. Nobody does. And I don't give a God-damn about the punks weak enough to be bullied by him. Not that I've seen him performing

any misconduct. Now do you have anything to offer to me specifically or not? I have my health to maintain."

"Well, if you were to tell me everything you know… our interview could move on," Rouge stood up slowly, "We could be friends. With privileges. The more you trust me, the better the privileges…" she turned her back on Knuckles and bent over slowly, showing him not her feminine side, but her tight butt, which had a lot to be admired for.

The echidna grinned. Sure, she was a woman, but there was an undeniable element of pride to fucking a government agent. Especially if her suggestions were affirmed. "You know I don't glide that way. It's all over my files…"

"Oh, well, there's always a chance to change your mind," Rouge told him, shaking her hips a little, "I mean, how does it go in prisons? That if you don't take chances when you're offered them, you're kind of a faggot?" she watched him sharply.

"Watch your mouth. I'm open about my sexuality." He stood up, the chains rattling on his over-sized gloves. "But since I haven't had any sex in all my years here, and that *is* what you're offering…" He was checking, just to make sure. Not that he particularly minded a rape case. Getting thrown in with Scourge was highly unfeasible.

"Ah, but I don't think I should give you anything without first hearing what you have to offer," Rouge pointed out, turning to face Knuckles again, "I mean, I don't just give my body away. I'm not a slut," she told him, contrary to all the evidence.

"All women are filthy whores," Knuckles shot back, "But I have every piece of information you could want about this joint. It's all up here," he lifted his fists to touch his forehead. "I know the place inside out. Not even the wardens can supply you with what I've got…"

"Yeah, that's what Shadow said," Rouge replied, "Of course, he got very upset when I refused to give him anything for free…" she

gestured to the Guard Robos, who sat Knuckles back down again, "So I had to taze him in the balls."

"He was smart not to give you the info without getting the booty first," he replied, grumbling at the robos when they handled him roughly. "I don't want your filthy body. I just need a tight asshole to get me off. It's been a long, long time… You want the info, I want some old-fashioned backdoor lovin'. Are you gonna give it up or not?"

"What, without even the tiniest smidgen of information?" Rouge asked, "Why, right now everybody's so well-behaved according to you, that I hardly know what to ask! Why, I'll have to offer it to that little kid Miles Prower, at the rate you're going."

"The difference between me and Miles is, that little bitch wouldn't dare squeal out anything he knows. Me?" he asked, "I'm fearless… Sometimes there's bullying. If you want the details, though, you'll have to put out…"

"Bullying, huh?" Rouge asked, "And I don't suppose you'd be fearless…" she turned her back on Knuckles, and grabbed her tight pants, hiking them right up so he could see the tight crack of her rump through them, "And tell me who would be so mean as to pick on defenseless inmates?"

"Anyone with the power to do it," the echidna replied, standing up again. The Guard Robos stepped forward, and he glared at them. Rouge was attractive, even as a woman. Knuckles found the rest of her repulsive, but she had everything he wanted in a nice ass. "Do you think I'm a hunk, Agent Rouge?"

Rouge looked at him, eyeing him up and down slowly, taking in his well-muscled body. Knuckles worked out a lot, even with the restraints placed on him, "Oh, yes," she replied with absolute honesty, "I mean, I bet it's not just the few ladies working here who think you're hot. I bet a stud like you has to beat men off with a stick… if of course, the wardens ever let inmates get their hands on weapons…"

"Who needs 'em? When they can hit like me? Some of the weaker bastards like to make fancy shivs out of harmless objects…" he looked her thighs over. She wasn't arousing to him at all, but the thought of fucking her certainly was. "You really ought to get over here and take a look at what you're getting yourself into… Or what I'll be getting into you." He was smirking.

Rouge nodded, smiling, "So… the inmates make their own weapons?" she asked. It was common knowledge that anything could and would be turned into a weapon, "Tch. Of course, it's purely for defense against… something. Not against a model inmate like you, of course," her hips swayed as she walked towards him, "But maybe someone else?"

"Maybe," he replied with a grin. "If men came with hips like yours, I might be married right now." His purple eyes worked her over. He wanted her, bad. But it was eerily different from the hundreds of other men who desired Rouge. Knuckles wanted her for something even more primitive than sex. "Bullies come from both sides of the spectrum, Agent Rouge." He leaned his hands on the table, smirking. "How do I know you aren't a bully?"

"Well, if you class a bully as somebody who takes advantage of their power… I suppose I am," Rouge smiled, "And since you would never take advantage of another since you are completely reformed, would that make you my victim? I believe there's a little lesson everybody gets when they go into prison… that you will go in, but it's your choice whether you come out on your feet or on your knees."

Knuckles grinned. "I am completely reformed. Hell, I'm about to bone a woman… Guess there's a first time for everything." The padding on his fists made it difficult for him to crack his knuckles. But he managed anyway. "Now why don't you ask the big question? The one that'll get me some ass?"

"Who is the biggest bully in this prison, Knuckles?" Rouge asked him. He paused, and she slapped her ass sharply, "Who treats those weaker than them the most horribly, and what do they do?" She bent

over slowly to pull a tube of lubricant out of her purse, putting it in clear sight on the desk.

"That's easy. Though it's still a gamble between three people…" She felt the soft padding of his gloves on her butt. She knew immediately, just from the touch, that they couldn't stop him from causing severe damage no matter how much they impaired his strength. "You give me booty, I give you names…"

Knuckles was a violent murderer and a rapist, and Rouge knew that if something went wrong now she'd have to be very quick to avoid getting hurt. If he got angry - and his files said he had a temper with even more of a hair-trigger than Shadow - her being a woman wouldn't stop him. Fortunately the Guard Robos were very ready to grab him, and she was ready for danger too. She pushed her thumbs into her tight pants, easing them down a few inches to show a very tight butt and a very skimpy thong, "What names?" she asked with a smile.

She heard his fly unzip. "One at a time… You'll lube yourself up if you know what's good for you," she wasn't facing him, but she could practically hear his smirk. "We'll start with the one you already know… Mephiles…"

"That nice, nice head warden is a horrible bully?" Rouge picked up the lube and put some in one ungloved hand, looking down at Knuckles' underpants. The erection concealed within wasn't as blatantly obvious as Shadow's had been, but it was still there, *Rouge, you're so hot you even turn on fags*, she thought to herself, smirking, "What does he do?"

"What doesn't he do?" the echidna replied, finding difficulty in reaching arousal. Rouge had a nice ass, but she was still just a woman. Knuckles needed a boy… But he willed his body along anyway. Shadow obviously failed at fucking this bat. If he could do it, he'd be damned proud of himself. "He manipulates the system to abuse his power… Throws inmates in with Bully Number Three… In the Hole…"

"Well…" Rouge reached into Knuckles' pants rather shamelessly, and began rubbing his erect cock with lubricant, "That must be horrible… do you mean there's always somebody in one of the Holes to throw bad inmates in with?"

"One thing at a time, Agent…" he told her, sighing with relief when he felt her touch him. For a woman, she was damn skilled. "I need to be inside you before I reveal Bully Number Two…"

Rouge finished lubing him up, and then let her pants fall to the floor. She turned her back on Knuckles again before stepping out of them, "Well, Mephiles is very bad for throwing inmates in the Holes together… you're meant to be alone in them," she said, while Knuckles watched her lubing up her own tight little hole, "He'll definitely get into trouble about that… but do tell me about Bully Number Two…"

"Not yet…" the bulky Echidna responded as he spread his arms as far as his wrist cuffs would let him, placing them on the outer edges of her hips. She was much more firm than Tails was. "But soon enough… Here comes the pain.." His erect cock pressed against her asshole, the lubricant serving far superior to the syrup packets he'd been accustomed to.

Rouge gritted her teeth, determined not to cry out as Knuckles pushed into her. Fortunately he wasn't fully erect. But she was ready to scream for help at any moment, "Now, Knuckles… she gasped slightly, "I know I'm not quite the type of ass you're accustomed to… but… I'm sure you'll enjoy this even more if you just give me a little moment…" she told him seductively.

"Julian is the second bully," Knuckles told her, ignoring her request. Despite the fantastic lube, she was so damned tight he had to force his way in or he wouldn't get in at all. If a woman's rectum was anything like a man's, though, he could tell she'd done this before. "But you already knew that too, didn't you? You just wanted me to fuck you in the ass cause' you're a whore like that…"

"Ooh, well… Rouge grimaced slightly, "Maybe just a bit…" she purred, "Doctor… Eggman? What would that fat, arrogant, egg-shaped creep… do to anybody?" she asked, adjusting to the cock in her ass.

The large echidna was kind enough to give her a moment to take it in. Despite what he'd heard, women really did feel the same as men back here. "Oh, you know… This and that… Take samples of everything… strap us down to hospital beds… All that kinky shit…" Then he thrusted, and it was painful.

"Well, I'll definitely find out… about that…" Rouge bit on her lip. She had been entered back there before, but Knuckles made it hurt by being so damned big. Even with good lube and the echidna restraining himself with the Guard Robos watching. But as she got used to the pain, it became easier. It was a real shame Knuckles was gay, because his body was hard and strong, and she'd love to feel that cock in her vagina some time. Not that he'd ever go so far as to screw her from the front. Well… not willingly, she contemplated.

The echidna grunted. It was deep and low, but had such strength behind it that Rouge felt it tremor from his body into hers. He was definitely enjoying this. "He experiments on us… But fuck if I know that for," he pumped again. Rouge could feel him hardening further.

Rouge huffed, "How… was it so hard to tell me that?" she asked, her hands flat on the desk as she was pushed forward by Knuckles' thrusts, "You'll… feel me press back… if you're good like you say you are… tell me about Bully Number Three…" she assured him.

"Not yet… Not yet…" His thrusts got faster. Most men she'd been with in the past found themselves lucky to have her, and so they treated her like royalty. Today, Rouge felt herself being utterly used, fucked in every sense of the word. The table's legs began scraping loudly against the floor. "I bet you like taking the dick like this, don't you? I wouldn't need to rape a bitch like you…"

"It… sure is new…" Rouge huffed, gripping the desk she was bent over, "Nnnngh… so… who's Bully Number Three, huh?" she asked, feeling Knuckles' grip tighten on her ass.

"You really want it bad, don't you?" the echidna asked, mocking her with the dominance she'd allowed him to have by fucking her. He was grunting with each thrust. Whether the high-ranked bat liked it or not, she was now a part of the corrupt prison system she was sent to investigate. "That info, about the bully. Heh… Nnng, I'll tell you what I know, because I've never seen him with my own two eyes…"

"So… who has?" Rouge asked, grunting with each thrust. Yes, she was part of the corrupt system… but she justified herself by thinking how this information was definitely going to help her come back real soon and put some real pressure on jerks like Mephiles. She conveniently forgot that she had zapped Shadow in the balls just about twenty minutes ago while he was relatively helpless.

"That hedgehog you just finished zapping… The one you should have fucked for info but didn't," Knuckles replied, smirking wickedly. "Sure, you're getting it out of me… But you won't be walking straight for at least three days!" That's when he quit playing around and really gave it to her. Hard, fast and merciless, the way he demolished his victims mentally, emotionally, and physically. The way he killed them inside and made them feel weak, dirty and worthless. This was prison rape with the added joy of lubrication. "He spent a… Nnnng, whole week in the Hole with him! And he came out all fucked up!"

Rouge tried her best not to scream, but it didn't work quite so well. She gripped desperately at the edges of the table, taking the massive cock that was stretching her apart. "A name…" she grunted out, "Give me the bully's name!"

Knuckles had a tight throat, and screamed out the desired name as he came hard, deep inside her. "SCOURRRRRGE!" Rouge felt his cock pulsate and his warm fluids fill her, but he didn't stop thrusting. She had enough.

As Knuckles pushed his luck on her, but at the same time giving all that she wanted to know that had value, Rouge slammed the flat of one hand down on the table hard, "NOW!" she shouted, the signal for the Guard Robos to move forward, dragging the echidna back from Rouge, administering a sharp shock to the small of his back, and bringing him down to the floor. Rouge grimaced with pain. Her ass really hurt, and she needed a damn good scrub… "Thank you for the information, Knuckles," she told him, pulling her thong back up, and putting on her tight pants again, trying to stand up straight. It wasn't easy; now she knew why she'd seen some of the younger inmates limping, "You've been very helpful…"

Despite his pain and sudden case of blue balls, the echidna was smiling wickedly at her, "You're very welcome. Worthless whore."

"I really should shock you too," Rouge commented with a glare, "But you've actually been so helpful, it looks like I won't need to interview Prower out there after all. Although I could always talk to him some other time…"

"I could always fuck you again some other time," Knuckles told her, looking up with purple eyes, "The others'll be jealous…"

SonicFrank: Well, there goes Chapter Seventeen. What'd you guys think? Let me know in reviews!

Visitor

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: If you weren't turned on by last chapter's sex, don't sweat it. Neither was I. And neither was Knuckles. That's right, just because he fucked a woman doesn't mean he's suddenly bi - unfortunately for Tails.

Harley: It's hard to measure time in prison. A couple of days can seem like months; a week can seem like an eternity. One day begins to blend into another, until you lose track of how much time has passed. It's the same in this fic. I usually keep a good eye on how much time has passed but it's been really hard here.

Chapter Eighteen: Visitor

Sonic and Manic grinned when they met up in the Search Room. Routine procedure for a visit! There was just something awfully amusing about them getting searched at the same time.

"Okay boys… strip," Doctor Blossom told them both, snapping a glove to her wrist.

"Yes ma'am!" Manic grinned. Even though he was on the God Squad, he still felt like there was something really kinky about two brothers getting strip-searched by the hot doctor. He had nothing to smuggle out as it was, but it still made him grin while he struggled out of his slacks.

Behind them, Amy rolled her eyes.

"Check it out, Doc! The three of us together make a rainbow!" Sonic told her as he pulled his jacket off, "We should pose for Crayola!" Despite having been around the doctor more than once, he always gave her a look that kept her on edge. Not that he was dangerous, but that he was both respectful and undressing her with his eyes at the same time. It was very unique.

"Taste the Rainbow, Dude," Manic chuckled. He'd been caught trying to smuggle things in before and now he had a glove between his cheeks, searching for it. Good thing he hadn't tried to get anything out - this time, "I sure hope Sonia's okay, Bro… it's been a couple of months since I last saw her…"

"She come around often?" Sonic asked, stepping out of his prison slacks so he was down to his boxers. He turned to Amy, "Oh, how rude of us! Sonia's our sister! We're more than siblings; we're triplets! Hot ones, too! Don't you agree?"

"Ha! Well, I wouldn't know, I've never actually met your sister…" Amy smiled as Manic giggled and twitched. The green hedgehog was rather ticklish.

"He's right," Manic pointed out, "We're all hot. But I'm the cute one!"

"No, you're the one that tried to smuggle in weed," Amy admonished him, "Three times."

"But I don't do that any more, I'm all reformed and good now, Baby," Manic replied with a smirk.

Sonic shook his head, grinning. Despite being triplets, it always seemed immediately obvious upon meeting them that Manic came out last; destined to live life under the 'youngest brother' syndrome. The 'cute' act was usually very successful with girls. Problem was, it meant they wanted to keep him, rather than just score with him like they did Sonic. Amy seemed immune to both. Though he wondered if it was an act, somehow. "You should come out and meet 'er. Four

hedgehogs in one room would be sharp, but four hedgehogs with our looks would be cutting-edge!"

Amy finished up with Manic, nodding at him to tell him he could dress again, "I'll pass on that offer, thank you Sonic," she told him, "You may like foursomes with your siblings, but they're not really my kind of fun…"

"Yeah, S-man, you're talking to a lady," Manic agreed, patting his mess of bangs.

"Who said anything about foursomes?" Sonic asked, raising an eyebrow with mock disgust. "You pervert. I have half a mind to report you to the warden for misdemeanor!"

"Okay, bend over, Sonic," Amy told him, starting her search, "Honestly… is sex all you ever think about?"

"No," said Manic defensively.

"Yes," said Sonic honestly.

"I mean," Manic interrupted Sonic, "Sure… but only around chicks as pretty as you," he grinned a little. He'd have been adorable if it weren't for the orange slacks, "Also, my two favourite things are commitment and changing myself," he joked.

Sonic shook his head again. "Whatever. I just wanna see my sister before she gets stuck in a Dyke Dimension similar to this place. But we can talk about sex later, Doc!" He rubbed his hands together in anticipation. Manic hadn't seen Sonia in months. But Sonic hadn't seen her in years.

Now Amy was poking around in his backside, "Well, I hope it goes well," she told them both, "You're both clean… that's good to see for a change."

"Let me guess… Shadow Robotnik's always trying to smuggle out shivs to show to his visitors," Sonic said with a grin as he got back into his slacks.

"Actually… Shadow Robotnik doesn't get many visitors…" Amy admitted.

"You mean he doesn't get any visitors, Doctor," the warden behind her pointed out. Amy frowned at him, "Come on then kiddies, get dressed, it's time for the old Family Reunion…" he told Sonic and Manic, cuffing their hands once more and leading them out of the infirmary.

"See you in a few, Doc!" Sonic called back to her. Both hedgehogs shared the same genetic grin as they were led down the many corridors to the visitation room. In several cases, doors had to be cleared and open electronically. He'd definitely need Tails to pull some computer hokus pokus for them to escape..

Manic saw his brother's face, "See, this is why I didn't bother trying," he told Sonic, "I mean, sure, I wanted to sometimes but…" he shrugged as another door was opened electronically, "Well, you see, right?"

They were being ushered into the visiting room, where several prisoners were waiting, and talking, pushed to a table for three.

"You didn't bother tryin' cause' I wasn't here to lead you out," Sonic pointed out while he sat, grinning casually at his brother, "No offense, but you aren't the planning type. You're the… Get the plan done right, type. And I'm gonna need you to pick some locks."

"Dude, locks I can do," Manic grinned back, "I just wear the handcuffs because they look good on me…"

Before Sonic could reply, a young woman's voice rang out loudly, "Sonic! Manic!" Sonia ran into the room and hugged them both, "It's so great to see you both together again! And…" she hesitated, "It's

terrible that you're here…" she pecked Sonic with a kiss on the cheek, "Sonic, it's been years! I've missed you…"

The blue hedgehog smirked into the hug, glad to have the trio reunited. "Missed me, she says! You hearin' this, Manic? Sonia missed me; he who's been dubbed 'The Annoying One'!"

Sonia punched him on his shoulder. "Stop it! You were the annoying one; you wouldn't leave me alone or stop touching my things for a minute! And I miss every second of it!" She grinned back.

"Yeah, well I'm 'The Handsome One'," Manic joked, hugging Sonia, "You know what, Sonia? Sonic's just as damn annoying in here as he ever was back in the world! How's things going for you, Dudette?"

"Touché," Sonic told Manic, rubbing his shoulder where he'd been punched, "And you're still the brain-dead one, too. Heh."

The purple hedgehog sat down. Seeing her two brothers in the same room for the first time in years was an overwhelming feeling. They looked so much alike. Both as handsome as she was pretty. They'd matured very well. Physically, at least. "Oh, you know. Suitors here, suitors there… I've run all of 'em dry!"

"Heh… Suckers." Sonic told her with a grin as he sat down. Sonia was looking good! If a bit thin. She always did watch her weight a bit too much. "Whatever happened to Snootleby?" He gave Manic a grin, pressing him to play along.

"Aw, sis… you're not still messin' with the plastic?" Manic asked, "You know ya always use it on the wrong stuff… You could be making a whole bundle for the resistance!"

"His name's Bartleby, and he's married now!" Sonia shot back, trying to keep her cool. Growing up with two siblings had the added side-effect that they'd always know how to press her buttons the wrong way. "And what resistance? That joke's never made any sense yet you keep on about it your whole lives!"

"You should try dating Dingo! He had the hots for ya back in Junior High!" Sonic pushed on, teasing.

Manic barely managed to keep his own expression of disgust off his face, "How about Sleet? He's not *that* much of a creep."

"He never wanted to marry me; just kill you two for always picking on him." She responded with slanted eyes. "You know, Sonic, I expected you to be on your best behaviour today." She pulled a brown paper bag with grease all along bottom out of her purse, "Seeing your sister and all. I don't think you really deserve this…"

The hedgehog's eyes shot wide open. "Izzat… what I think it is?" Already he was starting to drool, a begging expression to his face.

"We'll be good, won't we, blue dude?" Manic drawled, jamming an elbow hard into Sonic's side, "You better have something for me too, sis…"

Sonia rolled her eyes. "I did happen to stop by Cyrus's old shop and pick up a pack of his home-made cigarettes… Those were your favourites, weren't they?" Suddenly, just like that, she had both her brothers right where she wanted them. Praising her, and at her mercy. "Now what do you say, boys?"

Sonic slammed his fists on the table. "You're rockin' some fancy clothes and your hair looks fantastic! Why were you born with all the looks, it's not fair! Dingo isn't good enough for you, and Bartleby's missin' out! Gimmie!"

Sonia shook her head. "Noooo… Now you try, Manic…"

"You're the most beautifulest sister I've ever had," Manic replied easily with a wide grin, "Come on, sis!"

Sonic slapped Manic on his shoulder, "I heard that! You're the prettiest sister I have too, Sonia! And I have two of 'em!"

The purple hedgehog sighed. "I suppose sucking up will have to do… Brown-nosers." She slid the paper bag to Sonic, who picked it up and wasted no time tearing it in half to reveal the treat it held inside.

"Hey, I know why you never gained any weight on the outside, Dude" Manic replied to Sonic, slapping him on the back, "You were always chowing on fast food! You can eat like, six burgers in a row and not gain any weight because of all the shitting you'd do!"

The blue hedgehog gasped in delight. "Look, Manic… she brought me a Dachshund!" He pulled out the snack, revealing an over-topped chilidog. "A man's best friend is his dog! Eat it fast or eat it slow? Eatitfastoreatitslow? *Eatitfastoreatitslow* ?" He paused for a moment. "Fast." Then devoured it in one bite.

Sonia turned away in disgust. "Don't they teach you manners in this place? It's a Correctional Facility!"

"Dudette," Manic grinned, as Sonic chewed with his mouth open, "This is a good day. S-man's being polite to look good for his little sister. Seriously though… it's major-league good to see you. Good to know there's a world outside this place, ya know? It's what does for some of the nuts in this bogus joint."

She pulled out a white cardboard box that could pass for a pack of cards, and slid it to Manic, "I'll bet it is. Who else would go through the trouble of cozying up to the security guards just to get these in here for you?"

"Aw, sis… I'll treasure 'em… save 'em up for a rainy day. Ya know, if it ever stops raining to start again," Manic cheered up a lot, taking the pack and put it into his back pocket, "Sure hope I can get 'em in-" he stopped, "You what? You're on trial? You're supposed to be the good one!"

Sonic was still chewing his food when he spoke next. A few chunks of it flew onto the table in result. "That's my sis! Gettin' cuddly with

the guards so we get goodies!" Then he burped.

"Classy… Real classy, Sonic. Some things never change…" Sonia sighed, and looked down at the table. "I'm on trial, by the way… Might be headed to the slammer myself…"

"What the scrap for?" Sonic asked, before belching again. "You didn't toss a bitch out the window for callin' you a skank again, didja?"

Sonia grinned. "Yes. Several times, actually. They don't expect someone as well-dressed as me to kick their tits flat. But that's not why… I've… kinda been maxing out credit cards that… Kinda aren't mine…"

"Ooooh…" Manic and Sonic looked at each other, "Man, that's… well, nothing really, but the banks can really bitch about it… worse'n Sonic making a shotgun withdrawal…" Manic replied, referring to how Sonic had robbed a bank to be put in jail, "Sis…" he added, offering his sister his hand after a few seconds in sympathy.

She took his hand, and Sonic's afterwards. "I'm not too worried about it, though. I can take care of myself. Besides… I can always count on you two to break me out after you escape."

Sonic grinned. "What makes you think we're breaking out?"

"Yeah, Sonic's only tried it in every slammer he's been put through," Manic added, "Why would he try it again?"

Sonia smirked back. "I'm one of Mom's kids too, you know. If there's anythign she's good at, it's vanishing without a trace. It'd be a disgrace to her name if we weren't damn good at it, too."

Sonic rapped his fingers on the table. "Breakin' into a prison filled with dames, huh? The latrines in that joint must be foul, and the chicks so damned butch I might have to piss real bad when we're in to get you out."

"Believe me, I'll be working on a plan to get out the moment I get in." Sonia replied, "They're gonna make me wear stripes! ME! In stripes! Um, yuck?"

"Hey, we have to wear orange," Manic pointed out, "Man, it clashes with everything… must be why Sonic's always getting butt-naked!"

"It ain't my fault the nurse makes me strip all the time! Why is it women always wanna see me naked and feel up my junk?" The blue sibling replied, smirking.

Sonia was smirking too. "You've added a female nurse to your repertoire, huh? I can't help wondering about you, Sonic. All these girls you talk about, and not once have you brought home a girlfriend…"

"They're all in Canadia!" Manic grinned.

"Well, excuse me for having no need for one when I can instead have friends who are girls who are also willing to screw me," Sonic chuckled.

"You two are retarded." Sonia pointed out with a grin. "Anyway… If I go to prison, I won't be able to visit you guys… So make sure you don't forget me after you escape this dump, okay? You have to rescue your sister… Again…"

"Aw, sis…" Manic looked at Sonic. It was just another reason for him to escape, "You can still write us, remember?" It was partly a joke - he and Sonic would both be in prison for a very, very long time and while Manic had been prepared to wait out most of his life in here until Sonic had come, that was when Sonia had been visiting too, "Sis, don't sweat it, we'll work something out."

"Absotively, Princess!" Sonic chimed in to cheer her up. "No way can we two escape without our third half. Soon as we bust outta this play-pen, we'll figure out a way to crack a hole in yours. No prob! Speaking of visitors…" He turned to Manic, "I'm gonna figure out a

way to get me a conjugal. And better yet, I'm gonna figure out a way for us to share her! You're in, right Bro?"

"You boys are disgusting…" Sonia told them.

"Hey, normally I love to share," Manic grinned at Sonic, "Food, toys, time… but I'll pass on sharing your girlfriends, Sonic. The God Squad would disown me, and God would be pretty pissed off too!" he looked at Sonia, "Still sis, maybe you'll get lucky… maybe you'll get a short sentence or something. Whatever happens, just… sit tight. Don't rack up the years and get a bad transfer with loads of Parole Plan B like the 'blur' here. We'll get something sorted and write ya!"

Sonic raised an eyebrow at Manic. "Serious? You're addicted to weed but not to vagina?" Then his shoulders shrugged, "Your loss! This one's a real hottie. Anyway, how bad can a girls' prison be? Women are nicer than men!"

Manic looked at Sonic, slightly disbelieving, "You… did switch on your brain when you woke up this morning, right?" he asked his brother, "Women's prison sucks. It's like, you're surrounded by a herd, a gaggle, a flock of Knuckles. Only they get PMS monthly instead of just being faggots. And you just finished blabbing about the toilet situation!"

"Serious?" Sonic asked, "Only girls who've ever been mean to me are the two of you! And Shadow. So I kinda figured you were three of a kind…"

Sonia rolled her eyes, "You guys aren't helping, y'know…"

"Sorry," Sonic replied.

"Well, Dudette, it might not even happen," Manic tried to salvage the conversation, "I mean, my lawyer sucked. You can afford a good lawyer, right?" he looked at Sonia, "Or maybe not… But don't sweat it. We love you. Cus you're a great sis and you're not ashamed of having two rock-breakers for bros."

"Yeah! Besides, we'll get you out." Sonic promised, "Then we'll get to spend the rest of our lives on the run! Make a band, fight authority with the Power of Rock… Maybe we can look for Mom, too. It'd be like a bad T.V. show, only cool cause' it's us!"

"The hedgehog is crazy, Sonia," Manic told Sonia, "We won't spend the rest of our lives on the run. We'll buy a country or something!"

Sonic rolled his eyes, "Guilty as charged. But excuse me if the high-speed lifestyle appeals to moi and moi alone. You'll have to write us and let us know where they put you so we can rig the place a new front door."

Sonia shook her head, smiling. "Thanks, you guys. I know I can count on you. Just… in case things don't work out, and we're all stuck in jail forever, let's promise not to forget each other, okay?"

"Manic can't forget me anyway. He changes my bedsheets! But I know what you mean." Sonic put his hand in the center of the table, which was joined by Sonia's.

Manic nodded, "Besides, babe… the most you can get for non-violent mucking about with plastic is six years in a medium, right? And that's only if you're really bad; it'll probably be less. Maybe you'll get open prison. You're my big sis, my tough big sis. It'll work out…" he put his hand on top of Sonic and Sonia's, "Never forget," he agreed whole-heartedly.

She smiled at them. "Well, if it's only six years, I might as well just wait out my sentence like the good girl I am. So don't worry too much about me, okay?"

"Fine," Sonic told her, a determined look on his face, "But if you get more than seven, I'm bustin' you out whether you like it or not."

SonicFrank: So anyway, stuff does happen in prison other than sex.

Harley: In other news, the story is down for a little while but it'll be up again soon enough and who the hell cares because it's not any more up-to-date than this version anyway!

Evaluation

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: And look who we have here! Another well-known character from the Sonic mythos! Bet you weren't expecting thid one! But then, Rouge showed up unexpectedly too!

SonicFrank: Usually Harley does Shadow because she does a lousy Sonic, but I play him in this chapter!

Chapter Nineteen: Evaluation

Doctor Blaze the Cat shuffled some papers, before looking up at Shadow U.L. Robotnik, sitting across the desk from her, cuffed and sour. Her patient. Theoretically a book waiting to be written, if he could be cured first. Shadow's problems ranged from his rather sexist attitude towards women, to his refusal to admit he had any problems, his psychotic, bipolar nature, manipulative personality, and what could be best described as 'an inferiority complex *THIS* big'. All in all she was just there to try and mentally rehabilitate him into not trying to kill the other prisoners who were distinctly more salvageable, "Good morning, Shadow," she told him politely.

The dark hedgehog shuffled his chains to respond to her statement, a glare in his red eyes that stabbed right through her pupils and into her cerebrum. She knew his real name, unlike the majority of the prison population. She just called him Shadow to fake being his friend… he planned to get her back for that attempt to deceive and manipulate him…

"How the fuck would you know what type of morning it is?" he asked coldly, after a long silence, "I get pulled off my comfy couch and cuffed up like a God-damn sacrificial lamb to get dragged into a shit-hole office to talk to some nosy whore of a government bitch, and right after that I'm dragged in here again to listen to your bullshit while the flopping fish are watching my T.V." Shadow practically spat, "Now I'm going to have to put them in their place all over again. You can take your good morning and shove it right through your lung."

"Same old bad attitude," Blaze frowned, "You know why you're in prison. That's very clear to you, and we've been over it before. But the reason you're here, in this room, is because you don't seem to be able to understand that what you've done isn't acceptable in normal society. You brag about the lives you've ruined in front of other prisoners, without fear of, nor any care for their opinions… at least, so you say."

"Are you finished?" Shadow asked her, already irritated by the sound of her voice. He hated these meetings. There was nothing wrong with him, he was sure of it, so why did they have to ridicule him with these sessions? "You've already wasted five minutes of your own time, and more importantly mine. Go chew on a dead, maggot-ridden mouse and leave me alone, foolish cat. You don't even have good Tee and Ay to look at…" he added, his voice a growl.

"You despise authority," the purple cat replied, "That's understandably traced back to when the state decided your adopted father was an unfit guardian, and took you away from home, putting you into foster care, where caretakers reported that you had poor social skills, a tendency to pick fights for your own amusement, bed-wetting and the torture of small animals. They passed you on… and on…" she put aside another sheet of paper, "Until you were fostered with the McDonalds, who reported no problems… They demonstrated their power over you by attacking you physically and sexually, a fact that went undiscovered for some years."

"Well, it certainly got the point across. Surely you agree with that, Miss Cat," Shadow replied to the psychiatrist with an impatient frown.

"You could use a lesson in pain yourself. Stop by my cell some time, I'll square you away."

"So you killed them," Blaze finished, "You killed your foster parents and then vanished yourself for two years, using your Chaos Control ability to sexually attack and murder women, eleven of whom you were convicted of, but with many other suspected deaths, attacks and disappearances on your hands. You were also convicted of the murders of several men. You think physical dominance is the only or best way to demonstrate power, but you're wrong," Blaze told him.

"You are starting to irritate me," Shadow warned, "You know just as well as I do that superiority can only be endowed by force, it has to be taken just as submissiveness is to be inflicted. That's common knowledge. Now stop telling me what I think, and give me what I want. Otherwise go chase your tail and fuck off."

"What about your brains, Shadow?" Blaze asked him, "You're intelligent, but you hide it under the ease with which you jump into fights. Previous doctors and even surviving victims claim you can be charming if you want to be. There are prisoners who are here *because* of their intelligence and they survive by using it to their advantage. You've gotten into some very savage brawls with one Ogilvie Maurice Hedgehog, known to most of the inmates as Sonic. All your physical attacks aren't working on him. And it's frustrating you."

"What's frustrating me is your feeble, ignorant, inclining belief that you know what the fuck you're talking about, as if you know me. You don't. And I don't need you," Shadow was avoiding the topic altogether. He didn't want to be helped. He didn't need it. "That hedgehog is a worthless pile of rotten soil; I'll step all over him just as I've stepped on all the rest."

"It's not working though," Blaze pointed out, "Other cellmates you've been able to subdue in a matter of days and yet here is one who is as cocky and loud as the day he arrived. You can't fight him down. Does that scare you? Does that make you feel helpless? The way

you felt so helpless when your sister was so tragically killed in that terrible accident when you were taken away from your home?"

Shadow remained still for a moment, staring. There was an eerie, almost haunting silence about the room. Then he lunged forward, the chains rattling loud as they restrained him to his seat. "VILE WHORE! I WARNED YOU NOT TO SPEAK OF HER! I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!" The Guard Robos returned instantly, shocking his senses back to him.

"Calm yourself, Shadow, please," Blaze told him quietly, "Maria…" Shadow growled at her again, "Maria's death was a terrible accident, and it is also the root of all your anger. You have deluded yourself into seeing her as some sort of angel, rather than a human being. I understand you still have nightmares about the manner of her death."

Having been forced back into his chair, the dark hedgehog was gritting his teeth, still feeling the effects of the severe shocks. "D-don't talk about her…" Shadow warned, slightly out of breath, "You k-know I don't want to talk about her… You don't *DESERVE* to talk about her!" he spat.

"But we *need* to," Blaze insisted, "You claim that Maria was the only person in your life who was ever kind to you. Maria was a real person. She was born, she lived, and she died. You have to face that fact. Because if you don't accept that she died, how can you accept all the kindnesses you claim she gave to you?"

"You think you know everything…" her patient responded, irritated and hiding his pain, "One of these days you're going to learn how little you know, and your tidy little world is going to come crashing down on you. I only hope I'm there to see it. Or cause it."

"Shadow, why does it hurt so much to talk about Maria?" Blaze asked him, looking at him with pity. It almost always came down to this - things would go sourly, eventually she would bring up Maria,

and Shadow would boil over, "You need to open up and tell me these things. Why can't you understand that I want to help you?"

"I don't need to tell you a fucking thing," he spat back, "Except that you better not mention her name, or else I'll sodomize you in ways you thought unimaginable," his glare had returned. "Why don't you instead tell me how you would like to die? I'd really like to know, Doctor. Do you fear death? Is it something you see in your nightmares? The falling dream, the murderer… Such things give me a raging hard-on…" he was smirking, now.

Blaze smiled humourlessly, "Death arouses you? Is that why you killed most of your rape victims?"

"No," he replied, finally asked to elaborate on something he enjoyed talking about, "I killed them for being weak enough to be raped in the first place. And because it arouses me… Seeing a dead person isn't it, oh no, it's watching the transition between life and death… When that last spark of life eludes them and they become an empty, soulless piece of meat… I'm getting randy just thinking about it," he leered, "Of course it's hard to fuck a corpse, God knows I've tried, so I need to get off on the next slut to round the corner…"

"So it's not the killing… it's watching it happen," Blaze looked thoughtful, watching Shadow shifting about in his seat to try to disturb her, "And though you are very vocal on your own sexuality, you killed several men. Did their deaths… turn you on?"

"Do I look like a fluttering fucking fairy to you, Doctor?" Shadow asked, immediately on the defensive. "I haven't even raped a man in here, why in Hell's name would I get an erection from the men?"

"Well, you did say you found the deaths of the women you killed arousing… didn't you?" Blaze asked him, "You killed several men too. Did you find their murders aroused you? Or was it only in watching women die that you found yourself satisfied?"

"I killed those men because they deserved it," Shadow replied, matter of factly, "I killed the women for being raped. Have you ever seen what rape does to a person? Getting their bodies violated and not being able to do a thing about it? It destroys people… I did those women a favor by killing them. The memories of what I did to them would surely leave them horrified for life…"

"But why did you rape those women?" Blaze asked him, "You were raped in your youth. Knowing the pain it brings, why did you choose to force your body on others? As far as you've told me in our sessions together, you've never had a consenting sexual relationship with anybody."

"I would, if you'd put that mouth of yours to good use for a change," the red-eyed inmate retorted, "Are you enjoying yourself, Doctor? Because I'm getting bored."

"So you're saying that if a woman wanted to indulge in a relationship with you, you wouldn't have a problem with that?" Blaze asked, looking Shadow straight in the eyes, "It wouldn't seem… alien to you?"

"How the fuck would I know?" he asked, agitated by all the questioning. "In what world do you live in where women should even be allowed the choice of consent? You're all worthless, powerless beings of flesh. Your only objective is to please and produce males, with the occasional female to fend us off…"

Blaze rolled her eyes - Shadow wasn't good at grasping women's rights. He hadn't been free in a time when women's rights were flexible, "Because it's going to sound very strange, but for the first time in your incarceration, you have been scheduled a visitor. A female visitor."

"Yes, I know. I have to put up with your nonsense banter every fucking week!" Shadow retorted angrily.

"No, Shadow," Blaze corrected him firmly, "You have a legitimate visitor. Somebody who is visiting you because they want to, rather than it being something they were paid to do. A young lady called… Mina Mongoose…" she paused as it sank in, "How does knowing that make you feel?"

"There's obviously been some mistake," he tried crossing his arms, having forgotten for a moment that they were still cuffed, as they always were when he was let out of the main prison any further than the infirmary, "Those wardens have no idea what the fuck they're doing. I don't know any Mina Mongoose. And no woman in her right mind would ever visit me willingly. Isn't that right, Doctor?"

"No, this afternoon you've got an appointment - monitored, of course - with a young lady called Mina Mongoose," Blaze studied Shadow's expression, "I'm going to assume that you don't know her, but she is most certainly coming to visit you. Some of the wardens were confused too. But it is definitely Shadow the Hedgehog, convicted serial murderer and rapist, who she is coming to visit."

The red eyes of Shadow Hedgehog studied her right back. Confusion, excitement, denial and outright disgust surged through him all at once. Was he so pathetic, so hopeless, that a complete stranger would visit him as a sign of pity? "Cancel it," he told her, simply put. "I'm not interested in some nun's biblical blabber."

"No, to my knowledge she's no preacher, although what she'll want to talk about is quite beyond me," Blaze corrected him, "According to the warden who received the application, apparently if you made a good impression on her, she mentioned being willing to return for future visits. She is most definitely not a nun. In fact I think she's actually… a B-list singer…" Blaze glanced at the photograph, and slid it across the table so that Shadow could look at it.

Shadow was about to retort when he saw the picture, and his eyes widened for a moment. Not only was the girl young, but very pretty. Purple hair he would love to wrap around his wrist and yank on; yellow fur that would be perfect for soaking in her own blood, green

eyes he'd love to watch shatter as she realised just how seriously demented he was. He caught himself, however, and gave Blaze a putrid grimace, "Who the hell do you think you're talking to, Doctor? I wasn't born yesterday; I've been in this motherfucker for too long to fall for your trickery. You're trying to study me like some kind of laboratory worm, and it's going to backfire, mark my word…"

"I see no good reason as to why I should have to convince you Mina Mongoose is coming, since she'll be arriving this afternoon," Blaze replied, "I think it's something of a 'suit yourself' situation. Today she'll be your first personal contact with the real world since you were incarcerated. You seem to be in some denial that there is anything even remotely acceptable in you. I can assure you though, that this is no experiment - it's true that your conversation will be monitored, but purely for the safety of you and her, and for prison records."

"Denial, you say?" he rattled his chains for a moment, trying to get comfortable while he spoke, "How would you feel if you put everything you had into being a serial rapist, murderer, general pervert, and everything else that's Hellish, only to find out there's a being on the planet who isn't afraid of you? Obviously, this person didn't get the fucking memo. Or perhaps I was just too soft on the world… When I get out of here, I'll be sure to start mutilating my victims once I'm done with them. Leaving something of a calling card. That should do the trick."

"Yes, well it has been quite a few years," Blaze replied, "The Central City Slitter, as you were called for so long, is now a skipping rhyme, a story used to scare children into bed and keep young women from partying late. The world outside has moved on. There are already many people outside in the world who believe that your crimes were too horrific to be real, and that you never existed."

"Then perhaps it's time I re-introduce myself to Mother Mobius…" Shadow whispered, "Does that suit you, Doctor? That I become *real* again? How real would you like me to be?"

Harley: Grumpy, ain't he?

SonicFrank: How'd I do as Shadow, you guys? Win, fail, just so-so? Let me know in reviews!

Songbird

Prison Island Break Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

---

SonicFrank: Oh noes! Somebody thinks we've used a clichéd cliffhanger!

Harley: Sometimes people complain that the story isn't moving fast enough. I'm sometimes feeling that myself; that I don't get to write enough rape or fighting. But if we skipped out on all the drama the story would really suck because all you'd get is rape and fighting. Fun, but not very immersive…

SonicFrank: I sometimes wish we'd never gave away that Scourge was in the prison; everybody's itching to see when he'll act. But we're getting closer with each chapter, so hang in there!

Chapter Twenty: Songbird

Shadow knew the drill for prisoners who had visitors. He'd just never actually been there. Doctor Amy Rose was searching him closely in the infirmary while he leered at her. One… two… three shivs were eventually discovered and confisticated. He listened to the dull old lecture about how they wouldn't do him any good. And the old, rhetorical questions asking how he was so good at replacing them. Before he dressed himself again, blew her a leering kiss, and walked with the Guard Robos to one of the visiting rooms. He was aware that several inmates were surprised he was getting a visitor, and was doing his best to not show it himself. He was still finding it tough to believe anybody really was visiting him even as he was pushed down into the chair, his hands cuffed.

Privately he was wondering that, if it was true, how far he could get with raping this stranger before the guards got in and knocked him

out. Probably not very far. Doctor Blaze said she was a B-List singer. Maybe it was a publicity stunt. Either way, as the Guard Robos took up their places by the door, he couldn't imagine what kind of woman would want to visit him. All the ones he knew lived on the prison's premises.

There were four Guard Robos in a room of more than a dozen tables. Some were smaller than others; at least two were meant for entire families. One of them was occupied by humans. It was a full house; every table was taken. There were wives, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, paying visits to their friends and loved ones. Some were crying. Others were grinning. Some were sad, others were very tense. Shadow hadn't been in this type of environment in a very long time. What was worse, he couldn't do anything to destroy it. There were three other inmates scattered about who were waiting for their visitors.

Shadow clenched his fists, determined not to show how… awkward, the environment made him feel as he stared at the empty chair in front of him. Maybe it was some sick joke by the Doctor to see how he'd react… true, she'd never done it before, but that was never a good reason to keep from hurting somebody. If it was a trick, he made a mental note to snap her neck on their next meeting - well, shortly after fucking her. He looked at the other inmates, who were, to his mild satisfaction, deliberately not looking at him. He wasn't sure whether he wanted this to be real or not… a part of him felt coiled tight inside with the waiting, like a ticking time bomb wound up wrong.

And then he saw his visitor. Purple, wavy hair that went flawlessly down to her lower back, yellow fur with green eyes that travelled across the room with mild confusion. She wore a black bonnet, three ear rings in her left ear, shorts, a belt… All things Shadow hadn't seen in many years. She seemed to have a mild perception of who and what to look for, and when she spotted him, she smiled. It was all very awkward for her, but she held herself well. They made eye

contact, and she stepped up to him, pulling her empty chair out with a sigh. "With eyes like that, you've got to be the guy I'm here to see."

Shadow nodded after a few seconds, "With a body like that, you must be the girl who wants to meet serial rapists," he replied. Not only was he watching her reaction, it was the first thing he could think of to say, "Who are you?" he asked finally, almost exasperated, "All the people I used to know back in the world are dead. Now my shrink tells me that some hot mongoose chick I've never heard of has turned up out of nowhere."

"How kind of you to ask," she spoke enthusiastically as she sat, obviously somewhat strained from all the work she had to put in to get here. "The name is Mina, and I'm an aspiring singer. Perhaps you've heard some of my stuff?" she asked, looking over at him. She seemed undeterred by the crimson look in his eyes. "Probably not… Do they have music in prison?"

"Yeah, but I don't control the radio," Shadow replied, "The guy who owns that appliance likes rap. Bad rap," he sneered, "And I don't watch music video channels because I'm not gay. So no, I haven't heard of you, or your stuff. Or maybe the shrink was bullshitting me and you aren't a singer, just some old psychology student of hers trying to mess with my head," he leaned forward, "What's the sound of one hand clapping… Mina?"

"Well, that depends on what it's clapping on…" she told him with a sly grin, "Something like this?" she suggested, slapping a small photograph on the table with a thud loud enough to garner a look from the Guard Robos, and the one human guard who was there. In was a picture of her, sitting cutely in what seemed to be a giant birds' nest. There was a title on it, which read 'Songbird'. "I don't know what trippy psychologist you're referring to, but I'm no med student. Too much homework, too little partying…"

"Cute… You answered correctly… well, for a girl," Shadow grinned, "I guess that means no rape for you today…" he smirked. She was entertaining, "There's lots of rapists in here though. I want to know

what made you pick *me* ." His red eyes bored straight into her, giving her the feeling that *she* was the one being judged, right down to her soul.

Mina gazed right back, with eyes that not quite fluttered, but teased him gently, "Let's just say I'm an artist who's attracted to extreme personalities… Was I right to pick you, or is there someone who's… I dunno… Badder?"

"Oh, I'm not boastful… there's always something left to learn about pain," Shadow cracked his knuckles noisily, "But no… I don't think you could have picked anybody worse for a buddy. Unless you need me to tell you *exactly* how to become a serial rapist…" he chuckled to himself.

"Is that what you tell all the kinky girls who come to visit you?" she asked, eyes gazing into his with equal, albeit casual determination to impose a strong personality, "Or am I a special case? You said yourself I've deprived myself of rape…"

"Oh no, you're definitely very special," Shadow smirked. *For a start you're my only visitor ever,* he thought. He flexed his fingers, "You don't seem to be afraid of me… you do know what I've done? Eleven rape victims," he nodded to himself, "Well, officially. And nineteen murders, including my old foster parents. They deserved it. My shrink says children even have a skipping rhyme about me. I feel like Freddy Krueger… except I'm for real."

"A rhyme? Like Santa Claus or Lizzie Borden?" Mina checked with a raised eyebrow, "For murder and rape of that many victims? That's *hot!* " Her elbows leaned on the table, with scanning eyes that seemed to absorb his features, down to the very look in his pupils. "Have you killed anyone in here? Like during a riot? Or fucked anyone in the showers like they show in prison flicks?"

"Well, if I answered your first question… I'd have to kill *you,* " Shadow turned his head a little to get a better look at Mina's butt, thinking about how, if he was outside, it would be so easy to grab

her, drag her into an alley and fuck her until she bled, then cut her throat for being so stupid as to get raped, "And I'm no fag… but yeah, I've watched it happen in the showers. Kicked a couple of them off. It's not like prison flicks though… everybody pretty much gets in a circle around the idiot who mouthed off or bent over or slipped, then most everybody takes turns. They don't show that in prison flicks because you can't see all the fucking from the outside. Which is kind of the point."

The mongoose visibly shuddered. "Wow. Us girls get off on shit like that, you know. Most of us won't admit to it, but if they ever filmed a scene like that in a movie, just that part alone would make it a box-office success due to the female community," she slid the photo towards him, gesturing 'keep it' with her hand. "I read stuff like that in fanfiction all the time. I wish there were more of it… Anyway. How come you haven't escaped? Surely you're bad-ass enough for it."

"Ah, escape? I'll keep you in mind when I get out," Shadow looked at the picture, "Right after I get off the speedometer that keeps me from going any faster than thirty miles per hour. Then all those nifty locked doors. And then the fences. And then the miles and miles of jungle. And then the endless ocean in every direction…" he chuckled, "Actually, I did pretty well. There was a big cover-up by the Director soon after I got put in. They kept it out of the news that time, though. I caused a riot, got past everything they had, got to the beaches… but you get a little stuck when you get to the sea."

"Wait, you actually tried?" she caught on with a wide 'fuck me' smirk that only a woman could give, "I wish you could have actually gotten out. You'd never have had to rape anyone again 'cause being an escaped convict would make you hotter than a hot leather back seat on a warm summer day at the beach," she took her right glove off, and offered him her hand, "I like you. We should be pen pals or something."

"We should be more," Shadow smirked at her comment, then looked around. He did have a reputation to uphold, "You're really not afraid

of me, are you?" he said thoughtfully, "You think that because there are guards, and bars, and cuffs, you don't have to be afraid of me…"

"I think that if there weren't any guards or bars, you wouldn't need to make me afraid," she responded slyly, "But some cuffs might be fun."

"I'll have to dispel a few of your illusions, or I might lose my rep…" Shadow grinned. Then, cobra-fast, he grabbed her hair and slammed her onto her back on the table, kissing her very, very hard. Even with cuffs on his feet and hands, he had suddenly and unexpectedly put himself in a highly dominant position - one where he could snap her neck if he wanted to.

Rather than fight back in terror the way he expected her to, Mina instead grabbed onto his quills and yanked at them, hard. There was a muffled yelp, but not a struggle. Before he could figure out whether she was kissing back or not, he felt hollow steel club the back of his head, and strong arms twisting at his elbows to remove him. "GET OFF HER!" he heard the one human guard yell. The other guests seemed nearly in panic, shying rapidly away from his table.

Shadow was dragged off the yellow mongoose. He deliberately hardly put up any fight at all, but he still received a shock from one of the Guard Robos, and then a few seconds later the club slammed into his gut, winding him, with another shock thrown in for good measure - nothing compared to some of the shocks he had received in the past, probably because of all the reliable witnesses, but enough to make him curse in pain. The human warden looked about to hit him again, but became aware of all the people staring. Especially Mina. It certainly wasn't the sort of thing she'd seen in prison flicks, where the wardens stopped their beatings just as soon as the convict stopped fighting back. He was shoved face-first to the floor, where he remained without fighting. The psychotic hedgehog couldn't help himself, beginning to laugh sadistically at the situation.

"Ahem…" the warden seemed to remember himself, "Sorry about that, miss. Are you okay?" he asked Mina, who was shocked at the

brutality of the beating. The warden though, appeared to be mistaking it for shock from Shadow's sudden and aggressive moves.

The mongoose was, on all accounts, exasperated. She was breathing hard when she pulled herself up to her feet. She'd been told that physical contact between inmates and their visitors was prohibited, but this particular guard-dog seemed to take things too far. "You jerk!" she shouted with hateful green eyes, "How could you treat him like that? He hardly even fought back! He's a living being; YOU should be incarcerated for what you just did!"

"But ma'am, he just-" the warden started, but was quickly cut off.

"-Did something completely consensual among the two of us, that's what he did!" Mina shouted, enraged, "You people are sick! How can you sleep at night knowing you're not allowing these deprived inmates who've been apart from society and their loved ones for God knows how long to touch the people who care enough to come all this way to visit them? All he did was kiss me; it's a sign of love!"

"He's- he's a violent sex-offender, ma'am," the warden stammered, suddenly aware that he could get into trouble for this, "All the men in this prison are dangerous in their own way; I was acting in your best interests-"

"Looks like somebody's *out* of a job and *in* a whole lot of trouble," Shadow chuckled from his place on the floor, wheezing slightly from the blows just a little more than he needed to. The warden looked as if he'd like to hit Shadow again, "Unless he lets the poor defenceless *rapist* up right now to keep talking to the beautiful *celebrity*…"

The warden glared at him, but nodded to the Guard Robos, which let him stand and return to his seat again, pulling back to their watchful places. Shadow smirked at Mina, watching her again and enjoying her expression.

Mina ran a hand through her purple wavy hair, trying to compose herself. She pulled her cell phone out, and put it away again quickly

before sitting down again. "Looks like you've got ten minutes to explain why you just did what you just did, Loverboy," she explained with a grin.

"Well for a start, I knew somebody would go overboard, and I thought since you came all this way to see me, you should find out what the guards are like in a real prison too," Shadow smirked, "You're cute when you're naive…"

"Naive?" The wavy-haired girl shot back, mocking offense, "What, you think I didn't catch you checking me out when I walked in here? You think I don't see you staring at my butt? You think I don't know you wanna bend me over and fuck me right here against this table?" her offensive expression turned to a smirk, "Good. I'd be seriously offended otherwise. And I'd think you've been in prison way too long, Gay Boy."

"Gay?" Shadow's fists clenched, but he forced himself to relax, reminding himself that it was a joke, and he didn't want another thrashing just yet, "If you were anywhere other than this room, you'd be dead by now just for joking about that. But no, that's not all. It's been years. The few chicks that are in here have three holes and that's all. They're ice cold. And not one of them is as lovely as you," he chuckled, turning on what charm he'd managed to salvage from years in a prison, "You're a singer; I thought it might inspire you a little. I wanted to find out if you're really brave, or if you just talk big. It could be a little of both…"

Mina folded her hands before her chin, eyeing him directly with a keen, observant expression. "I could say the same things about you. For all I know, you're just talking big, and you're actually what they call a Prison Princess… I'd rather not know, though. The image you've put on is very sexy, and whether it's true or not, I want to maintain it. I must say I'm very impressed; I might just write a song about you, Mr. Serial Rapist…"

"Flattered…" Shadow smiled, "But it's no false image… Songbird," he held up his cuffed hands, and rolled up his sleeves to show

strong, bare arms, before seemingly out of nowhere pulling a fork when the warden's gaze wandered. He pushed it towards Mina, as a 'gift', "A lady like you can really put ideas in a man's head. For Parole Plan B. Or just for fun."

Mina raised a coy, sly eyebrow, before taking the 'gift' with gusto. She checked her phone again. "Four minutes… Plenty of time for you to tell me what you want to do to me…" she smirked so wide he almost saw evil in her eyes, "Go ahead. I insist. If everyone else in the room just… Hypothetically disappeared… And we were totally alone… What precarious situation would I find myself in?"

Shadow licked his lips, "Well, first, that fork would be nailing your hand to the table. While you were wailing about that, you'd be on your back again and I'd pull off your clothes. Normally they'd do for a dandy gag, but with nobody in the room, I think I'd like to hear you screaming… screaming for help with nobody coming. Yeah, I've been there… Then, just to check if you're broken in already, I'd dry-fuck you right up your cunt."

Mina shook her head. "That's a real shame…"

"Oh, you think I'd finish there?" Shadow grinned, "Next, I'd take you right up your tight little ass… and fuck you until you bleed. And then I'd keep fucking. I hear the punks in here screaming every time. If you fought back… well, I'm afraid I'd have to hit you, hard. Hit you until you knew to stay down. And then hit you some more…"

Mina listened with much content, at one point leaning her chin on her adjoined palms while she listened. There was something about this hedgehog that was really real. Like he was more than just a regular psychopath, but more like the closest thing to the devil she would ever meet in her life. He was warped, twisted, psychotic and very sexy. She'd be very careful to avoid his type in dark alleys, but in controlled environments, she could have fun with this. "Mmmm. Kinky… But what if I was willing?" she asked, as if the question had been on her mind throughout his entire perverse description.

"Well then, I'd have to make you regret being willing," Shadow narrowed his eyes. The naiveté of this chick was… cute, "Thing about rape is, by its definition it's not willing. And even if you faked not being willing… I'd know. Oh, I'd know… Eleven is only the official count, you know. If you rape a whore, is it violation of a person, or misuse of services? Once you were crying and begging, I'd get you on your knees. And you'd suck me off. Oh, you could bite down, but then I'd knock your teeth out. And I hate spoiling a pretty face… at least permanently. I'd cum all over your cunt, and your breasts… and your face. And inside all three holes."

Mina raised an eyebrow. "My but you're confident. Have you got the stamina to produce that much jizz?" She checked her phone, and looked around. Nobody was leaving. The guards must be used to giving everyone a few more minutes, as goodbyes must be understandably difficult in situations like this. "I guess I won't be able to visit you again, Mister Robotnik, if you insist on raping me even though I'm willing… It sounds hot as all get-out, and I'm a FREAK in the bedroom, but… I'm gonna have to pass…"

"Hmmm… that would be a shame, a real shame," Shadow kissed Mina hard again, pulling on her hair, and as he'd predicted, this time the human warden didn't dare try to stop him as he held on for a good long time. Eventually he broke off, "Because you'd lose your source of inspiration. And I'd have to go back to perving the Doctors again," he was holding her by the hair, just a few inches away from him, "Now who's the Prison Princess?" he asked with a smirk, "I didn't survive countless years in this hole to be ordered around and broken in by a little girl, and if you want to prove you're more than that… well, I suppose you'll have to come back for more…" he chuckled nastily, "Of course, you could just run away. Then you'd be safe…" he twisted her purple hair around his finger, "But you know where to find me… for now."

Mina grinned, unperturbed by his advances. "Well now, those are interesting words coming from you, Hot Shot, because I've heard about guys like you. Be it low stamina, bad rhythm or small winkies,

you're so inadequate that you have no choice but to rape a gal in order to avoid the boredom yawns," she cracked her knuckles, never having felt anything such as this thrill in her life. She felt as if she were facing the biggest danger she's ever come across, and yet she was fearless. Hell, she liked it. "Now if you could show me a good time without the stabbing, without the punching, without the hitting, and only some of the bleeding, then maybe we'd have some means for negotiating another visit…"

"I could promise you all sorts of things," Shadow grinned, "But I'm a bad, bad man, locked away under the tightest security imaginable for all sorts of reasons, and who's to say I wouldn't be lying? What have I got to swear on? Besides, a spoken contract isn't worth the paper it's written on. You'd have to take a huge risk," she was hooked, and he could see it in her adorable eyes, "The only way to know if I'm telling the truth… about anything… is to keep coming back for more."

Mina's eyes narrowed, and for a moment he thought she might refuse. But to his frank astonishment, she reached forward, grabbed him by the ears and pulled him in for a kiss. A kiss she herself held, so hard he felt she was sucking his face. When she let go, she slid her chair back, and stood up. "We might meet again… Then again, we might not. You'd have a much better chance if you were actually as bad as you say you are, and escaped…"

"Well, since I've just had my first visitor ever… maybe my idiot cellie is right," Shadow smiled, tucking Mina's photograph into his jacket, "Maybe just about anything is possible after all. Maybe I'll see you around. Maybe I won't. But…" he chuckled with an intense sadism, "You'll certainly hear about me."

Shadow nodded at Mina with a slow smirk as the warden and the Guard Robos stepped forward and took hold of him very carefully, "Well, it's been fun, Mina," he told her, "But it looks like I've got to go back to my nice, comfy cell, kindly provided by the taxpayers of Mobius. Like I said, maybe. Maybe not. Living in here, even seeing tomorrow is a maybe…" he glanced back as he was walked away

from her, "And if I may say so, whether I inspire you is irrelevant, because you're quite inspiring yourself…"

"If I visit again, I'll walk in backwards," she joked, knowing how he liked looking at her. She barely got a chance to wave him goodbye before the guards pulled him out of sight. Sonic was right. Shadow really was an intriguing, inspiring visit…

Harley: In other news, the art I've commissioned for Prison Island Break has started coming through! If you don't want to spoil your personal mental image of the characters it's all good, but if you don't mind risking it, look out for the Loanet account on DeviantArt.

OneSixNine

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: Well, we're late again but I blame SonicFrank, for DARING to have a life outside of pandering to my every need!

Chapter Twenty-One: One-Six-Nine

Breakfast had gone as it normally did on a typical day at Prison Island Penitentiary, and Sonic the Hedgehog was feeling good all-around. The visitation he'd arranged for Shadow the day before had gone just peachy according to the phone chat he had with Mina, which meant Prison Ward Nate had his end of the bargain to keep up. He stepped into the recreation room, and would have frowned at the normality if he weren't in such a giddy mood. Vector and Espio were playing Chess, Knuckles was more than likely in the gym, Queen Bean was flailing about… All was going smoothly. Almost too smoothly. Then he remembered that the Cable Guy had been scheduled the night before.

So far, none of the other inmates knew anything about the new installation. Shadow was watching a science documentary, while Queen Bean, made to feel big by Bark's backup and Shadow's almost-reasonable temperament, was trying to get him to change to a channel about a war film.

"Come on, Shadow… change channels!"

"Get straight."

"I'll be your friend!"

"The only thing you have to sell, I don't buy, and if I wanted it I could take it anyway. Fuck off, Bean. Or shut up and watch something educational. Your choice."

"You're mean!"

"Deal with it." Shadow scowled, looking Bean with distaste. The main reason the green duck was still alive in prison was because even a psychopath like Shadow could recognise that beating something like Queen Bean to death would be an embarrassing and rather demeaning waste of an otherwise useful fist.

"He's right, y'know," Shadow heard Sonic talk from behind him. He turned to see the blue hedgehog leaning his arms on the couch's backrest from behind him. "This stuff's as boring as Algebra is to a second grader. Whaddya say we watch some action, eh Faker?" He looked over at Bean, and gave him a thumbs-up. "Bean wants to change the channel. The two of us together outrank you!"

"Yeah, but you can't beat me," Shadow replied, "And if you could, which you can't, Faker, it wouldn't be because of Queen Bean pulling on my quills and squawking a lot."

"Oh, blah blah blah, I'm a baddy, I'm in charge, I'm angry at the world for being saner than me - we've heard it all before! C'mon, gimme the remote!" he reached for it, trying to yank it out of Shadow's hands.

"I am *not* crazy, you pathetic waste of nine months!" Shadow snapped at Sonic, the rage flaring up in his red eyes, "And if Queen Bean is your friend, you'd better be careful when you're playing with her… she's got some things you don't want to… CATCH!" he grabbed a handful of Bean, and managed to throw the lightweight duck at Sonic. The duck and hedgehog collided, and Shadow chuckled sadistically, "Fags…"

Sonic landed right on his back, with Bean on top of him, "I'm a hardball!" Bean declared cheerfully.

Sonic looked down at Bean, "Dude… You already have a boyfriend, get off!" Afraid that Bark would get angry, Bean rolled off quickly, and Sonic stood up. "Come on, Faker, change the channel! If you don't like what I put on, I'll give it back. Promise!"

Shadow didn't look too ready to give in, "Which channel do you want?" he asked after a few seconds, compromising. He'd change to the channel Sonic asked for, if he didn't have to give up the remote.

"Try One-sixty-nine," the green-eyed hedgehog suggested with a grin. "If not that, then two-sixty-nine. It's one of the two." He chuckled at the look Shadow gave him, since to his knowledge, those channels didn't exist.

"We don't have those channels, spunk-for-brains," Shadow told him, "Those are porn channels and they're locked-" he changed channel to 169, "Out?"

The image of two women, a squirrel and a dog of some kind, sixty-nining each other rose onto the screen. Sonic leaned on his elbow, awaiting the response of the general population. And Shadow's.

"Holy hell! Since when did we get porn back?" Bean asked, leaning over the back of the couch, "You can never have too much porn!"

"My question is why we didn't see it sooner," Bark asked Shadow, "I mean, it does render the biggest collection of porn in the Northern hemisphere nearly worthless, doesn't it Shadow?"

"My question is how the hell the Faker knew it was there and I didn't!" Shadow pointed an accusing finger at Sonic without actually turning to look at him.

The hedgehog in question shrugged, "Because I wanted it! Duh!" He jumped over the couch, and sat enthusiastically next to Shadow. "All right! I think you can see that chick's kidneys! Carpet-munchers ROCK!"

Shadow flipped the remote to Bean for now, and turned to Sonic, "Alright Faker, since when were you on the leg?" he asked, referring to prisoners befriending guards, although one red eye kept roving back around to look at the porn.

"Since never and forever," Sonic replied with a casual grin, sliding his hands behind his head as he leaned back comfortably. He wouldn't be leaving the couch for a long time. "You can order porn on the telephone, y'know. You remember how to use one, right?"

"You can read, right?" Shadow retorted, uncertain whether this was a good thing or a bad thing. On the one hand, they finally had porn back after Knuckles had lost them it ages ago what with accidentally ordering underage Chinese male porn, "Wait, don't answer that…" On the other hand, it meant his trade as a paper pimp had just declined sharply, "We'll discuss this *later*," he snarled finally.

"Another argument from the wifey?" Sonic asked, still smirking casually. "Man, you're really beatin' me up with all your whining. I get some snatch and some boobies on the T.V. and you're still gripin'! I need a new cellie. Bean! You like boobs, right?"

"I do! I like boobs! Pick me!" Bean waved a hand in the air.

"She likes wearing them," Shadow snapped, poking at the bra Bean was wearing.

Sonic shrugged, "Beats bitchin' about 'em." By this point, more and more males, both human and Anthro alike, were gathering around the T.V., and cheering. "Lucky we got front seats, eh Girlfriend?"

"I'm not your girlfriend, Faker," Shadow growled at him, "Apart from the fact that I'm not a fag, if there was a woman in any relationship we don't have, it would be you."

Up behind them was coming Knuckles, with Tails in his pocket, "You get homo-porn along with all the regular stuff, Blue?" he asked.

"Hey, it was you ordering faggot's porn that lost us porn last time," Shadow reminded him.

"I *didn't* know that channel was underage Chinese porn!" Knuckles protested.

"That's your excuse for everything," Shadow returned, somewhat mockingly.

Somewhere from the back of the crowd, a lonely white hedgehog was curious as to what all the new-found commotion was about. He had to fight his way through, but after a few struggling minutes, he found himself at the front, just behind the couch. The sight that awaited him, he found repulsive. Of all the putrid, sinful violations of all that is Holy, there was pornography on the television. The convicts in this prison needed salvation, not this filth!

Shadow watched for a few more seconds, before he stopped, standing up and moving off the couch, thinking about Mina's arrival, and porn's arrival, "It is possible, I know it…" he muttered as Sonic took his place, "It is possible… I just need the right incentives…" he looked at Silver, who was not looking at the TV, but at him, "What're you eyeballing, Preacher?" he asked rudely.

"You shouldn't be watching such dirty programming," the amber-eyed hedgehog told him, "It's evil, un-Christ-like and filled with sin. You can save yourself, Shadow… You can go to Heaven…"

Shadow gave him a dirty look, then chuckled, "Give it a few months, Preacher," he told Silver, "When needs must, the Devil will drive. You'll get out of this place in twenty years or so. I won't. I'm in for the rest of my life. No parole. In the meantime, don't badmouth porn. Especially not when I'm getting an idea…"

"Idea?" Silver asked, with an almost worried expression.

"Never you mind, Preacher. You'll know it when you see it," Shadow returned, "In the meantime, don't you have potato chips to refund?"

he asked with a mocking expression.

"No… I don't," Silver admitted, looking down at the ground in slight humility. His confidence and rebellious demeanour had apparently gone down at the hands of Espio, "I was… kind of hoping you might help me…"

"I could… if I wanted to," Shadow said, "But I don't stick my neck out for nothing. You still owe me respect for your arrival in Hell. What have you got to offer me that I can't just take?"

"Nothing…" Silver told him, looking up into his crimson eyes, "Except prayer. I can help you reach salvation… Eternal bliss, with you-know-who… All for the sake of a bag of chips… Even if you don't help me, I'd gladly help you for free, but I'm in need… I'm not sure what Vector will have done to me if I don't deliver…"

"Heh…" Shadow began to pace, "Prayer and eternal bliss… I was thinking of things somewhat more… worthwhile. Something that's actually tangible. You really should join the God Squad. They won't be able to help you but at least you'd dodge the daily beatings you're gonna get…" he rubbed his forehead, "Hmmm… the only difficulty is in getting the keys to the cuffs," he looked at his ankle cuff.

"Just as the beggar's only difficulty with riding is that he has no horse," Silver agreed.

"Quiet, you…" Shadow grimaced with thinking, "Question; why don't you ask the blue faker for help?" he asked, "He's more the 'giving' kind."

"I guess I'll try him next, it's just…" the white hedgehog paused for a moment, "I… can't help but feel pity… for you…" He didn't know it, but Silver had just made a terrible mistake…

"Pity?" Shadow's face froze up, and his eyes narrowed, "Pity?" He grabbed Silver's quills, "You're pitying me? You know, I'm not even going to waste time asking why, because when I'm done, the only

pitiable thing in this room will be you!" he dragged Silver over to the wall.

"Wait- I didn't mean to- GAAAAHHHHH!"

With the ruckus thanks to the porn, nobody heard Silver shriek for help. Nobody was there to save him. And even if there were, the light-furred hedgehog knew by now that they would choose not to…

Along for the Ride

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: Yes, there was a reason Silver took a savage beating last chapter; we probably should have described it more but hey, this chapter does the work for us! Happy reading!

SonicFrank: Lots of plot-moving here, not nearly enough action. Believe me, we're getting to it!

Chapter Twenty-Two: Along For The Ride

There was a faint beeping from afar, shrouded in the darkness. Consciousness normally came almost instantly, but on this occasion, it was slow to arrive. But there was a beeping. Pain, and a beeping. It grew louder, as did the searing pain. When Silver finally awoke, he was strapped to a hospital bed, with a heart monitor beeping at his side. "Wha-wha…" He tried speaking, but his jaw hurt really badly - as did most of his body. He lay there, sore, awaiting the fullness of being awake.

"Oh, you're awake?" a young woman's voice spoke. Silver managed to open the eye that was less swollen, to see Doctor Amy standing over him, "Try not to move, Silver," she told him, "Shadow Robotnik did a real number on you… he actually kept going after you passed out, and you've been unconscious for almost two days. Two of your ribs were cracked, and quite a few of your joints were dislocated, but they're back in place. Where does it hurt?"

The battered Silver attempted to lift his head, but found that his neck was in severe pain as well. It dropped back onto the pillow. He tried recalling what had happened. All he remembered was the dark

hedgehog's crimson eyes, boring angrily into his soul. "My jaw…" he replied, though he wasn't sure if she could understand him.

"Oooh… yes, I think you're lucky it wasn't broken," Amy shook her head, and unbuckled Silver's wrists. Technically he could move freely, if he could find a part of him that he wanted to move, "That usually happens when Shadow feels somebody's insulted him verbally. He spent twenty-four hours in Solitary Cell number one to cool him off. Would you like some morphine for the pain?" she asked Silver, offering him a needle.

It took a moment, but the white hedgehog shook his head. "A-are you satisfied now…?" he asked, eyes closed and with little strength.

Amy shook her head, "Not particularly. I doubt it will make you feel any better, but you're far from the first person Shadow has beaten beyond senseless. If you don't want painkillers, I won't force them on you," she offered him an ice-pack.

He lifted his hand, and barely managed to hold it. It was placed on his head before Silver continued, "The irony… You won't force painkillers but you'll… Force other things… Won't you…?"

Amy sighed and looked down on him. Unexpectedly, she ran her hand over his forehead gently, and Silver remembered what Nack had said about getting on her good side, "I am genuinely sorry that you have lost the ability you were most used to having to defend yourself. But I have to, or other inmates would be in danger. You're in *prison*, Silver." She looked into his amber eyes with kind green ones. The only kind eyes he had seen in a while now. She was sorry… but not sorry enough to stop drugging him. He was pretty sure he had been drugged again while he was unconscious.

"Where does it end, Doctor..?" he asked, lifting the icepack off his head for a moment. "When they kill me..? When I get raped..?" His eyes shut, and he let out a shuddering sigh, feeling tears roll down his face, "I don't want to… live like this… Is it even living?"

"Silver…" Amy touched his free arm lightly.

Unexpectedly, he snatched at the Doctor's hand. He was far too weak to hurt her or even hold on to her, though, "Doctor, please… please stop them… let me stop them… I can't keep on this way…" He could almost imagine seeing the pain, welling up inside of him and tearing him apart as the memory of the beating returned…

Shadow's fury at his pity, every savage blow slamming into him as the other residents of the prison ignored him, while the crimson-eyed hedgehog seemed determined to tear him apart for his perceived insolence… crying out in terror and pain as the agony repeated itself, with blows landing on old bruises, and eventually it was the pain that sent him spiralling down into unconsciousness…

Amy closed her eyes, feeling incredible pity for the white-furred hedgehog in her care - but not remorse, "You oughtn't to be raped," she said finally, taking her hand from his, "You shouldn't be attacked like this either. Mephiles' job is to prevent things like this from happening…" she frowned, and again passed her hand through the quills on his forehead, "Please try to understand that I'm just doing *my* job…"

Her patient was already in a soft slumber, but Amy knew what he'd have said to that. Something about Nazis, or maybe Catholic Priests. He wouldn't awake again for a long time. Thankfully, the patients were never low on Prison Island. At least while he was asleep, he wouldn't be in pain. Shadow's beating would take several weeks to heal completely, but she wouldn't be able to keep him in the infirmary for all that time.

Amy's thoughts were interrupted by the door opening, and two more patients being dragged in. Sonic and Shadow had been in another fight. She didn't know what the inmates fought about, and she didn't ask, although she could make a guess most times. Their injuries matched each other almost blow for blow, although they were nothing like as bad as Silver's state.

"You two, again?" Amy groaned. She'd been seeing a lot more of Shadow since Sonic had arrived.

Despite being in a badly bruised state, Sonic's well-known personality shone brightly as ever. As did Shadow's. "Whoa, don't you mean 'You two again! Yay!'?" he clapped in mock excitement, grinning widely. His left eye was swollen. So was Shadow's right.

"I mean…" Amy shook her head with a small smile at Sonic's continued optimism, "Just put them on the beds," she told the warden. Now she was glad that Silver was asleep - he didn't have to see Shadow.

Currently the black and red hedgehog was looking at the badly beaten white hedgehog with an expression of pride in a job well done, before he looked at Amy again, leering, "And it's *always* a pleasure to see you too, Doctor Blossom," he replied.

Sonic took a good look at Silver, and rose a questioning eyebrow at Shadow, "He's the reason why you spent the day in Solitary two days ago? I told you to keep your cool around the other girls, Bro. People're gonna think you're crazy!"

"I am *not* crazy," Shadow replied again, sharply, "That's just what you get if you're foolish enough to pity me, Blue. I don't need pity. Not yours, and especially not his," he spat.

Amy took their blood pressures, which were both fine, then moved over to Sonic, "Where does it hurt?" she asked him, "I mean, in particular, more than other places," she added quickly with a small smile.

"Right over there," he responded, pointing at Shadow with a grin. "I wouldn't mind a rub-down, though. Just beware, someone has a crush and might get jealous…" The warden chuckled, despite trying to remain uninvolved. He'd seen Shadow use various methods to look up Amy's skirt more than once, and the way Sonic treated him

sent the comment going either way. "How've you been? Your dad lightening up on you yet?"

Shadow was shuffling his body down the bed in an attempt to get into a position to look up Amy's skirt again. The girl hadn't noticed, as she bandaged up several cuts on Sonic's arm. Shadow had managed to slash at him a few times, before Sonic had managed to get his shiv away from him and lodge it in his shoulder. In fact the shiv was still in Shadow's shoulder; he hadn't pulled it out just yet, "I haven't talked to my father in a long while, Sonic," she told him, looking quite sad, "So I suppose my answer to your question is, no, my father hasn't lightened up on me." She held out a needle, "Would you like some morphine for the pain?" she asked the blue hedgehog with a small smile.

"Does Mephiles have a permanent case of blue balls?" the charming hedgehog asked back, smiling. "Your pops'll come around, Doc… you'll see. He might not see it yet but, he'll respect what you're doin'. And he'll be proud of you. Just hang in there."

"Maybe…" Amy took Sonic's offered arm, and injected the morphine shot, "I can't see it. He does know where I am. But he hasn't contacted me. And I've stopped trying to contact him…" She turned to Shadow, noticing where he was looking, disgusted, "You're going to need stitches, Shadow. Would you-"

"Just dope me up," the dark hedgehog growled, holding out his arm. He had considered refusing it, but since Sonic had accepted, he didn't feel weak accepting some himself.

"Hmmm… I suppose it could be a lot worse," Amy acknowledged to Sonic, "I do *have* family, after all." She removed the shiv from Shadow's shoulder carefully, "I wish you two would stop fighting each other. You're equally matched. And-"

"Don't you dare say we're alike, Doctor," Shadow slurred, relaxing as the morphine was administered and the razor blade was removed, "That's… stupid."

"What, this?" Sonic asked, laying back with a subtle high as the drugs started kicking in, "This was no fight, Doc. The Missus and I just had a little disagreement, that's all. Lovers' Quarrel; no big deal. We'll make up soon," he ignored Shadow's abrupt glare and soft growl, "Anyway, I'm lucky enough to have family right here in the slammer. You know Manic, right? Green hedgehog with some dashin' good looks?"

"Yes, I've caught him trying to smuggle in drugs," Amy nodded, watching Sonic as she stitched up Shadow, "I wouldn't comment on his looks though…"

A chuckle escaped Sonic's throat with her comment, "Yeah, you shouldn't dwell on his pretty mug too much; he looks like me, so you might cause a puddle…"

The warden cackled again. Shadow was beginning to think the guards were getting friendly with his cell mate, for some reason…

The crimson-eyed inmate was waving his uninjured arm in front of his eyes, "Shut up with the… big-shot mouthiness about all the pals you've got," he muttered at both of them, "You keep on about it and… and you'll end up like… like Preacher there," he thumbed at the sleeping Silver, "Besides… I don't see you getting visits from hot celebrities…" he sneered at Sonic, before looking up at Amy, "Her ass was nearly as hot as yours," he told Amy. "And if anyone dwelled on your face too much, Faker, the only puddle they'd be causing would be one of pathetic tears!"

Amy did her best to ignore Shadow's lewd comment, shaking her head in amusement at the massive rivalry he shared with Sonic shared, despite his denial.

"Good to know. I feel like cryin' tears of joy when I think about you too, Darlin'! But y'know, us men gotta hold everythin' in. And here I thought you just liked my hot bod." Sonic was always on top of his next degrading, albeit infantile insult. If only Shadow knew just how well he knew Mina, and how much deeper a 'visit' he'd be receiving

with her as a result… This was knowledge he chose to keep to himself. For now.

Shadow was too relaxed on the morphine to properly acknowledge Sonic's insults, "You're… just jealous," he told the blue hedgehog, "And so are you," he told Silver, not caring whether the white hedgehog could hear him or not.

Amy chuckled, "You two should be fine to return to your cells by lights-out - stop squirming, Shadow," she admonished him, and moved over to Sonic, checking him carefully again, "Why, Sonic, do I keep getting the feeling that we are destined to keep doing this forever?" she asked him, a mild teasing tone in her voice.

The influenced inmate smiled up at her with half-closed eyes. "Cause' I like my girlfriends tough. And I have a fetish for cute nurses…" Was Sonic really so good as to insult Shadow, complement Amy's strong-willed personality and flirt with her all at once? Apparently so.

"Tease," Amy told him, "I don't think either of you will be causing trouble-" she commented.

"I'll cause whoever I wanna do…" Shadow interrupted.

"But I'll be right next door in my office," Amy looked up at the warden, "I'll be fine with these three," she told him curtly, moving back over to check on Silver again. She felt fine with Shadow, considering she could generally handle him in his normal sullen state, and now that he was doped up on morphine he was making shadow pictures on the walls to alleviate any boredom he was feeling. And Sonic didn't seem to be any danger in any case.

On the other hand… apparently that was what they'd thought of Shadow when he'd first arrived.

"Do my favourite… Deformed Rabbit," Sonic slurred to Shadow as Amy went to her office, and Shadow made more shadow pictures.

Silver whimpered, having been in a painful doze since their arrival. He thought he'd heard familiar voices, but was too brain-dead to think much of them. Carefully, and very meekly, he turned his head to see Sonic, laying blissfully on his own hospital bed. "You…" the white hedgehog started, "Why..?"

"Huh?" Sonic looked at him properly - or at least tried to focus, "Oh yeah, Shadow did you over. Why what?"

"Why…" Silver swallowed, his jaw and throat screaming in pain, "Did you abandon me..?" he asked, closing his eyes again.

Sonic looked a little less blissful now, "Well… it's just… you're so small," he said finally, "And there was all the porn… I got for us. All that porn. So the guys'll be a little happier… I know I will be…"

"YOU did th-" But the battered hedgehog coughed, his neck disagreeing with pain. Nonetheless, he kept talking. "You're supposed to be… different… A hero… A saviour…"

"I… I'm a survivor," Sonic replied, almost apologetically. Seeing Silver like this, he felt genuinely sorry for the white hedgehog, "I'm sorry I gave ya the wrong idea… Fucking over the weak, that's not right… not right, but I don't wanna get ripped in half myself, y'know? There's only one of me to go around…" The drugs were having a severe effect.

"You left me…" Silver cringed in a sudden burst of pain, "to fight against Espio and Vector alone… And against Shadow… What did I do wrong..?"

"Nothin'," Sonic admitted, "It's just… y'know, dude, you have *got* to quit insulting people. The enemy of my enemy is my friend… or something… I don't wanna be nobody's enemy. Not a mob boss', for sure. And you don't gotta spend all night with Princess Happy Face over there," he thumbed at Shadow, who was blissfully practicing his sign language alphabet.

Silver hadn't been aware of Shadow's presence until that moment, when Sonic pointed him out. His eyes grew wide for a moment, and he grimaced. "If I had my powers, I'd…" but he didn't finish. He just lay back, wallowing in his own self-pity. Sonic had a point; he did mouth off to Vector. And he feared what would happen if he didn't pay up soon…

"Preacher…" Sonic winced at a twinge that would have been a lot more painful if not for the morphine, "Listen, I gave ya the wrong idea about me… I'm gonna bust out of this joint. Definitely. How about you come along for the ride, huh?"

"Leave?" Silver asked, having been snapped out of his daze, "You mean escape…? The way I'm feeling, it can't happen soon enough…"

"My bro Manic's gonna be in on it," Sonic told him, "And my buddy Tails. And Shadow. And their cellies…" What was he doing? Just letting Silver in on the plan like this? Perhaps there was more liquid courage running through his veins than he'd thought…

"But… their cellies?" Silver managed, "What if it's all… some clever plot to get you in trouble?"

"It's not," Sonic replied, "On account of I can't see Knuckles being part of a plot cleverer than learning how to walk and chew at the same time… I got an idea but the big problemo is the sea…" he shuddered at the thought of all that water, "But I can do it. That sucker Mephy and his posse are gonna look so much like morons…"

"They… already do…" Sonic was so confident. Silver liked that; it was comforting, even though the blue hedgehog had abandoned him. He'd come into this prison feeling the same way. But lately, not so much… "Just… tell me when… I'll do what I can…"

"First I gotta get Shadow to clap his hands," Sonic grinned, "I need a crazy bastard like him to make it work. It's gonna be a *riot*…" he chuckled, amused by Silver's look of confusion.

SonicFrank: So, next chapter will involve… HAH! Nice try. But no spoilers here. =D

Negotiations

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: Hands up those of you who wanted to see some Sonadow? Well, SonicFrank really doesn't want it, so you won't. Unless he changes his mind? Huh? Huh? *pokes SF*

SonicFrank: Absolutely not. =D

Harley: DAMMIT!

Chapter Twenty-Three: Negotiations

"Sonic?" Shadow was looking thoughtful. In fact he'd been looking thoughtful ever since every inmate had been surprised by the news that he had received a visitor. Oh, he'd still been his arrogant, snappish self, violent and unpredictable, but less so than before, "Is your insane idea that it's possible to escape still on?" he asked sourly.

The green eyes of Sonic Hedgehog had been staring up at the ceiling of his cell in mild anticipation all morning. Today would be the day, and he'd hopefully come back with the hickies to prove it. Lord knows Mina would leave with them. "Do porn stars over-act when they get railed by buff men with pencil-pricks?" he retorted back, cocky as ever.

"I have an idea," Shadow explained, "The only problem is in crossing the ocean. That's always the problem. But I definitely have an idea…"

As expected, a blue eyebrow was raised in question, "Hold the iPad; since when're we on the same canoe?" A visit from a female singer with excess pheromones to go around was having an effect on Shadow; Sonic was right about everything. "Last I checked you were too chicken to fly the coop!"

Shadow pulled out two photographs from his jacket, "Oh, just the porn and a surprise visit… angrying up the old rape hormones… but I just can't work out how to cross the ocean. No point in trying if you can't get across the sea in the first place."

He caught Shadow pulling the pictures out from the corner of his eye, and turned in his bunk to face him. "Ah, you 'sea' no way across. I know the hurt. But I've got a plan that'll cross in waves!" he punned happily, "Whatcha got there?" he asked, faking curiosity.

"Hmph…" Shadow hid the picture of Maria again. That was infinitely more important than the pretty picture of Mina, who he was nicknaming 'Songbird', "Just something my visitor left me to remember her by," he showed the picture to Sonic smugly, "And who knows, I think she's intrigued enough by the intriguing rapist to come back for more."

Sonic whistled slyly as he eyed the photo. "What a babe! Check out the legs on her! I'd give my left nut and half my schlong for a conjugal with her!" He looked up at the ceiling again, aware that Shadow couldn't know. Yet. "Ain't she a singer or somethin'? That face looks familiar. So does that booty."

"That's what she said she was," Shadow chuckled, "I won't deny it was a surprise… but she certainly gave me some ideas. Including on somebody to pay a visit to if I ever get out of this hole. She thinks escape is a good idea? Let's see if she's still grinning if I turn up on her doorstep…"

"Heh, gonna pull the ol' Flower and Chocolates act? Wear a tuxedo, perhaps? Sounds like this girl's givin' you some motivation. You

aren't thinkin' marriage, are ya?" Sonic grinned. The things a woman could do to a man without even trying…

"No, I just wanna see the look on her face when I show up in her face," Shadow laughed nastily, "Can you imagine it? And besides, celebs make for dandy hostages. And they're easy to find. See if she's still got a kinky rape fetish then…"

"Kinky rape fetish?" Sonic seemed surprised, "Good to know. Chicks like that're hard to come across. So, I'll take it you had a good time? Didja like 'er? Was she wearing perfume? Did she have that woman smell we only get when we're in the infirmary for some reason?" he asked, smirking.

"She kisses well," Shadow replied, "Even when she's jumped." His face fell, "But she won't be back. Nobody ever comes back," he looked sullen again, "Way too much to expect she'll come back, the teasing slut that she probably is."

Sonic's ears almost twitched. Mina may have been on the promiscuous side once or twice, but she was no whore. Being an old friend, possibly one of the best he's ever had, he didn't appreciate her being called such things. "Heh, can't wait to see the look on your face when she does. I get the hunch she liked you, if she kissed back…"

Shadow looked at him, a suspicious look on his face, "I didn't say she kissed back," he said flatly.

"You said she kissed well, didn't you?" Sonic shot back, turning to eye him with an equally suspicious expression. "Just puttin' two and two together, Handsome. So the guards let you lay one on 'er, huh? Must've felt good after all these years."

"Yes. Yes, it did. I catch no end of trouble whenever I try the shrink or the Doctor…" Shadow shrugged, recalling a few times he'd managed to grab enough of them to scare them, "They didn't exactly let me though… they had to, after they beat up this poor fucker just for

jumping her with a surprise kiss. You should have seen the look on her face… she has no idea about what max-security is like… and her being a celebrity made it easier… Did you have something to do with me getting a visitor?" he asked suddenly.

"If I did, would I be askin' so many questions?" It was an open-ended answer, because regardless of it being yes or no, any inmate would have asked a lot of questions. Hopefully, Shadow would buy it.

Shadow didn't look as if he was completely taking it. But he passed the matter over for now, "Silver's still whimpering in the infirmary - playing that beating for all it's worth to stay out of the general population. He'll be turned out by lights-out though. Good thing too; Nack was getting lonely without his Preacher. Then we'll see what Vector has to say to him tomorrow. That should be fun…"

"I'm gettin' a conjugal with an old friend today," Sonic revealed with a grin. "Any ideas on what I should do to her? I mean, if you can get a celebrity's fire all lit up like you say you did, surely I could use a few pointers from ya," the hedgehog sat up to stretch his arms out above his head. "I'll be seein' the girl in that picture the whole time I'm in there; damn she's hot!"

Shadow glared at Sonic suspiciously again, but finally settled for, "You have a conjugal? I thought only married guys got those…"

"For someone who's done as much time as you have, the ways of the inmate have eluded you, my friend," Sonic responded with a grin, "I have my ways. Think I might sign my name in hickies; whaddya say?"

"If I was with your lady friend - if it's really a lady," Shadow thought out loud, "The first thing I'd do would be fuck her *vilely* . Besides, I sign my name in cuts."

Just then, a warden came by; Nate, actually, and began unlocking the cell door. "Think that's my cue; I'll keep her panties as a souvenir," the blue hedgehog commented as he got off his bed and

put his shoes on. When the cell door opened and he was free to run, he continued his comment, "Then you'll finally have something nice to wear!" With that, he stepped out.

"BASTARD!" Shadow jumped up and lunged at Sonic, missing him by inches as the cell door was slammed in his face, "I bet it's your mother in that conjugal," he snarled through the bars, "That'd explain why there's a woman willing to stick in the one room long enough!"

"Heh. What if it's YOUR mother, Bitch-lips?" Sonic called back, twiddling his hands over his ears while sticking his tongue out, like a little child. "Then you'd have to call me Daddy! Either way, I'm gettin' me some poontang!" He turned to Nate, and grinned, "Didn't think I could pull it off, did you Old Man?"

"My mother is dead and when you get back here I'm gonna twist your head right the fuck off, you cum-dripping asshole!" Shadow screamed at Sonic as he was escorted away.

Nate ignored Shadow, whose shouts were dying down, and nodded at Sonic, "I am… surprised that you found a friend to visit Shadow. Especially one who according to the warden on duty, didn't mind Shadow doing exactly what we expected him to do. Congratulations, Sonic. Now you just have to keep that lunatic from killing you for the next twenty years and you're home free."

"Speaking of which, how's about a second deal?" Sonic asked, smirking slightly with a coy expression.

"I'm listening, but that's no promise," Nate replied, unlocking a door to exit the wing with Sonic.

"Well, what would you say if I said that I know somethin' I could say to Shadow that'll make him say he'll be on his best behaviour for what little time you say you have left?" the inmate asked, entwining his fingers to crack his knuckles.

"I'd say Shadow says lots of things, and he engineered a three-week riot because of one of them," Nate smiled dubiously, "Shadow's definition of good behaviour is pretty much taking time out from killing people just long enough to rearm."

"Exactly!" Sonic exclaimed, "If he's on his best behaviour, it's 'cause he's probably planning something! Whaddya say we use that to our advantage, eh Lumpy?"

Nate Morgan frowned, "I don't know… Shadow's plans get pretty ugly. Trying to use that lunatic's psychoses to your advantage is like trying to use a chainsaw to carve an ice sculpture - people say it can be done, but you're more likely to have your own foot chopped off."

"Not if he's on your side!" Sonic pointed out as Nate walked him through the many corridors, the place only barely lit due to most of the inmates still being asleep. Since they were out at sea, conjugal visits usually lasted a whole day, or until the visitor wanted to leave. Mina had arrived very early. "But first I'll have to make a few preparations; I'll tell you all about it tomorrow, eh?"

Nate got the feeling that Sonic didn't really understand what he was doing; Shadow wasn't somebody to be taken lightly even with restraints. The hedgehog's last genuine plan had been a horrific riot that had nearly gotten their previous Doctor raped, two wardens dead - one almost certainly by his hands - and several inmates had ended up dead too. And that hadn't even been his worst offence in the prison, just the most recent, "Tomorrow, then," he said finally, escorting Sonic into the infirmary to have his routine search by Doctor Blossom. Silver was still there, but like Shadow had said, he was going to be turned out by the end of the day and back to his cell.

Amy smiled upon seeing Sonic, although she wiped it off her face quickly.

The blue hedgehog smiled back, regardless of her own enthusiasm being forcibly hidden away. "Mornin', Doc!" he greeted, stepping out

of his shoes without having to be told, "How fortunate I must be to be seein' two lovely ladies in one day!"

Amy looked disappointed for a few seconds, before recovering her composure, "I'll forgive you, Sonic, because obviously you can't show attraction to me," she told him, "You're shy, and I'm kind of your boss…" she snapped a glove to her arm, "So strip naked and bend over," she chuckled almost playfully.

"Yes ma'am!" he saluted gleefully before unzipping his jacket, pulling it off and laying it on the nearest hospital bed. "Y'know, one of these days we oughtta switch roles when we play Doctor. Just a thought!"

"I'll keep your suggestion in mind, Sonic," Amy half-agreed, watching him undress calmly before starting her search of all his orifices. Unlike with Shadow, she found nothing suspicious or not allowed, "Okay, now you can get dressed again," she told him with a small smile.

Sonic seemed even more enthusiastic than usual on this day, for obvious reasons. But he looked at her and smiled broadly as he put his things back on, "Thanks for always bein' so nice to me, Doc Blossom. I know it's a pain to keep fixin' me up, but it's your attitude that does most of the healin'. I'll see you when I get back, 'kay?"

"That's right," Amy smiled slightly, "And considering your attitude to women, and your visitor, I'm rather obligated to offer you one of these…" she held out a condom packet.

The rather charming inmate raised a conspicuous eyebrow, "Just one? You must not know who I am, Ms. Rose. I'm known for goin' top-speed allllll day long. Read the papers!" Once clothed, he stood up. "You're welcome to come with, if you like. In case I need more rubbers; you can be there personally to supply 'em. And I don't mind sharin'!" He was outright flirting with her, but at least he was gentlemanly about it.

"Just one. I know what inmates do with spare condoms, Sonic," Amy shook her head, "There was a tragic fatality once when a condom burst inside the 'gentleman', and he got a massive overdose of crack cocaine."

"Yeesh! And I'm supposed to feel safe with it…" Finally, he slipped his jacket on, and zipped himself up, "Have a good day, Doc."

"And you, Sonic," Amy watched him leave the infirmary with Nate, with a disappointed sigh.

"Your visitor will be here soon-" Nate stopped when he heard the knock at the door, and answered it to a lovely purple-haired mongoose, "Why hello there," he greeted quite politely, "You must be the lovely lady who has the day with Mister Hedgehog. He is the inmate you wanted to spend time with, right?"

Mina peeked past the old man at Sonic with a naughty smile, "Oh yeah, he's just the guy I wanted to see."

"You sure?" Sonic asked, grinning back with just as much gusto, "Word in the slammer is you've got yourself a crush on my cell-mate…"

"Oh God; he totally freaked me out!" Mina replied, stepping in. "Sitting across from that trippy Shadow guy was like sharing a table with the Devil himself!" She felt Sonic's eyes all over her; sponging up her many attributes. She was wearing the same outfit she'd visited Shadow in, at the blue hedgehog's request, "It had to be an act, right? Psychos like that don't exist in real life; so he can't be one of them. Right?"

Sonic grinned, "I kinda think of him as my Cell-sharin' Sweet-heart! He's got a soft spot for photography, which you already know. Whaddya think, Nate? Shadow's the house-wife kind, ain't he?"

Nate was watching and paying attention to both Sonic and Mina. He shook his head, "It's no act. I'm not really at liberty to discuss my personal opinion on inmates… but Shadow Robotnik is a genuine psychopath, and his behaviour shouldn't be taken lightly."

The hedgehog thumbed at the elderly guard while he spoke, "There ya have it. The guy's a total loon. But that's what makes 'im cute! Eh Mina?"

"Shadow? Cute?" Nate snorted disbelievingly, "I've seen cuter Lovecraftian nightmares."

"Actually, I agree with Blue over there," Mina pitched in, "Adorable. In a sadistic serial killer who shoves buzz-saws in lady's cootches kinda way…" She put both her hands behind her back, biting lightly at her lower lip. She knew how much Sonic loved it when she played cute like this. It made him feel randy. Like he was violating an innocent girl. A shy innocent girl who wanted him bad. "I'd never wanna be alone with him, but… You wouldn't mind being my bouncer if I met him again, would you, Sonic?"

"Meet Shadow? The three of us?" Sonic questioned, scratching the side of his head while he thought, "Interesting… Intriguing… I love it! That's a way to break the ice, wouldn't you say, Nate? Nothing like a Menage et Trois to get the tension off our backs!"

"… both of you? At once?" Mina asked, uncertain for a moment before a wicked grin overtook her, "I would SO do it. So long as you're there to keep that freak from shoving a shank in my throat! Is that even possible?"

"I dunno…" Sonic replied, "Nate. Is it possible?"

Nate frowned, "I'd have to pull a few strings. It's not *impossible* . The real question is, do you want it to be possible? Somebody could get badly hurt."

"Or somebody could get an Admiral Award for Progression of Orderly Conduct among a totally whacked out prisoner," Sonic suggested coyly. "I haven't failed you before, Old Man! Shadow got himself a visitor and now he's gleeful like a bull in a herd full o' pink cattle. He's been in a good mood! My plan worked. So, if you can get us that three-way conjugal, since Mina's into it so bad, I can guarantee that Shadow Robuttnik will be on his best behaviour!… Gimme three weeks! If Shadow can behave himself for three weeks, we can have the conjugal. That's the deal. Whaddya say?"

"Jeez, I've never had a threesome before…" the mongoose commented. Sonic eyed her warily, "Well, not with two guys, anyway…" She grinned over at him, who seemed to know exactly what she was referring to.

"People have tried to use Shadow as a tool before," Nate warned Sonic again, "The previous Head Warden died for it, and even Mephiles is wary about it. The idea that he would conduct himself with 'good behaviour' for one week is hard enough to believe, let alone three consecutive weeks. He's not a toy, ma'am. He's a serious threat, even behind bars."

"Well, you guys put Sonic in a cage with him, but he's still alive," Mina pointed out, looking over at her old friend. They were making lots of eye contact, silent vows to rock each other's world the moment Nate left the room, "And he's never lost a bet, or flopped on his end of a deal before. Believe me when I say he always delivers…"

Sonic grinned, "Come on, Lumpy! Just gimme a chance. If I fail, what's there to lose? Nobody gets a conjugal and you can say you tried. But if I win… And Shadow behaves like a Catholic School-Girl at her first communion, you work your magic and let us get it on! You can watch if you like… Heh."

"If you'll first sign some paperwork saying that you suggested and consented to such an… idea," Nate said finally to Mina, "One which places you and not the prison liable for anything unpleasant that

happens, I may be able to get you a threesome. It won't just need to be Shadow on good behaviour either, Sonic," he added, "You'll need to be on good behaviour too."

"Are you kiddin' me? I'm always a saint!" Sonic replied with a wink to Mina, who rose a slightly hindered eyebrow at him, as if disappointed, "Well… Today's an exception. Heh."

Mina seemed a bit unsure, though it was mostly due to a slight lack of confidence. Could she handle being 'shared' by two men at once? Specifically Sonic, who had a tendency to wear her out, and Shadow, who had claimed he would take her in every which way possible before *killing* her? She delved her mind toward the pleasure of it, "I'll bring my own lubricant," she told Nate with a decided smirk.

Of course, both Sonic and Nate knew that 'self-defence' was still allowed - but Shadow did have a nasty habit of being so crazy as to take the definitions of self-defence and the act of being provoked, and really push them. Nate finally nodded, "I can have the paperwork ready by the end of today… but offering Shadow favours isn't the best way to get him to behave himself. At best he could see it as an act of weakness, at worst he might see it as an act of pity, and try to kill you again, Sonic."

"Again?" Mina asked, stepping toward the bed to sit meekly next to Sonic, faking petite to arouse him further, "The psycho tried killing you? And he failed? You might be the best guy to protect me after all…"

"I'm the best guy for alotta things," Sonic responded, grinning. Nate had the pressing feeling that he should leave.

"He came pretty damn close to succeeding," Nate commented, "I'll be leaving you two alone now…" he nodded at Mina and Sonic, "There's a panic button if something goes badly wrong, miss, but it won't necessarily be me who comes to help."

"What a pity," Mina replied, "I was hoping you could help in an emergency, in case Loverboy here needs some wise advice…"

Sonic was at the brink of his tease limit, "Nate, you might wanna stick around. I'm about to perform some illegal acts on this Babe…"

"I'll be going *now*, ma'am," Nate Morgan said firmly to Mina, leaving the room quickly before he could be dragged into any other lewd conversation.

The exact instant the door shut and Nate was gone, Mina whacked Sonic right on his arm, "You're such a jerk, you know that? Working your trickery on such a humble old man like that! If you weren't this bad, you wouldn't turn me on and there could be a nice girl here to court your desires!" She smirked, eyeing him with green eyes that could burn.

"If I weren't this bad, you'd be married with some limp-dick college professor and have six kids by now, instead of in a conjugal trailer of the most dangerous prison on Mobius. About to get railed…"

Harley: To be honest, I don't actually want Shadow to be gay. It was just a dream I had. Bring me my white undies!

SonicFrank: Shut up about the dream already! Let's talk reviews… Readers! Leave us reviews! =]

Animals

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: Well, to make up for no Sonadow (unless SonicFrank turns into a woman who really likes Sonadow real soon), we give you SonMina! Someone asked when we'll be having some M/F sex in this fic, so here it is! SF likes SonMina, and after this chapter, so did I, and hopefully, you will too!

SonicFrank: Minor warning; Harley was typing with one hand through most of this…

Chapter Twenty-Four: Animals

Mina chuckled at Sonic's wicked attitude. Seconds ago he had been the very picture of the perfect inmate, polite, helpful and reasonable. Now he was being himself again, as wild and unpredictable as a lion in a hurricane. It really turned her on, "I guess the press will turn me into a girl who really likes bad boys, huh?" she asked Sonic, reaching out with one finger and trailing it down his jacket, "Are you as bad as you say, though? Or is Shadow badder?"

"You just volunteered to give me two shots at provin' it," he grinned back at her, running a careful hand with gentle fingers down her wavy, purple hair. Hair that he found gorgeous, just like the rest of her. "I really appreciate you doin' this for me, Mina… You're a good friend," his hand found her waist, which he grazed lightly on the back of his finger, "But that don't change the way I like it. Don't go hopin' I'm gonna be gentle with you today, or you'll be in for a wrecking…"

"Who said I wanted you to be gentle?" Mina asked naughtily, as she picked invisible mites of dust off Sonic's prison uniform, "Would I be asking to visit two bad boys at once if I liked it gentle? Today, I guess, is your chance to prepare me. After all, if I'm not prepared, all the fun will end early, won't it?" she trailed a finger down Sonic's cheek, grinning.

She felt Sonic twinge; being touched by a woman who wasn't off-limits, even on the cheek, sent burning chills throughout his body. Mina was a really big tease; so pretty, fragile and proper by profile. On the inside, though, she was a vixen, a minx with a sexual drive that could outrun a fired cannonball. She really turned him on. Much like Shadow had done, he lunged forward, wrapping his arms around that slender body of hers while his lips pressed with fiery aggression. He even growled. "God, you're so bad!" Sonic grumbled through their kiss while his teeth pulled on her bottom lip.

"You love it, you know you do," Mina managed. Being incapable of having sex with a woman for well over a month had made Sonic even more horny than usual. She was less frantic, but she loved the fast, rough way he moved with her. Even with them both still fully dressed it was incredibly arousing, and she started to grope at his well-toned body hard, knowing that he liked it when she was fierce right back at him.

The feel of Mina's hands on him, even through his bright orange prison slacks, felt to him like a praise; like she needed him on top of her just as Sonic needed her under. His barbaric actions rolled them right off the bed and onto the floor, but it made no difference. Sonic wasn't kissing her; he was tasting her mouth, using her body to quench his thirst. "You're wearing the same fucking thing you wore for the other guy just so you could get me to do you better than he would; you want me jealous!" he accused, embedding his tongue in her mouth again right after. His hands were everywhere..

"Oooh…" Mina moaned aloud as Sonic's heavy approach squeezed and groped and came close to almost fighting, "You wanted me to," she kissed him heavily again, "You want to prove you're better…"

and again, "Sonic the Hedgehog, afraid he might be upstaged by a common rapist…" and again, "At least, that's what you say he is…" she rubbed her hips against his, pushing her tongue into his mouth, moving it around inside thoroughly.

She didn't get her tongue back for nearly half a minute, because Sonic took it. His teeth grabbed hold and he sucked all the flavour out of it; a feminine taste he'd been deprived of for too damn long. Mina felt his intentions to paddle her, to rough her up and punish the slim mongoose for the things she'd been saying to him. He only hoped she'd say more.. "You're damn right I wanted you to!" Sonic growled, gripping tightly at her body with a repressed sense of purpose, "Shadow ain't gettin' anything from you, ANYTHING, that I ain't gettin' first.." he pulled the top half of his body off her, peering down with powerful eyes, "I may be sharing you, but that won't change anything. You're mine…" his hand crept up her shirt. He learned then and there that Shadow had missed an opportunity; she wasn't wearing a bra…

"Big words, coming from the boy locked behind bars," Mina grinned, biting Sonic's lip as she pushed her hands up his jacket and rubbed at the muscle there, "Playing nice for the cops, kissing up to the crazies and the bad boys to get the odd favour," she grunted as Sonic gave her breast a hard squeeze, and grabbed hold of his butt as they rolled again, with Sonic again on top, and she could feel the stiffness under his prison uniform, "Neither of you are getting anything unless I let you have it," she added.

"You'll let me have anything I damn want," Sonic scolded back, digging his knee into the ground so he could align their pelvises and push his rigid groin into hers, "And you'll fuck whoever I want you to. And like it. Cause' you're bad!" He pushed forward again, this time pinching and pulling at one of the pink nipples that awaited him beneath her tank. "I'll bet you've been fucking every Tom, Dick and Stanley in the whole God-damned music industry to get that pretty album cover you gave to Shadow…" his face leaned in, and he

tasted her flesh, running his warm tongue over the soft fur on her neck.

"Now that's just *mean*," Mina scolded him, wincing slightly as Sonic played with her breasts, "You know damn well I've got a good voice, to go with my good tongue… good mouth, and good lips too," she squeezed at his butt, "I'm a bad, bad girl… but I'm a very good singer…" she started to play with the zipper on Sonic's jacket with one hand, humping up against his hips and rubbing, feeling his erection. Sonic really had missed the feel of women's flesh…

By that point, Mina's wavy long hair was a hot mess, as were her clothes. Sonic was dominant, assertive, and very pushy. He was wringing the black top off her body, binding it side to side with such drive that she felt dragged out of it. He didn't even push it off all the way, punishing her for her delightful mockery by leaving it just around her wrists, where her extended arms would have trouble working it off. "You're a terrible singer; you're only good for one thing!" He groped hungrily at the soft cleavage on her chest. There wasn't much of it on Mina, but it still made him groan to touch them, "And that's being my bitch; my pretty little toy to get fucked by me whenever I see fit! And you love it, cause' you're that damn bad…" He pushed into her again, peering pulsating riffs of surging passion into her eyes. Sonic didn't think these things of her. He liked her singing, and had been the one to encourage her career in the first place. But this was their chemistry; their mutual grip on sexual aggression. While they fucked, he thought horrible things of her… And she more than approved.

"And if I just stopped visiting?" Mina asked him, wriggling around in her efforts to get her top off fully, "What would you do then, huh?" she got the top off and grabbed Sonic's sides, giving them an abrupt, savage squeeze, "You'd be frantic. You're so damn horny, you'd go queer for a fuck. You'd be so frantic you'd be the girl," she unzipped his jacket, and felt the softer fur on his chest and torso pressing and rubbing against her own, "Hey, I bet Shadow's so much badder than you, he's had you already…"

There was a deep roar letting loose in the hedgehog's head; Mina's words enraging him, which furthered his daring advances. She knew just what to say, what spots to touch and how to grab at him to enliven Sonic's lust for her. She challenged his ability, his pride, his everything, and this made him ravenous. He felt her legs wrap around him and bucked, hauling her bare back against the trailer's hardwood floor. "You think Shadow's bad? He can't even fuck you unless I say so, that's how much badder I am than him! You see this tit?" Mina's breast punctured his mouth, being sucked on at the standing pink nipple with vigor. Not too hard, not too soft; just enough for that painful pleasure she sought of him. "This is MY tit!" Then he jammed his hips forward again, grinding his hard crotch into hers with a loud grunt, "And this pussy's mine, too. Shadow can't have it, NOBODY can have it, unless I say they can!"

Mina groaned in a combination of pleasure and pain, "Yeah, what about all the guys you're scared I fucked to get my album out?" she pressed back, rubbing, loving the friction and how desperately frantic Sonic was acting… and it was no act, "You're terrified I've been having some while you're inside… and how could you stop me if I was, huh?" she reached down with one hand and started to squeeze his crotch area, "And why shouldn't I? You're a nice guy who just likes to fake being a bad boy…" she gazed into Sonic's wild green eyes, "There's badder boys than you doing community service!" Truth was that she did have another boyfriend on the outside; you couldn't live with your boyfriend on a thirty year rep. But as far as he knew, she was just visiting a good friend - it was part of what made her so bad.

"I'm LETTING you fuck them!" Sonic retorted, wriggling his hard chest and thick stomach along her soft body as he shifted to taste the flesh of her midsection. His hands were on her breasts and they were prodding at them almost harshly. Part of what made him an amazing lover was knowing limitations; he never overdid anything, never hurt her so bad it wasn't pleasing. Pushing the limits, however, placing her right on that slippery, perilous edge between pain and ecstasy, was something he had mastered. Especially with his hands,

lips and teeth. "Every time you sing, every time you kiss, every time you get fucked from behind, the side or any other way, it's because I'm allowin' it! Your body's my property, Mina Mongoose is my bitch, and that's not gonna change, cause' you love it when I fuck you and you can't live without my dick…" His hands released her breasts to grab at her legs; squeezing her thighs like they were his to abuse.

Mina moaned louder, "Sure, *sure* you're letting me…" she moaned condescendingly, "As sure as the moon lets the sun rise…" One hand still rubbing vigorously at his crotch, she returned to squeezing at his waist and pulling on the quills on his back, "You don't own nothing, Sonic the Hedgehog! And this is all your attempt to cover up that you're already somebody's bitch… oh yeah… you're desperate for some pussy but you really want mine…" she gasped sharply, "Yeah, the big man isn't such a man now…" she held on and rolled so that she was on top, if only for a little while, "Oh yeah, I could just head on out and leave you and you'd lie there screaming…" She rubbed heavily with her hands at Sonic's crotch, "You're so hard it hurts you!"

Sonic cringed in pleasure, the floor beneath him warm with Mina's body heat, "You could do any of those things, and I would let you," he told her, reaching out to run his large, strong hands over her entire upper body. The hedgehog's hands were so big, so powerful and so starved to touch her that she felt safe, she felt secure, she felt wanted and desired, whenever they engulfed her. He thumbed at both her breasts while they ran down her soft shoulders, thin arms, and curvy waist. "But then you'd be in a world of tears; you're be moping, depressed like a fat schoolgirl with lung cancer. Cause' I'd find someone else to fuck and you'd be one jealous bitch!" Mina knew Sonic had other lovers. Admittedly, she was a bit begrudged about it, as she had told him several times. But he always made her feel like his favourite, like his desire for her was strongest of all. "Besides, you came all the way over here, wore a filthy outfit like the malicious bimbo you are, just to get me off and get fucked by me. You wouldn't pass up a chance and you know it…" Surprisingly, he let her stay on top for the time being. But she knew it wouldn't last…

"Oh, I didn't come for you," Mina teased him, "Ooooh… you're good at being bad, Sonic, but you're not the… real thing…" she licked his chest where his jacket was hanging open loosely, "I wanted to try a little bit of the real thing…" she was definitely teasing him about Shadow now, "And like a chump, you walked right into it…" she grinned, before kissing him passionately, their tongues fighting for dominance, "And now, just to prove you're better than him, you're gonna give me the chance to try both of you at once…" she continued, before tugging on his quills again, "Look at you… you're just desperate for some," she grinned down at him, "You'd do anything to get some ass, you're totally pathetic…" she groped at his ass again, rubbing her hips vigorously against his, "I could make you cum so easy…" she taunted him.

For the first time this occasion, Sonic clutched Mina's rear, grasping and groping in a desirous frenzy as if he'd been holding back on it since she stepped into the room. The sexy singer's best quality, in the opinion of him and many others, was her ass. Firm, round, just perky enough to be cute. He was positive Shadow was having wet dreams about it, and that thought made Sonic hotter than black leather in the blazing sun. To have Mina Mongoose all to himself when so many others jerked off to her thought every night, to feel her, fondle her, touch her in all those forbidden spots like she was his toy while knowing there were hundreds, thousands, maybe millions of fans who thought of her as a petite princess and only dreamed of making love to her, turned him on more than a room full of dancing girls. So many people wanted her, yet she was all his to corrupt… He loved it. And he took advantage. "You know better than that," he retorted, scratching at the back pockets her brown, jean shorts, "Ain't nothin' on Mobius you enjoy more than makin' me cum, and you only WISH it came easier for ya… Once your playdate with Shadow gets done, you'll be beggin' me to cum in your mouth, cause' I even taste better… Heh."

"Or will I be begging him to stop cumming in my mouth?" Mina asked. Mina probably wasn't aware of it, but Sonic was pretty sure that a bunch of the flesh-and-blood wardens were watching this on a

video screen, and quite possibly recording it too, "Shadow inspired me for a song… can you inspire me too?" she asked him, yanking down his trousers and pants just far enough to free the rock hard erection he had, "Maybe I'll bring a tape measure… or does that worry you, Sonic?" she asked him, her hands now rubbing at flesh instead of fabric.

"You might beg him to stop cumming in your mouth, cause' you'll wish it were my turn instead," Sonic winced in pleasure, the touch of her hand on his swollen cock making him shiver, "Maybe you'll be able to keep up with me for a change, getting breaks in-between the real fucking with Shadow's low-tide rowing," his hands ran up her body, from the base of her spine up to her shoulder blades, gripping every inch of flesh along the way. "Why don't you just admit that I'm your favourite?" he asked, smirking up at her, "Shadow'll only help remind you of it… You want me bad, Baby…" His eyes matched his wicked smirk, burning in their fiery green gaze.

"Just because you're my *favourite* doesn't mean you're the *best*," Mina taunted him, staring into ravenous green eyes, "I bet I can make you cum before you even get inside me," she told him, rubbing the rougher fabric of her shorts against his cock hard, arousing herself with the hard feel of it, feeling damp inside, but noting that Sonic was trembling violently in his desire. She could make it with a different man every night, if she really wanted to, but for him, right now there was only her.

Sonic grabbed her chest again, this time with both hands taking hold of her entire upper frame. One of the benefits to Mina's small breasts was they allowed him to feel her whole body when he held her; there was nothing in his way. Their mutual, salacious quarrelling could send Sonic over the edge on its own, if he'd allow it. But he wouldn't. She was here now and he wouldn't waste one drop. "Please, you could make me cum without even touching me, without even being here! That's how much I love fucking you; I can do it in my head and nut all over the shower wall," he admitted with a grin, "But don't sit up there grinnin' like ya got somethin' over me, Toots, cause' it's the

same story on your side of the bars! But that don't make us equal…" he told her, grinning with flaring challenge behind his words, "I'm still in charge, no matter who's on top. I could flip you over and fuck you like a dog right now if I wanted to, and you'd love every second of it cause' you're a bitch and I'm your master…" He grabbed her face, pulling her down to taste her mouth again, bullying her tongue with his. His kiss was so thirsty; so demanding, she could orgasm in her shorts.

Once again pressed tightly against Sonic, Mina rubbed up against him hard some more as he moaned into her mouth and their tongues battled. Her hands pushed up into the blue quills on his head, tugging again as they writhed again, "You're nobody's master," she taunted him, "You're just some punk in orange begging for a screw from a woman for a change…" She kissed him again, lifting her hips up for a moment, before slamming them down and grating the fabric roughly against his cock, encouraging him further, "You say you can do something? Prove it!" she told him, before kissing him again, biting lightly on his lip.

He smirked into their kiss, relishing the rough, almost burning, nearly scraping sense of pleasure she was giving his sensitive knob with her denim shorts. It felt like the skin could tear at any moment, and damn it felt good. "I'll do something when I feel like it, bitch! Not when you tell me to," he grabbed her ass again, pulling her body towards him so he could suck on her breasts, "You just want me to cum on you, like the desperate little sex-driven minx that you are," He felt her spine quiver when he bit lightly on her nipple, teasing it with his teeth as she'd been teasing his cock, "But you don't get to make me cum until I say so! Or until you admit how bad you want it…"

"You think that?" Mina groaned as Sonic bit on her. She was still rubbing against him, and it felt good on her as well as him, "You're frantic! You're begging inside! The trouble with you, Sonic Hedgehog, is that you've honed to perfection every muscle in your body… except the ones you need to think with!" She squeezed at his ass

with her hands, her nails digging a little in, and she was trembling as much as he was, "You think everything is your say-so, but what do you do in here, huh? You want me bad but you can't have me unless I let you! Unless I come here for you! You can't do a thing about anything I do! You need me!"

In a sudden burst of animosity, Sonic yanked her body to the side and rolled her over, but not so he was on top. Mina found herself on her side, engulfed and embraced in a furious make-out session while he humped her right back. God, he hadn't even penetrated and he was still so damned good, giving it to her is long, hard thrusts, just the way she liked it. "You didn't come all this way to be nice, Ms. Songbird! You made this trip because you missed me, Baby, and you can't deny it," his mouth encased hers again, hands grabbing her firm rear to pull her into his thrusts, "You wouldn't be here if you didn't need me.. Nobody gives it to you like I do; nobody can make you quiver like the one who owns you. Now tell me you want my cum, or I'm gonna skip the pussy and fuck you right in your throat… Maybe your ass, I haven't decided yet…"

"I bet Shadow wouldn't wait for my permission," Mina smirked. Sonic's orange trousers were now somewhere around his knees, "Oh, go on then… you can fuck me if you like," she smiled as if she was granting Sonic a huge favour. She knew it wasn't the answer Sonic wanted. But she also knew from the friction of their bodies, from his groping, from his heavy kisses and the wild, hungry look in his eyes, that he was currently even more frantic than she was, and that was really saying something.

Sonic gave her an appreciative grin, impressed with her skill when it came to teasing him. She knew all the right spots to hit and damn, she had good aim. Still, her challenging remarks only reeled him in further, and he kissed her, hard. Not an injection of his tongue to choke or taste her, not a ravenous sign of dominance, but an honest to goodness kiss. He really missed Mina Mongoose, and she really was his favourite. He never said it, but the rabid hedgehog was sure she already knew, just by the vigour and velocity he used when he

fucked her. Like he couldn't get enough of her, like he wanted her in every which way, over and over. He'd stay hard for her even when he had nothing left, and would only stop taking her when his body gave out, and he reached muscle failure. It always took a long, long time. His forceful hold on her bottom didn't lighten up, but it changed in texture from a disrespectful, degrading hold to one of much aggressive passion. "I really missed you, y'know," he told her when their kiss broke, smiling as his hands ran up her spine again. When they reached her shorts, he began pulling down the zipper.

"I bet you did," Mina's expression softened, just a little, "I know you're a tough guy, Sonic… but when you're in this place with… these people…" she gestured to the Island in general, "I worry about you. You're better than them," she told him, before indulging in another deep kiss, her tongue running over his lips as she writhed to make it all the easier for Sonic to pull down her shorts. As he did so, she began to pull down his trousers further, although to pull them off entirely they'd have to break the kiss. Sonic definitely wouldn't want his body constrained by clothing for this, and neither did she.

He moaned into her kiss, holding her face in his hands when her shorts were out of reach, "I'll be outta here soon. I promise," he told her in a light whisper, before his expression when sinister again, "Until then, I'll give you a few things to remember me by," with that, he let go of her, and turned on his back to sit up and remove his intrusive trousers. Mina was about to do the same, but he stopped her and did the honours instead, grinning as he slid her shorts and panties down her smooth, shapely legs. He wanted to be naughty with her, do nasty things to the girl who's come all this way to get fucked by him, but for now, just for now, he wanted the pleasure of her company more than anything else. To hold her, to caress her, to genuinely look into her marvellous green eyes and relay how much he whole-heartedly wants her. Everything else could come later, but when he mounted himself atop her and gazed down, his intentions were nothing but passionate. Rough and wild, but mostly passionate.

Now with both of them naked, Mina wrapped her arms around Sonic, not wanting to lose the heat that had built up between them, kissing him, if not gently then at least with deep passion as her hands rubbed and squeezed at him, and his now-free cock was still pressed hard against her flat belly. She was lying on her back on the hardwood floor of the trailer, spreading her legs wide beneath him as she closed her eyes into the ever-deepening kiss. It always felt so good… whether they took it rough and frantic, or slower and more gently, sex with Sonic always felt good, and she loved his stamina as much as she loved his skill, and his bravery too.

She felt him shift above her while they kissed, Sonic's tongue circling her own with a massaging caress as he sucked gently on her lips. Most kissing partners she had been with, specifically her current boyfriend, didn't have the level of intensity that this majestic hedgehog portrayed. His lips could make her feel used and dirty like a filthy slut, or they could treat her like a royal gift from the heavens. The way he moved atop her, careful not to hurt his lover atop the hardwood floor, had his cock positioned between her legs and against her moist opening in no time. He broke the kiss, looked fathoms deep into her eyes, and pushed inside her, breathing hard as he stretched out her warmth..

Mina gave a groan - she was no stranger to Sonic's length, but it always felt good on entry, and she was so hot and wet inside already… "Oooooh…" she moaned, gazing into his emerald-green eyes. Sonic was one of the longest she had ever been with that, but he didn't let that compensate for any lack of quality like some men, still putting his all into the movements, "Oh, yeah…" she groaned out, raising her hips off the floor, gritting her teeth to get him as deep inside her as she possibly could.

Apart from having great chemistry and thinking she was gorgeous, sexy and a total babe in every way, Sonic was even moreso attracted to her personality in the bedroom (or wherever else they may be intimate). The way she squealed, moaned, oooohed and mmmm'd were all to his delight; like she'd been specially designed to

arouse him by every means imaginable. Whether they were passionate and loving or vulgar and fucking, she did everything just right, and her skinny frame kept her so damned tight. "Nnnngg… Mina.." he let out in desperation, succumbing to the tense, drenched pleasure that her inner walls were giving. He started slow, savoring every thrust, buck and wriggle, peering into her eyes to show her how he loved it.

"Sonic…" Mina groaned passionately as Sonic began to thrust in and out of her, grunting softly at first, but the volume increasing with the tempo. She took hold of his cute ass, savouring it… Sonic was a criminal, but he was still a good person, she was certain of it… and then she began to squeeze each time he thrust in, raising up her hips to meet his, looking deep into his eyes as he took her and she took him and they both sped up.

The blue, groaning, thrusting hedgehog above her was treasuring this moment they were sharing together. There was nothing but love there, if only that of close friends. Mina had so much love for him that she was sharing her body with him, her most intimate possession by a long shot. No matter what took place after this endearing moment, however hard, hateful, grotesque or even erotically painful, she would at least know he adores her throughout it. The sight of her beneath him with her wavy hair sprawled out and her face flushed red, Sonic sped up, giving in to both her desires and his own alike. His face closed in on hers, brushing his lips passionately on hers while he plowed her insides with his entire throbbing length. She even heard him whisper her name in her ear.

Mina groaned again, the sounds becoming louder, and shorter, until, as their bodies pressed together harder and faster, the gentle start giving way to lustful and rapid desire, she was crying out, and soon enough she was crying out his name with each thrust. She knew deep inside that what they had would probably never be true, forever love, but she also knew that she would never love anybody quite the same way she was loving Sonic, her hands in his fur and his quills, and him deep inside her, touching and rubbing and squeezing her in

all the best places as her back rubbed against the floor, her purple hair sprawled all over it as she cried out for more.

Sonic was also panting, his face covered in a thick mask of riveting, pleasured anguish, though his gaze into her glistening eyes never broke for a second. He had this unique, sensual way of combining his moans with grunts that almost beckoned her arousal. To make matters all the more provocative, he could talk while he was doing it. "Nnnggg! Mina..!" he groaned out loud, planting his hands closer to her head so he could lift and plunge harder, deeper, faster. By now he was impaling her, over and over and without worry, because he knew she could take it.

"Sonic! Oh! Sonic!" Mina cried out, sweat starting to run down her face. But she was loving every thrust, he could see it. And she could see it in him while he thrust into her, and she gave an even louder cry as she began to orgasm beneath him, her hot insides tightening further around his cock, becoming hotter, and wetter, and her body became more desperate for every thrust, and each and every thrust was him laying a deeper claim to her body, more claims, harder and deeper and faster as she gripped him even more tightly.

Before she'd been with Sonic, Mina doubted that further arousal during an intense orgasm was possible, but Sonic the Hedgehog broadened her horizons with his many deep-rooted grunts when he came with her. Making men ejaculate was nothing out of the ordinary, but Sonic's peaks were special, distinctive by the way she could felt every inch of him pulsate inside her, throbbing, beating against her walls and making their deepest depths tingle. She couldn't just tell that he came, it was deeper than that. The mongoose could see it, in his eyes, feel his body tighten above her, adorn in the warmth of his lions as his cock spurt thick ropes of his seed into her womb. And despite how difficult the intensity had made it, not once did he break his gaze. "Mina.."

"Oh… yes…" Mina gasped out, her body trembling against his, "Oh… Sonic…" she moaned breathlessly, still writhing underneath him, gazing up at him and sweating as she pressed her hips tightly

to his while he came inside of her and beneath him, her orgasm reached its fullness, and she released what was almost a scream, a sound of unbridled joy as her hips jerked erratically, and he felt her insides twitching, pressing and constricting against the length of his muscle within her.

Her incarcerated lover finally broke their gaze, but not for anything petty. His arms wedged themselves between the floor and her shoulder, pulling the mongoose into a solid embrace. She could feel his heartbeat thumping against her chest. Sonic was never out of breath from running a thousand miles an hour or however fast he could go, but strong, passionate sex with Mina seemed to do the trick somehow. He waited for her orgasm to subside, her insides only loosening slightly at its climax. And then he told her the honest truth. "Don't ever let my fucktalk steer you wrong, Babe. You ARE my favourite. And you're my best… Even better than Shadow," he told her with a charming grin, sweat dripping off his brow.

Slowly relaxing in his arms, Mina held him in a close embrace. Even if they were only words, they were spoken with such sincerity that she could never bring herself to believe they might be a lie. She kissed him deeply. She was never sure how to respond - Sonic was a convict, and in all likelyhood she expected that he would be locked away for most of his life. And she couldn't devote herself sexually to him alone while that was the case; they both knew that. But then again, she didn't have to at all, really. All the same she kept coming back for more of his love, his sex, his wild personality that despite his incarceration, could never be tamed, "Oh, Sonic…" she murmured.

She didn't respond to his compliments, but he didn't mind. She didn't have to. Her presence and willingness to share herself with him was enough of an answer. After a moment, he let go of her, and that mischievous, devilish, wicked grin of his came back with a vengeance. "Now you're gonna pay for all those comments you made. But don't be sorry; cause' I'm gonna do worse…" Mina was in for a full-pledged railing, a violation, a fucking of epic proportions. And Sonic knew she looked forward to it from the start.

Harley: Hurrah for all things that have sex!

SonicFrank: And it doesn't end there. There's lots more steamy fornication to come. But let us know what you thought of our first M/F scene in the fic! Did we do well?

Threesome

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: Whoa! Twenty-five chapters! This is a landmark! We ought do something especially nasty in this one!

Harley: That being said, there is some serious, heavy-duty gang-rape in this chapter. Really, really gruesome. If you don't like rape… well, what the HELL are you doing still reading this fic?

SonicFrank: How many people do you need for it to be gang-rape anyway?

Chapter Twenty-Five: Threesome

The gym area was loud with nonsense chatter, heavy grunts and falling weights. Saturday mornings were usually this way, since most of the inmates wanted their workouts over with before lunch so they could spend the rest of their days engaged in various weekend activities. Among the crowd was Knuckles the Echidna, doing pull-ups on a bar positioned on the far wall of the room. He could manage an impressive fifty, on his best day. Most inmates could barely do three. Sonic could do twenty; or so said the crowd. When he fell to his feet, he was grunting, and swung his arms to stretch his chest.

As was becoming customary now, Tails was hovering nearby, ready and unwilling to have to do anything that was demanded of him. He hated this whole situation. And he especially hated being surrounded by the same jocks who beat him, insulted him, and had repeatedly raped him. He hated being so reliant on Knuckles, and frankly, the

day when Sonic could challenge the red echidna, even if he was the prize, couldn't come soon enough. He looked around himself, trying not to look too nervous, and put his book down carefully, picking up a couple of light weights thoughtfully and looking at them. Since he could now come into the gym without being used as the punching bag, he wondered if it might be possible to start working out on the sly.

The dominant figure hadn't taken wind of the fox's intentions until he actually started lifting the weights. Incorrectly, at that. Knuckles watched him for a moment, contemplating the situation. It wasn't long before he decided it wasn't to his liking, and he stomped up to Tails and back-handed him right in the face. "What the fuck do you think you're doing? When did I say you could lift weights?"

"I, uh…" Tails dropped one of the weights, and it missed a human's foot by inches, "Sorry, sorry," he stammered quickly to Knuckles, "You, you didn't, I'm sorry, Knuckles," he stammered out to the red guardian, rubbing his face, "Um, what would you like me to do?" he asked quickly, trying to placate Knuckles and keep him from hitting him again.

"I'd like you to stay soft and furry the way you've been since the day I first tamed that ass!" the echidna replied, angered. He was aware that the gym's whole population were staring, and that Miles Prower was being ridiculed yet again at his hands. "How about you go around to every single one of these fine gentlemen and let them know, politely, of course, that you're Knuckles' bitch, and he said you aren't allowed to lift. So if they ever see you doing it, they have my permission to back-hand you in the skull!" He crossed his arms, waiting. "Go ahead. Now."

Tails cringed, flushing in humiliation, but nodded. The price for safety in a prison was always high, especially for the smaller and weaker inmates like him. Since his only other choice was getting a savage beating, he nodded, turning to the nearest inmate, "Um, I, I'm Knuckles' bitch. I'm not supposed to lift, and if you ever see me doing so, you have Knuckles' permission to back-hand me…" Still

flushed, he repeated those words to every single one of the jocks, and in a handful of cases, their own boyfriends, before finally returning to Knuckles, cringing in front of him, "That's better now, right?" he checked with the echidna, hoping that was needed for now, but not in the least sure that it would be.

"No," the dreadlocked inmate replied with a frown, but he was amused nonetheless, "But I can't think of anything else to have you do, so… Why not stand right here, on one foot, while I finish my workout? Then we'll get some lunch." With that, he turned to his next exercise, and looked back to check if Tails was following his orders.

Tails winced. He had pretty good balance, fortunately for him, and obediently stood on one foot, feeling like a fool. Of course, that was the point - that he had to do everything Knuckles told him, however stupid it made him look.

Entering the gym, Shadow Robotnik was not a happy hedgehog. Sonic had gotten a conjugal. That he could live with. Sonic was grating on his nerves. That, he could also live with. His stash of porn had reduced in value. He could also live with that, because people still wanted porn in their own cells, if not so badly. In fact, he could live with a whole plethora of things. But when they were all messed together, he couldn't live with them all. He felt like he was losing control - not of one or two things, but of almost everything at once, and that just wouldn't do. Frustrated, he punched a punching bag hard enough to smack it into the convict on the other side. When the human opened his mouth to insult him, he glared. Shadow was spoiling for a fight and all it might take would be for somebody to drop a weight. Or blink.

Shadow being in a bad mood was bad juju on Prison Island. This discouraged many of the inmates' workouts, and the gym got substantially quieter as they cut their time short and left. Only a few were left, among them being Knuckles, who was so focussed on his repetitions, he hadn't noticed the change. Tails was also there, standing on one foot while fearing for his life.

Shadow ignored the fox completely, heading for some weights and getting into a position to stretch out his legs. He wanted to hit somebody, and beating on Tails wouldn't cut the mustard. It was easy and boring, even when the two-tailed fox managed to fight back enough to run away. Of course, now that he was under Knuckles' protection he wasn't allowed to run off, but it still wouldn't be satisfying; he'd tried. He paused and looked at the echidna. "Red," he growled at Knuckles, "Why are you messing around with little bitches in here, and not hunting down the Preacher like we agreed in our deal?"

He didn't answer right away. He instead got one more rep in, and put his weights down carefully, before standing up and turning around, "Well, it'd have been cozy if you hadn't beaten the shit out of him and gotten him stuffed in the infirmary before I could get my hands on 'im!" Knuckles shot back, glaring, "And it doesn't help that you can't control that cellmate of yours. If not for him, we'd have had our fun in the shower that day…"

"Hey, he's not my 'mate'," Shadow stood up, "And I'm all for putting Sonic through some serious butthurt in due time. Don't you blame that worthless blue cunt for your own failures. And if your problem is with Preacher being locked up nice and comfy in the infirmary…" he cracked his knuckles noisily, "The trouble with you, Fuckles," he said rudely, "Is that you don't think you need to respect me. You don't feel the need to honour our agreement… But you had better wise up and quick, or I might have to be your instructor…"

Knuckles didn't appreciate being told what to do. And he especially didn't concur with being humiliated. "I advise you watch your fucking mouth, Stripes," the red echidna warned, pointing a fist at him, "You must forget who you're talking to. I'll fuck whoever I want, whenever I want, and that white hedgehog's gonna get it when I see fit! You got a problem with that? Go cry about it."

"If I gave a shit, your latest pet wouldn't have to be your pet," Shadow scowled, "I outrank you. You'd love to get some of mine but you can't and you won't. And additionally…" he gritted his teeth and

punched Knuckles very hard in the gut, before moving in and delivering what he liked to call the Shadow Upper. It resulted in an elbow being jammed into Knuckles' ribcage.

Tails was still standing on one foot, not at all sure who he was rooting for, but absolutely certain that he should stay out of the fight as much as possible.

Knuckles was doubled over in pain, gritting his teeth. But nevertheless, he grinned, and stood up, "Fuck your rank, and fuck the deal! Your ass is mine!" He charged at the hedgehog and delivered a double-hook right to his face before ramming him into a wall, "You wanna play with me, motherfucker? I'll beat your ass DEAD!"

Shadow grinned, feeling much better, and got Knuckles into a headlock, slamming him straight into a wall. As he staggered briefly, he took the opportunity to kick the echidna's legs out from under him. Knuckles was stronger, but Shadow was quicker. Shadow was smarter but Knuckles was saner. And both were undisputedly total bastards, "The only ass taking a beating will be yours, Princess!" he sneered down at Knuckles.

While down on his knees, Knuckles seized the opportunity to punch the psychotic hedgehog on the side of his knee as hard as he could. If he weren't already tired from his workout, it'd have required surgery to fix, because it'd have shattered. All it did was make Shadow fall to his side, though, and Knuckles greeted him with a punch to his jaw, "I'll show you who's a princess, Bitch! When you've got my dick in your pussy!"

"You think that? I'd love to see things from your point of view…" Shadow grunted, jamming Knuckles in the crotch with his good knee and taking the second of reprieve to slam Knuckles' head sideways into some weights, "But I can't get my head that far up my ass!"

The echidna's arm and shoulder muscles were aching from his workout; and the abuse he was taking from Shadow was taking a

major toll. Still, he'd be damned if he just rolled over and exposed his belly. He was bleeding from the head, but so would Shadow by the time he was through with him. Faking a punch to his face, he instead grabbed the hedgehog's neck with both hands, and started squeezing. "I run this bitch, God Damn it!" he yelled out, desperate and enraged to win this bout.

Being choked didn't slow Shadow down; it just made him more angry, "That's because you are the bitch!" he choked, grabbing hold of Knuckles' dreads and pulling hard, slamming his forehead into the echidna's nose and resulting in a nosebleed on Knuckles' part, "Fucking buttmunch!"

"Who's a buttmunch?" In times like these, when he couldn't rely on his fists, Knuckles knew to resort to his tremendous weight. For someone his size, he was heavy, twice as heavy as Shadow at least. So he lunged forward, pushing the hedgehog on his back to crawl on top of him, trying to pin him to the ground. "When you wake up I'll be fucking your ass like the little slut you are, Woman!" Then he punched him in the face, attempting to get his knees locked underneath the insane inmate's armpits to render his arms useless. It didn't work.

"When you wake up, you'll be right where you need to be - in the goddamn infirmary with that fish Preacher!" Shadow's hold on Knuckles' dreads tightened, and he again swung the echidna's head to one side, into a wall, "Why don't you scream for help to your bitch!" he shouted, referring to Tails, who was still standing on one foot and trying to hop away from the brawl at the same time.

Knuckles would have retaliated. He'd have swung a weak fist or tried to choke the hedgehog. But he couldn't. That last strike to his head knocked him out cold, leaving Shadow the victor, and Tails all alone.

Shadow punched Knuckles once more in the balls, just for good luck, kicked him off, and then looked up at Tails nastily, "Well since Faggy here is out cold," he backed off him, "If anybody asks, he swung the first punch, didn't he, Prower?" Tails nodded mutely, his fear of

Shadow currently outweighing any petty loyalty he had to the unconscious Knuckles, "So you can put your foot down now," he sneered, standing up and walking out of the gym without another word.

Tails swallowed, putting down his foot as a Guard Robo and a Warden arrived to pick up Knuckles and drag him off to be cleaned up at the infirmary. The echidna would be fine; his skull was legendarily thick. Tails was somewhat more worried about himself. Now would be a prudent time, he considered, to pick up some lunch and then spend as much of the day in his cell as possible.

Halfway to the dining hall, very much on his own again, he decided that for today at least, it might be wisest to skip lunch - he'd done it before to avoid otherwise inevitable beatings and he had a nasty feeling that with Knuckles temporarily out for the count, some of the jocks might be interested in an attempt at taking him for themselves. He turned, and headed back to his own cell.

Prisons were in a lot of ways just like kindergartens. Juicy gossip got around fast, and while Shadow's intentions were to beat the shit out of Knuckles, Tails couldn't help feeling that the psychotic hedgehog took the echidna out just to torture the fox. He had half a mind to ask the guards to lock his cell door, but they wouldn't do it. Simply because he asked.

He returned to his cell, sitting on his hard mattress. After a few seconds he took out a book and started to read again. Since he'd been Knuckles' toy, at least he'd been eating better, so he'd make it to dinner-time without feeling too hungry. With a bit of luck Knuckles would be back on his feet by then; unlike the frightened Silver who was taking as much time in the infirmary as he could, rather like Tails had done. Knuckles would want to be seen, and he would also want to get back at Shadow as soon as possible.

"You know what I miss about the outside world?" Queen Bean asked 'her' friend and pimp Bark, "Being outside. And making things

explode. There was bombs… bombs like Stella, and Julius… they had such great things planned and now they're sitting all alone wondering when I'm coming back, sitting all alone… kinda makes you sad, doesn't it?" The crazy duck wiped away an imaginary tear as he walked down the corridor, "Oh, and I miss the clubs. Did'ja hear about Shadow whaling the hell out of Knuckles? That's why Red wasn't at lunch. Still, I always say you should always look on the bright side of life…"

"What bright side?" Bark grunted. He was used to Bean chattering on wildly.

"It wasn't us," Bean pointed out, "Hey, I wonder what his girlfriend Tails is doing! He wasn't at lunch either!" 'she' added.

The large polar bear stopped short, scratching an itch off his left arm. "Red's been taken oughtta commission? For how long?" he asked, interest peaked. With how much Bean constantly blabbered on, he didn't have much patience for other gossip. The eccentric duck usually gathered it all for him, and let him know all about it whether he wanted to hear it or not. That's when he noticed Storm headed their way. He was in the wrong wing. And they had the same idea…

"Oh, you know that thick skull of his… he's just out cold for a few hours, he'll be back on his feet by lights-out I bet!" Bean continued, "Yeah, I bet Tails is waiting in his cell right now!" he grinned. There was nothing overtly malicious about him; he was just totally crazy. Common perception was that all the terrorist activities with explosions he'd been involved in had fried his brain, "Could be getting pretty hungry maybe!"

Bark made eye-contact with the albatross, Storm. At one glance he knew they had the same intentions. "Bean… I'm gonna go keep the kid some company. Storm's coming, too. You be a good girl and wait outside his cell, and let me know if the guards are coming…" Bark stepped forward, observing as Storm waited outside the fox's cell for him. They'd seize this opportunity together.

"Can do, boss!" Queen Bean saluted. 'She' knew damn well what was going to happen in Tails' cell. For Bean, being fucked was just another job that actually felt pretty good by now, and with Bark as backup 'she' could pick and choose 'her' customers. She leaned casually on the cell door, scanning the corridor. She was loyal enough to Bark to give fair warning whether wardens, Guard Robos or other inmates came along.

Bark and Storm stood before one another for a moment, scanning. Did either of them care for being dominant? Was there any chance of betrayal, backstab or double-crossing? Would they speak of this event afterwards? As they grinned at one another, they both knew the answers were no. Bark allowed Storm to go in first, sliding the door open and stepping inside with a big smile. "Good afternoon, Miles. All alone today?" he asked, knowing full-well that the kid had been expecting it.

"We're here to keep you some company, since your Daddy ain't here to play with you," Bark added, sliding the door shut behind him. They both had sinister smirks on their faces. Without Knuckles, Tails was meat.

Tails cringed visibly, "I don't need any company, thank you," he said curtly but politely, knowing it wouldn't change a damn thing, "I think I'll go to the rec room for a while. On my own."

He stood up, ready to hurry out of the cell, when Queen Bean stuck out a leg, blocking the door. It wasn't a real block, because Bean wasn't any bigger than Tails, but definitely a sign of horrible things to come, "Don't run off, Prower," 'she' grinned, "We'd miss ya real bad."

"You missed lunch today," the larger bird in the cell commented, placing a heavy hand on the kitsune's soft shoulder, "We brought you a little something to fill you up, is all…"

"And since Knuckles can't feed you, well… You'll have to swallow what we give you to swallow," Bark intervened, "And take what we have to give. Kapeesh?" He cracked his large knuckles. Tails had

been raped by the both of them before, but not both at the same time…

"Let go of me!" Tails wriggled free. Not only did he have an obligation to Knuckles to fight, but he would have fought back anyway. It was always better to try and make yourself too much trouble than it was to just take it. Even when you didn't stand a chance, "Both of you leave me alone! I don't want any of what you've got!"

"Of course you don't," Storm replied, and slammed the young fox up against the wall, facing him,"But don't you see? That's what makes this so much fun. Right Bark?"

"Yeah… hope you ain't no vegetarian, kid." Bark commented, also stepping up to corner their victim against the wall, "Cause' I've got some meat for that pretty little mouth 'o yours…"

"Leave me alone! LEAVE ME ALONE!" Tails screamed instinctively, pinned in the corner. He'd been ganged up on before, and it was going to be horrible, and there was no way he could talk his way out of it. He made an attempt to shove his way forward, with absolutely zero success, "Knuckles will be really pissed! He'll find out! And he'll beat you both to hell and probably fuck you right back! He'll get you for this!" Tails cried out, praying that fear of the sexual predator might hold them back.

"Well then, we're just gonna have to make it all worthwhile, ain't we?" Bark shot back with a nasty smirk, "Why don't you take your clothes off for us? Gimme a strip-tease like Bean does… Or else you won't have anything to left to wear…" the large bird added. He'd always been the type to tear at clothing. Tails knew; he'd gone through three jackets because of him.

Bean giggled at Bark's comment from the cell door. She was going to be no help at all; she was too loyal to Bark, and too crazy, and also too gay to try. If she had, she'd probably get fucked hard for it too. Tails gritted his teeth, "I guess you'll have to tear then!" he told

Storm as bravely as he could, "So that everybody knows nobody wants to be with you and you have to take it!"

Storm had gone from playful to straight-up brutal as he back-handed Prower not on the side of his face, but in his mouth, as if scolding him for his challenging comments. Tails felt his jacket pulled at the chest, the zipper track shattering into tiny fragments as not Storm, but Bark, tore at it. He didn't appreciate the kid's attitude either, and so they would get violent. They would draw blood. And they would stain him. Neither of them said anything more, but more blows were aimed at Tails' body, a barrage of fists and elbows to dwindle his defences for the upcoming battle.

Tails was notorious for being loud, and now was no different as he lashed out to try and fight back, shouting for help, even though he knew it was hardly likely to come. The trouble was that before prison Tails had used no weapon with more clout than an autodialler, and his punches were completely ineffectual. Just the same, he frantically tried to wriggle his way free out of the corner to make a run for it, until the savage punches from his two attackers brought him down to his knees, spitting blood out from his mouth.

His two assailants were savage, beastly, and in Bark's case, even bearish, trimmed claws grabbing at his hair, pulling so hard it was nearly pulled off. Storm continued his uncivil disposal of the kid's clothes, shredding the jacket's seams when he more than easily could have taken it off, and actually pecking the undershirt off with his beak. Some of the fox's fur went along with it.

Tails squealed in pain as he was cut lightly over and over again. Still trying to get out of his corner, he began to cry loudly, as he realised he probably would have been safer sticking with the crowds, or at least staying in the light. Here in his cell he was penned in and alone, "Stop it! STOP IT!" he screamed, flailing to try and get his back away from them, kicking out at their legs as hard as he could manage as his clothes were shredded.

All alone in his cell with two loutish monsters that could easily overpower him individually, Tails saw no hope. And without Knuckles or even Sonic to come to his aid, he was doomed to suffer at the hands of these two crude, sadistic bullies. He'd done nothing to them, and yet they persecuted and violated him the first chance they got. Bark eventually kicked him in the stomach, and held his foot there for long enough to crush the breath out of him. He heard Storm unzip his pants. Then he was lifted, and tossed to the center of the cell, where they could both defile him at once.

Even out of breath and seriously bruised, Tails tried to get away, but with next to no effort, Bean kicked him back into the middle of the cell and returned to keeping watch, "Knuckles… Knuckles will be really mad about this…" he panted out, rolling onto his back so that he could at least see Bark and Storm. This was going to be horrible, "I'll bite!" he threatened them, even though he knew that if he did, he was a dead fox. Perhaps being dead was preferable to the current circumstances…

Bark grinned, "Good, I like teeth…" By that point, his pants were down, and he was already stroking his erection. It was proportionate to his size, and being a six-foot Polar Bear made his cock as monstrous as him. Tails knew it was an empty threat; he couldn't bite down on something that only barely fit in his mouth, when forced. Storm was already trouserless as well, though he kept his boxers on, his shaft protruding through the slit on the front. He didn't bend Tails over but punched him on the back of the head, so hard he had to double over. Then Bark used his walloping hands to force the fox onto his knees.

"You can't bite with your pussy, Boyfriend…" Storm replied with a grin, grabbing onto the two tails that made him unique and yanking, reasonless, really hard.

Tails howled with pain. He hated people pulling at his tails. It was almost impossible to project authority with two big fluffy tails that numerous inmates called 'cute'. The blow to his head almost knocked him out as he tried to get away from the two towering giants

behind him. With all of his clothing bar boots and gloves torn aside, he was lying pretty much naked in his cell and he was about to get raped. He so badly wished that a warden would come along and maybe disturb it - they had, sometimes - or even a Guard Robo that would confuse sex for fighting, which was pretty much what it was. Tears were streaming down his face and he had never wanted to see Knuckles more in his life.

He felt Storm use his twin tails to steer the defenceless fox into place, grabbing at his hips when the moment came and piercing the skin with carving talons. "Mmmmm, here comes the pain, Baby!" Tails felt his cheeks spread apart as Storm bore into him, mercilessly forcing his hard cock into the fragile boy's ass with a putrid grunt of immense pleasure. As if that wasn't bad enough, the towering polar bear stepped up in front of him, awaiting his yelp of pain.

Tails screamed, because frankly there was nothing else he could do. His ass had been forced into many times by now, but it still hurt and he never got used to the pain, especially from somebody as big as Storm. He was pretty sure he was already bleeding…

Regrettably, the meek inmate had done exactly what Bark had been counting on. When he screamed in agony at the albatross's vile treatment, his cry was muffled almost instantly when Bark forced his enormous prick into the weak kid's mouth. It took an ample amount of hindrance, burrowing, and even stretching, for him to bear into Tails' small mouth, but he managed it. And to the penetrated fox's horror, his head was grabbed and pumped rhythmically into, searing his throat. He couldn't bite down, even if he tried. Storm was also pounding violently at his insides from behind.

Trapped between the two of them, in what was one of the most horrific and degrading situations he had ever been in, Tails felt blinded by humiliation and misery. In his mind, he couldn't stop screaming, but now he wasn't even allowed to do that. Both cocks were thick and long, thanks to the size of their owners. And Tails was small and frail, bleeding from behind and choking from the front, sobbing silently with his eyes squeezed tightly shut. Pulling away

from one meant more pain from the other, and finally he had no choice but to surrender, yanked back and forth between Bark and Storm.

And yank him they did. They alternated beats, at some points pushing while the other pulled, shoving their thick members deep inside him in alternating strokes, and at other times, they thrust inside him together. If they could get the tips of their cocks to meet at the half-way point, they would. And it seemed to Tails like that's what they were attempting. "Oh yeah, not so hungry now, are you ya filthy slut?" Bark sneered.

"Mmmmm, that echidna does a damn good job maintaining this pussy," Storm remarked as he fucked Knuckles' toy, "Not too tight, but definitely not loose. Just fucking perfect!"

"His lips ain't so bad either," Bark responded. That's when Tails knew they would eventually switch positions. Storm would be in his mouth, and if that wasn't scary enough, Bark would be in his ass, splitting him in half…

Tails was in no position to retort, his gloves tearing and his nails bleeding as he was forced into positions that pleasured his tormentors immensely, but were almost bone-breaking for him. The pain was so appalling, he just knew there was going to be a point when he could no longer take it and was going to pass out, but regrettably it wasn't just yet. And he knew that even if he did pass out, they would keep going. His body was no longer his own possession. Right now he belonged to them. He knew it, they knew it, and he had no choice, barely even capable of breathing thanks to the shaft in his mouth. He wasn't sure what was worse; the agony he was suffering from behind, or the inability to scream in pain.

Storm's grunts were getting thicker, though he could barely tell which ones came from which beast anymore. Bark was grunting as well, but his hadn't changed. It was the bird, the albatross, who was getting close to polluting him with his filthy seed. When he did, Tails could feel it coursing though his body in putrid waves. Storm

laughed, pulling out of the boy without a care in the world, which also hurt like Hell. Miles would have been relieved at this, if it hadn't given the polar bear who was stuffing his mouth an opportunity to face-fuck him harder.

Limp in their grasp, bloody and stained with seed, at least now Tails was only being fucked by one person, but he still couldn't cry out. He could hear Queen Bean laughing and giggling to himself somewhere in the background, although he couldn't see if the duck was watching or still keeping watch for guards, as if it mattered. And Storm's deeper laughter hurt worse as he wiped himself off on Tails' fur. Choking on Bark's cock now, he could barely breathe.

Bark gave a heinous cackle as he continued to stuff the boy's throat with his overbearing cock with malicious force. And when he finally climaxed, he made sure to do it as far into the fox's throat as he could, forcing the grubbing jets of spunk into his belly. As if it made a difference. Tails felt the large inmate's rigid fingers clench his nose shut, forcing him to swallow if he had any hopes of breathing.

Tails swallowed obediently, despite the desire to vomit. Throwing it up now wouldn't help him; at best it would be used for lube, at worst he might still be forced to eat it. The slimy, luke-warm and slippery texture was even worse than the taste. And he knew that Storm would want him to do the same.

Storm was grinning on the sidelines, impressed at the kid's ability to take it all in. "Bark, you've GOT to get a piece of that ass…" he commented, "It's the closest to a pussy I've ever felt!"

Bark grinned over at the bird, stepping away from the bettered, violated Tails. "Let's hope it's as flexible as one, eh Baby?" he kicked the kid in the face, just to spite him. "Time for the ol' switcheroo…"

"Oh no, please no, please god no!" Tails begged desperately, his voice a gasping, sobbing wail as soon as his mouth was freed for even a moment, cum dripping down his face. Hadn't they taken enough from him? Hadn't they had enough fun? But no, he knew

from horrible experience that they wouldn't stop. The first one to stop would look weak, and now both would keep fucking him until neither could.

"Aw, I think we're hurting him, Bark…" Storm teased, faking pity as he stood stepped over to the kid's front side, standing before his face and spitting on it. "Here, I'll give you somethin' to suck on so you won't cry so much…"

Bark stepped behind him, "Thanks for loosenin' 'im up for me, Buddy. But with a cock like mine, ALL pussy's tight…" Tails felt his limp body being lifted, and the unmistakable warm tip of the large bear's cock poking at his abused hole. "Mmmm, I'm gonna enjoy this…"

"No, no, please!" Tails begged again, the blood running out of his ass as tears poured down his face. And then he screamed again as the cock was forced in with no mercy, and he was slammed back against Bark's thrusting hips, with an agony no less than that when Storm had bullied his way in, feeling again as if he was being torn up. Storm forcing his way in first didn't make this entry any easier; if anything torn flesh was being torn up still more, and he had no strength to fight, only to scream.

And as expected, his mouth clogged with the thick meat of Storm's birdhood when he wailed. In some type of humiliating, disgusting show of victory, the two of them high-fived above his back, both filling him with their shafts. The treatment didn't seem to end for a long time, but thankfully they did have to break away after their second orgasm, due to the Guard Robos' rounds. By the time it was over, Tails was covered in their slime. They had both cum on him, as if marking what they knew was meant to be Knuckles' territory. There was sticky, runny semen all over Miles Prower's ass, back, hair and face. And to add insult to agony, Bark allowed Bean to jerk off and release his seed on him, too. Then they left him, cold, beaten and alone.

Sobbing, still naked, Tails managed to drag himself over to the toilet, where he started throwing up. Choking on bile as it came up, he

stuck his fingers further down his throat in his attempt to get it all out. Too weak to stand and in too much pain to care, he finally slumped next to the toilet, a huddled, sobbing, wretched, stained pile of meat. He wasn't entirely sure whether he blacked out from pain or just fell asleep from exhaustion. Either way, the blackness came as a relief.

Harley: Ouch. Poor Tails. Prison rape. Not just one-on-one this time either. Well, we didn't call it threesome because it's for free! Even though it is…

SonicFrank: So who wants more SonMina? =D Leave reviews!

Too Close Enough

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: People have been wondering when Silver's gonna get his. I figure it's time for him to catch a little violence And since this chapter's going up around Halloween, it should be pretty damn scary…

SonicFrank: It's also time for that second SonMina scene. What? Did you think they'd be done after one romp? This is SONIC we're talking about! So get your lotion ready, boys!

Chapter Twenty-Six: Too Close Enough

Silver was busy considering himself lucky. So far today he had not eaten turf at all. Even though awful, awful things were happening all around him. Shadow had apparently lost it again and beaten the hell out of Knuckles - although details were fuzzy on who exactly had started the fight. He hadn't seen the Jocks around for half the day either.

Sonic wasn't around; apparently he was having premarital sex with a girlfriend in a conjugal. Not quite the symbol of Christ the white hedgehog once thought he'd be. But Silver hardly considered him a reliable protector anymore. It seemed there were no secrets in prison, where information was power even more so than potato chips.

Still, so far today, it had been a good day. In terms of being locked away in a prison where he had no powers, no friends, and no freedom, of course.

So Silver was almost smiling when he rounded a corner and collided with Shadow Robotnik. The larger, black and red hedgehog had been causing trouble all day, like the tail-end of a hurricane. Nobody was certain on exactly why this was; only that three inmates were taking a lie-down in their cells.

"Shadow!" Silver gasped out.

Shadow looked down at the white hedgehog as if he was something he had scraped off his shoe, "Well, if it isn't the little Godsend I've been pissed at all day," he snarled, and grabbed Silver by the collar of his jacket, "I think I'll kill you."

Silver started running; sadly he discovered that Shadow had already lifted him several inches off the floor. The psychopath might not have his speed, but he did have his uncanny strength, "Please don't kill me!" he begged Shadow. Surely even Shadow wasn't insane enough to kill him right here in the halls? He corrected that hope when he saw the look in those terrifying red eyes.

Shadow's left eye twitched, "Why the hell not?" he asked. Suddenly he turned and dragged Silver into the toilets.

"What did I ever do to you?" Silver wailed, struggling uselessly. In the toilets, he saw Manic, Sonic's brother, mopping some urine off the floor with a drooping roll-up in his mouth, and a tiny spark of hope arose in him, "Oh please, please Manic, please god don't let him-" he was cut short by being slammed against the wall.

"Out," Shadow growled at Manic. The green hedgehog looked at Silver, who was pleading with amber eyes, "What, are you deaf as well as stoned?" he snarled at the Janitor, "Do you want to be killed too? You may be the Janitor but I can mop up my own vomit."

"Shadow-man, don't sweat it," Manic backed out of the room carefully with his mop in his hands. Silver whimpered as Shadow returned his attention to him.

" *Why* do you keep *following* me?" Shadow snarled, pressing Silver against the wall.

Silver gasped, staring into Shadow's burning red eyes again. God, what had he done to earn the laser-guided hatred of a demon like Shadow? "I swear by all that is holy, Shadow, I was never following you," he managed, gasping slightly.

"I hate it when people follow me around," the clearly paranoid hedgehog told him with a growl, "Always watching… never going away… I HATE it!"

"Shadow… Shadow, the only person who is always watching you is God!" Silver begged frantically, "I swear, nobody else would dare! That's why you always feel like-" he watched Shadow pulling a glass shiv out of his jacket, and it was pressed lightly to his throat, "Oh god, please…"

"I believe I asked you a *question*, Preacher," Shadow growled.

Silver whimpered, his face paling. The dark hedgehog in front of him wasn't going to quit until he got the answers he wanted, even if they were lies, "I'm so sorry, Shadow…" he whispered, "But… I…"

"Do you not think I'm crazy enough to kill you? Do you assume I'm not dangerous?" Shadow yelled in his face. His grip on the shiv shifted and he was holding it right in front of Silver's eyeball.

"Yes! No! Don't kill me!" Silver wailed, his eyes watering from the effort of not blinking, "Shadow, please! The reason you feel you're being followed is because you feel God watching your sins! But he'll forgive you; he forgives all sins, all you need to do is ask!"

"If he forgives all sins, he'll forgive this next one on a nosy little punk like you," Shadow snarled.

"No, that's not how it works, you need to mean it! But He will forgive!" Silver wailed, squirming.

"Good! Because do you *know* what happened to the last people to follow me around?" Shadow asked him. There was a swift movement of the blade and tearing of cloth as he cut down, and Silver's jacket was cut down right down the front, destroying the zipper and making Silver cry out in fear. Shadow watched the terror in Silver's eyes with immense satisfaction.

Silver gave a shriek of terror as his jacket was torn to show his white undershirt, paralyzed by it for a moment. When he found he wasn't dead, he began to pray to God in his head, begging him to send a miracle to make Shadow drop him, or somebody to come in, "I just know… I just know the only person following you is God! He still cares for you, even now, and-"

"Will you SHUT UP about God?" Shadow yelled, infuriated, still holding Silver off the ground as the gasping hedgehog clutched at his hand and squirmed frantically, "There are no gods nor demons in here," he growled, "Only me. And I'm *much* worse…"

Silver could feel tears running down his face, "What are you going to do to me?" he asked, looking into the other hedgehog's hungry eyes, "Please, don't do it…" There was a horrible expression on Shadow's face as he leaned in. They were way too close… Shadow was supposed to be straight but Silver wouldn't put it past the maniac to change for the worse, "Oh GOD! Don't rape me!"

Shadow's eye twitched, "What did you say?" he snarled.

"Don't!" Silver begged, "It's a sin, and you know it…" he started to try and fight back against Shadow's greater strength, tugging at his powerful grip and trying to kick at him. If he only had his powers… just for a second… "PLEASE!" he screamed, begging both God and Shadow at once.

Shadow stared at him for a few seconds. Then he dropped the white hedgehog back down to his feet, "HAHAHAHAHAHAHA! RAPE YOU? AHAHAHAHAAAAA!" he began to laugh loudly and sadistically, clutching his sides.

"Aha… ahaha…" Silver laughed weakly, still shaking all over. Was that all it was? Just Shadow's terrible sense of humor? Was the psychopath finally trying to repent? Oh thank god… maybe he could help him… teach him not to hate God, but accept him… he felt like if he could make Shadow repent, he could do anything, even without his powers… Was that his test in this place? To teach him that anybody could change? He continued to giggle weakly, "Ahaha… ha… You know Shadow, for a moment you really frightened me-"

Shadow stopped laughing abruptly and looked up, "Hey! You're not allowed to laugh!" he snapped, and punched Silver in the face, giving the smaller hedgehog a nosebleed and knocking him to the floor.

Silver gasped, clutching his nose and scrambling away from Shadow, "Oh god! But I thought-"

Shadow moved fast even with his speedometer, and put a heavy foot on Silver's chest, pushing him down, "Do you think I could?" he hissed, the shiv shining in Silver's eyes again.

"Yes- no- Oh GOD!" Silver screamed, and kicked out desperately, scrambling to his feet and searching for somewhere to bolt. But the only way out was the door, and Shadow was between him and it, "Shadow, I know you feel angry at everything but all you have to do is turn to God and he'll be there for you! You don't have to-"

Shadow narrowed his eyes, "Do you think I *should?* " he interrupted, leaning in closer with a snarl and penning him in.

"N-no…" Silver sobbed as Shadow moved forward like an unstoppable force, "NO! God will condemn you… Shadow, you don't really want to do this!"

"Do you think I *don't* want to?" Shadow whispered in his ear, his hand running down Silver's undershirt slowly, finally resting over his stomach as he reveled in the white hedgehog's terror and the power he held over him right now.

Silver gave a high-pitched scream, and lashed out in desperation despite the shiv hovering way too close to him. Because he was so close to Shadow, he actually managed a decent hit on the hedgehog, who reeled at the unexpected lash-out. But he was too solid to be knocked away, and if anything, he moved in closer, their bodies practically touching.

"Lashing out? Acts of violence? That was *bad*, Preacher," Shadow grinned maliciously, " *Very* bad. And since God doesn't seem to be here, I'll have to punish you myself!" With a smooth sweep, he knocked Silver to the floor.

Silver gasped out. He felt like he could see the future, and it was horrible. Despite everything, he started to thrash wildly. That was what you were supposed to do, right? Fight back and make a noise, no matter what? "This isn't what God wants you to do!" he screamed, "Or Maria!"

Shadow's eyes held a glassy look, and for a moment Silver thought he would stop. Then he was punched in the face again as Shadow knelt on his chest, "DON'T YOU SAY HER NAME!" he yelled, grabbing Silver by the throat and shaking him. Was it Silver's fevered imagination, or were there tears in Shadow's eyes again?

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Silver wept in terror, "But do you think this is what she'd want of you? To hurt other people like this? When you see her again, don't you want her to be proud of you?" he screamed, scrabbling at Shadow's choking grip and closing his eyes tightly.

"Do you know what happened to the last person who was as *pretty* and as *annoying* as you are?" Shadow's voice lowered, and his grip loosened. Silver gave a choking sob and a silent prayer, but Shadow didn't get off him, moving his other knee, grinding it into Silver's crotch, " *Look at me*," he commanded the shaking hedgehog.

Silver opened his eyes reluctantly, and helpless amber met malicious rubies, "Please let me go…" he whispered. Shadow was dragging it out, taunting him; they both knew it. That was almost as bad as he

was imagining the next step to be, "LET ME GO!" he screamed again, trying to struggle away from the feel of that intrusive knee against his pants.

"Let me explain something to you, Preacher," Shadow chuckled ominously, "In a prison, if you're powerful, or crazy, or handsome enough, you will get… your very own little fan base of the punks and cell soldiers hanging out of your pocket. And that's good for some people, but I don't want those on my back, judging me, *pressing* me for favors…"

Silver watched with wide eyes as Shadow leant closer to him, feeling his hot breath against his cheek. His struggles didn't stop, but he barely knew how to fight back in any case; outside the prison his fights had been won with his telekinesis, and now he didn't have it, "I… I would hate those people following me around too," he managed, "Especially if your crimes are what they admire… "

"Sadly, yes," Shadow shook his head, and a tiny bead of hope flashed in Silver's mind, "They were disgusting, honestly… Who wants a pack of child-molesters and stalker-killers and failed serial-killers on their back? Not me!"

Wow, even Evil has standards, Silver thought, *Oh God, please let him listen to me,* "That's right, you're better than them! You can still be saved!"

Shadow interrupted, "One of those disgusting 'fans' wound up as my cellie," he tugged at Silver's waistband 'affectionately', "He was… all over me, trying to hold my hand, begging for me to touch him, pleading for protection… So after a fortnight of it, I knocked him to the floor, and I… took my shiv…" he held up the blade, and polished it against Silver's jacket.

"I don't want to hear this story…" Silver moaned, trying to keep himself away from the blade and Shadow's glare. Why wasn't anybody coming? Didn't anybody need to go for a crap in this place?

"And I… dragged the shiv across his throat," Shadow whispered with a shiver of sadistic excitement, "From ear… to ear…" he stroked the blade against Silver's neck, parting the fur with it, "And he was *breathless*…"

Silver's eyes were wide and he couldn't break Shadow's gaze, staring into the abyss of those intense crimson eyes that saw the world in shades of red, "Shadow, I know you get… angry about things…" he whispered, trying to keep Shadow from touching him, "But just because you made mistakes in the past doesn't mean you need to make more…"

But Shadow wasn't listening, talking to himself, "He was fighting by then," he murmured in Silver's ear, "So I cut the tendons on his heels… the Achilles Tendons, they're called… And he couldn't run away. And that was when I… pushed the shiv into his stomach. Not a single deep *thrust*, oh no, that would end it too quickly. I used it like a surgeon's knife, and I made a cut… all across here…" he drew a line across Silver's stomach, "So when he tried to get up, his guts… fell all over the floor. Then I went back to bed, and I watched him trying to hold his guts in. And I watched him bleed to death… *slowly*…" He chuckled nastily, "After that… no more trouble with fan clubs!"

Tears of terror ran down Silver's face as Shadow stretched his waistband, then snapped it back to his waist, "Please don't rape me…" he begged, "I… I'm sorry… Please don't hurt me Shadow, I won't tell… just leave me alone…" Where was God when he needed him? Silver had never felt so lonely in his life.

"I'm not the one following anybody about," Shadow replied softly, his lips hovering way too close to Silver's, the glass flat to his neck, "But I can sympathize. Sometimes we all get… *lonely*…"

"Oh God, NO!" Silver screamed as he felt Shadow's hand tightening on his waistband again. Shadow was going to do horrible, terrible things to him right here, and he was going to get away with it. He started to struggle desperately, one hand flat against Shadow's furry

chest as he tried to shove the stronger hedgehog away, kicking at him. But he couldn't get any leverage in…

A smell rose up in the air, thicker than the fear, as Silver cringed away from Shadow - and suddenly became aware that the weight was no longer on top of him. Shadow had stood up and had a sick grin on his face.

"Aha… aha… AHAHAHAHAAA!" Shadow burst into sadistic laughter suddenly, "Oh god, you should have seen the look on your FACE! AHAHAHAAA!" he laughed, "AHAHAHA! Oh PREACHER, it was PRICELESS! You really thought… You REALLY THOUGHT-AHAHAHA!"

"Ha… aha…" Silver laughed nervously, "A joke… you made a joke…" Had God answered his prayers? Had he touched Shadow's icy heart?

"Yes! You actually think I would go for a GUY! AHAHA!" Shadow clutched his side, "Oh, that's RICH! AHAHAHAAAA! And… you even pissed yourself!"

Silver looked down at his orange slacks which were now damp at the front, and cringed in humiliation. In his terror, he had soaked his pants, "Aha… yes… funny…" he skirted the tiled room, trying to keep a good distance between him and Shadow's sick sense of humor.

Shadow paused to take a breath, "Oh GOD that was a LAUGH! And you are PATHETIC! So much so that… aha… I've decided to give you something…" he reached inside his own jacket and pulled out a packet of chips - Ready Salted, "Huh? Huh?"

"I… Wait, what do you want?" Silver froze up, staring at the snack that would end all his problems. Being in debt to Vector was awful. The idea of being in debt to Shadow was terrifying.

"Nothing," Shadow smirked, tossing the shiv up in the air a couple of times and catching it by the blade, before secreting it in his sleeve, "Come on, I beat up three guys to get this packet… I promise, absolutely, that this is a gift. For… alleviating my boredom. All you have to do… is take it before somebody else does."

Silver blinked, "No strings?" he asked, disbelieving his ears as he stood up carefully. Hope had nearly abandoned him, but just when he'd thought all was lost, something happened to make him believe again.

"It's certainly not a trade of friendship," Shadow replied with a low chuckle, turning his back on Silver, "But you can't get something for nothing, so…" He spun unexpectedly and punched Silver so hard that the white hedgehog's head slammed back against the wall, and Silver blacked out.

Shadow looked down at the unconscious hedgehog smugly, "Still got it…"

When Silver woke up about twenty minutes later, it was to discover that while he had a headache, he had not been raped. However the toilets were lacking in three crucial things - Shadow, the chips, and his pants and underpants.

"Ah… SHIT!" he slammed a fist against the wall.

Mina had lost count. A whole day of nonstop sex. They were raunchy, impolite. His crudeness and hunger surprised her. It seemed unlike him, but everything he did felt so much like Sonic. A day's vacation which involved no rest; yet it refueled her batteries in ways she'd never known. No duties, no performances, no masked politeness, no schedules, no overcrowding fans, no civilization, no judgement. No boyfriend, either. Her body was being used, and the energetic hedgehog was so passionate about his aggressive

roughness that she more than happily allowed it. She liked it. It sent tremors up and down her spine.

At some points it barely felt like sex. He abused his authority at times by having her use her mouth. She knew he liked blowjobs, what guy didn't? But to have her perform them over and over, laying down, sitting, even upside-down, and cumming hard every time? It was overwhelming. On one occasion she did no work at all, just stood on her knees while he mouth-fucked her. The discomfort of the act was unfathomable, but it excited her greatly to have no choice in the matter.

When it was sex, Sonic liked her bent over. On the bed, over the bed, over the desk, the chair, the floor… And he groped her features every step of the way. On and on he tasted her flesh. On and on he touched it. Fondled it and labelled it. She loved it so much she taunted him the whole way, just how he liked it. And then there was the time she said the wrong thing, the wrong phrase, the wrong push. Mina wasn't sure if he really was angry or it was part of the act, but he fucked her ass and the pain made her orgasm in squirts. They'd done it before, but this time he meant it. The burning sensation, the morose pleasure, the uncivil, savage manner in which he took her; it made her cum just as hard as he did.

And then there were the times in-between. The times she thought they'd take a break, but soon learned it was part of his game. They only wore clothes to have them unwrapped all over again; and he undressed her a different way each time, as if every disrobing was their first. Her small breasts were never neglected; nor was any other part of her delicious frame. Sonic never had enough of her. He never bored or saved some for later. He'd practically tear at her clothes and take her, without permission, under him and above him, in full control regardless of position. By the time lunch had come, Mina needed a shower. The hedgehog's fluids were all over her; dried and stained onto the fine yellow fur.

Now it was after lunch, after the shower - they hadn't been allowed to shower together, but it left Mina feeling clean… clean to get dirty

all over again. Sonic had made her orgasm repeatedly, and cum into her over and over. The condom had worn out several fucks back, so it was fortunate she was on the pill. When she re-entered the trailer, Sonic was waiting for her, almost patiently, although his foot was tapping rapidly. He grinned when he saw her clean, and she closed the door, leaning against a wall. She'd have to leave in a few hours. Plenty time enough for a couple more fun acts.

"Hey, Sonic," she smirked at him, "I guess it's been pretty fun… you're okay at this…" it was all teasing, "But I've got a fun idea…" she stretched out slowly, "You wanna have me everywhere, every way, before Shadow gets the chance, right?"

"Do ladies giggle when they see a hunk?" the hedgehog shot back, grinning. To think he'd just fucked her repeatedly in almost every way he knew, and he was still so damned attracted to her. His eyes examined her frame, browsing over her legs, hips, torso and chest. Her face, eyes and hair were also regarded, studied heavily. He wanted more of her and she knew it. He wanted it bad.

Mina walked forward, swinging her hips, "You lie down on that bed, and close your eyes," she told him. Sonic did so, still ass naked. After a few seconds, he heard Mina's voice, much closer, "Okay, blue-boy, open them again…" Sonic opened his eyes. Mina had taken off her shorts and panties, and her cunt was right over his face. Not only that, but he could feel hot breath on his cock.

At long last, something new was presented to him. Sonic and Mina had never done this before. She'd sucked him off and he'd licked and ate at her lower lips, but they'd never done both at the same time. He was game. "Heh, what makes you think you deserve to get tongued?" he asked, teasing her clit with his thumbs. He needed to rub a lot harder than he was to satisfy her, but that was the point.

"Two reasons. Firstly, this time, I'm not gonna suck you off until you start," Mina giggled, and breathed hotly onto Sonic's cock, "And then there'll be something you haven't done with me that Shadow has and

he'll get at you about it forever. Of course if you don't think you're up to it…" she slapped his butt.

"Nice to know you plan on sixty-ninin' a serial killer," Sonic shot back, grinning. He never just fingered Mina Mongoose, he grazed the tips of his fingers over her lips, moistening them and setting them on fire. There was a hesitance to his touch that made her beg inside for more. And when he penetrated, it was the same deal. "I'm startin' to think you'll lie and say he's better, just to get me all riled up and relentless about what I do to you…" She felt his fingers hook inside her, rubbing at her walls. He knew where the g-spot was, he'd frolicked it before, but he was being mean..

"Well, it works, doesn't it?" Mina asked. She trailed her fingers down Sonic's cock, then rubbed lightly over his balls. Abruptly she took off her shirt again, and pressed his cock between her breasts, "I know one thing - Shadow would definitely jump on me with a knife in a dark alley…"

Mina gave a sudden shiver, her breasts trembling against his warm shaft when he cleverly pressed at her g-spot and clit at the same time. It was a punishment that she adored. "Yeah, and I'll be there to stop 'im, beat the living piss outta him and take you home to bang you the way you like. I'll get the girl and Shadow'll be whinin' about it for months…"

"That's a little… contorted, don't you think?" she asked him with a soft moan, "I mean, first you'll both have to be out of prison, rather than locked up like animals…" she squeezed her breasts together and gave the very tip of Sonic's cock a little lick. Then, balancing on her elbows carefully, she began to grope both of Sonic's inner thighs slowly, watching him harden up all over again.

"Well, I gotta be in prison before I'm an escaped convict," he added, finally lifting himself onto his elbows to press the tip of his tongue against her aching clit. She'd gone through a lot of abuse today, and her vagina was showing it. "And then you'll find me hotter, sexier… Badder…" She felt his tongue run along her slit. Not circling along

the lips, but right over both. And he did it slowly. "Then you'll be saying, 'Shadow who? I've got my bad boy right here!' and I'll be tappin' this ass all night every night, Baby," he grabbed her bum, squeezing deliciously at the flesh.

"That's if you can get out of prison," Mina added, squeezing some more, and releasing another moan, "Personally, I can't wait until I'm being tapped by two big-headed hedgehogs… because for sure that's one way you can't fuck me all on your own… unless you're a literal dickhead as well as a metaphorical one…" She ran her tongue just once over the length of his cock.

"You can want two of us all you want," Sonic exclaimed, grinning beneath her folds while he suckled gently at the sides. By all means, he was already eating her out, but not nearly at his best. Mina knew it, "But in the end, you'll only be wantin' more of one hedgehog, and he'll be a dashing blue!" Mina's breasts were too small for him to titfuck, but she was doing a damned good job on her own. The smooth, fine flesh of her cleavage had his cock hard and upright, stiff and yearning. He never failed. "Hell, you might want him to try again, just so you can feel how much better I am twice, how much more you love it from me…"

Mina began to moan as Sonic sucked at her insides, and licked his cock again, before suckling gently on the top, "If you were really good enough… I wouldn't even be considering a threesome," she moaned, just before she pushed her vagina against Sonic's face to quiet him. Now that he was hard again, she engulfed him in her mouth, occasionally letting her teeth graze his hard muscle lightly.

Sonic cringed as his body shook wildly, moaning hot breath right into her. He'd taught Mina through trial and error just how he liked it; with that slight edge of dangerous terror that made it so damned exciting. Men hated teeth, but Sonic relished in the peril of getting his swollen shaft bitten. She never did it, but the threat of it was the fire. He could feel her lips form a grin, and that was all the incentive he needed to start lapping at her insides like they were lemonade. He grabbed that delicious bum of hers, the one Shadow and a million

other men kept vivid in their dreams, and gave it a dominant squeeze. It was his, and so was the rest of her.

Mina moaned hotly into her sucking of Sonic's meat, only making the inside of her mouth hotter for him. She pushed herself up briefly, "Oh, God! Put that tongue in deeper, Sonic," she moaned, before sinking down on him again, this time taking him into her mouth so deeply that she was sucking on his balls too. Then she began to move her head up and down rapidly, swirling her tongue around the way she knew he loved it.

The hedgehog beneath her didn't comply, not right away, because he liked to tease her. That, and her treatment of his dick made it hard to focus; he was practically singing with tingling pleasure. But when he did stick the full length of his tongue inside her, he damn well made it count. Up and down and side to side, whirling circles along her inner walls. She felt his breath when he moaned, his tongue also quivering at her technique inside her. Still, lost in blissful delight as he was, he didn't forget to rub at her clit, pressing his thumbs and rubbing in circles that were all but too harsh. Pain was just a notch away, but the pleasure was at max.

Mina moaned again, giving one very hard suck on Sonic's cock and his balls at once, feeling him buck under her. He loved these moments, when she was really making him beg mentally for more, but he'd never do so out loud because he was too proud. He was moaning louder than she was, because his mouth was clearer. And whimpering very quietly in a mix of pleasure and pain as she took his cock firmly between her lips, and tugged gently.

She was surprised to feel his rough hands travel up her body where they fondled her breasts, squeezing and pinching at her nipples while she sucked him. For a moment she had to arch her back, releasing his shaft to moan loudly when his tongue rattled her g-spot, teeth skimming the edges along her lips. He pulled her body back, away from his length with the hold he had on her soft bosom, so she'd have to fight her way back down on him.

"Heh… I'm guessing that means…" Mina took the chance to moan, "That you don't want me sucking on you like a tasty lollipop any more?" That got him to let go quickly, and she returned to licking and then sucking on him firmly again, grabbing his butt-cheeks in her hands and giving them a solid squeeze every time she sank back down on him.

At this rate, with how damn hungry he was for more of her, it didn't take long for him to cum. His grip on her body clenched, gripping harder as he shot spurts of gummy liquid against her throat. But then, he was so focussed on licking her, he didn't even moan, he didn't let down. He twirled his tongue along her inner walls and he did it damn good. Even with how wet she was he still wanted more of her.

She was hot, she was wet, and she was almost ready to orgasm. Mina was loving this as she swallowed as much of Sonic's seed as she could, keeping him cumming for as long as possible, just before she herself came, her hips shaking and then bucking down, pressing against his face as she did so. It was almost suffocating him.

And he lifted her body again, groping at her breasts the way he knew she liked it, taking her orgasm right in and letting it fuel him. It was almost painful, to have him tonguing at her spot full-force while she came; sending her body in pools of pleasure that made her scream. Even when it was over, he kept kissing at her button.

But it wasn't over yet, as Mina orgasmed and he tasted her lube, while she was milking him of every drop like a very sexy vacuum cleaner. She pulled back again with a moan for breath, "Hey, put your tongue back in there," she asked of him, before going down on him all over again, still squeezing at both his ass and his balls as her soft lips moved over his cock, groaning even with her mouth full.

Gladly, Sonic thought to himself, but gushed the wind out of her by forcing her onto her back, so he was on top. "See who likes gettin' forced to shut up now!" Being beneath him, Mina had very little room to work with, and not nearly enough to back his length out of her

mouth. But the feeling he gave when he ran his tongue over her quelled her to relax. "Heh, must feel really hot when I talk and spread my breath all over your cunt like this…" he told her, purposely leaning his face in real close for effect..

"Mmmph…" Mina replied with a groan, still licking and sucking as much as she possibly could, while her hips bucked and jerked under Sonic's hot breath and deep licks. Swapping places felt great… she loved genuine domination, and Sonic loved to be in control.

And that's why for the rest of that day, he kept himself in control. Mina found herself being derailed all over again. Her head hanging off the bed, knees on his shoulders while he fucked her vilely. Bent over with both hands held behind her back so she had a pillow to her face. Even from underneath, all fours above him while he took her from below. They only had a few hours, and the next time he had her, he'd be sharing her, so he made every last moment count…

Now, after all of today's pleasure, the day itself was coming to a close. Sonic would soon have to go back to his cell, with a psychotic cellie who had a perpetual desire to pummel him, while she would return to the mainland, to her singing career and her real-world boyfriend, and he would be without the warmth of her body to call his own. They tussled again, as Mina's orgasm wore off - slowly - and as the knocks on the door became more insistent, they had to reluctantly pull apart, "Sonic…" Mina moaned.

He looked at her, holding her tight with a regretful pulse to his eyes. "I know… I'm gonna have to let go of you before they break down the door…"

Mina kissed him again, rolling to be on top of him, "You're adorable, Sonic," she smiled, standing up and wiping herself clean. It wasn't enough to be clean, of course, but she could wash again when she got home. She got dressed reluctantly, still feeling incredibly horny, "I'm… I'm so sorry you're in here, but visiting this place has given me more ideas for songs… so you're an inspiration just as much as Shadow was…" she smiled.

He cracked his neck, pulling his baggy, orange trousers back on, all the while watching her dress. "You're gorgeous, y'know that?" he asked, smiling, "I don't deserve a babe like you. But I'm head over heels that you're my friend." Inside, he wished they could be more, as much as she did. Sharing her with Shadow was only going to double that desire. But it was a conversation best left unspoken, as it could only bring pain. And sorrow. And it'd make him miss her more. "When I get outta here, I'm gonna find you. And throw whatever bozo boyfriend you have right outta the house. And have my way with you until I get caught again. Which'll be never…" He gave her a promising grin as he pulled his jacket back on.

"When? Shadow didn't seem very optimistic that anybody was getting out of the prison," Mina laughed, buttoning up her shorts.

It was then that Nate Morgan, apparently tired of knocking, pushed open the door, "Ma'am," he nodded at Mina, "Sonic the Hedgehog," he nodded at Sonic, "Visit's over." He handed a set of papers to Mina, "These are what you'll need to sign to get that… threesome you requested," he told Mina, "They remove blame from the prison should anything… untoward… happen as a result. Now, or whenever you feel is comfortable." Mina took the papers off him and, rather foolishly, he thought, signed them with little more than a cursory glance. Nate held up handcuffs, stepping towards Sonic, not unpleasantly but with purpose.

"Heh, should've left these here; we'd've had fun with 'em," Sonic suggested, holding his wrists up obediently. "Guess this is it, Babe," he told Mina, trying his best to keep his optimistic grin despite the sorrow in his eyes, "I'd walk you to the door, but… y'know, I've got people assigned for it…"

His hands were cuffed in front of him. It generally paid to be polite to your jailer - a man with his hands in front of him had a surprising amount of freedom, if he knew how to move. Mina kissed Sonic on the cheek, and handed Nate the forms, "I… I understand," she said, trying to smile. Even though Sonic knew she didn't understand; not really.

Nate patted Sonic on the back with his nightstick gently, "Come on then, Mister Hedgehog," he said calmly, "It's bunk-time soon enough."

"Oh, yeah…" Mina delved into her bag, "I heard this was really rare in prison…" she handed Sonic a sealed bar of chocolate, "He's allowed to take it in, right?" she asked, looking up at Nate.

Nate looked at the chocolate - it was factory sealed, "It… should be okay, Miss Mongoose," he said finally.

For once in his life, Sonic the Hedgehog found himself unable to move. He was frozen. He hadn't had any chocolate in years and quite frankly, he never missed it. But a gift… A genuine gift. He hadn't received one of those either. To say he felt like crying was an overstatement, Sonic wasn't the type to cry no matter how much desperation he was feeling. But the look in his eyes when he took the candy bar was the closest Mina'd ever seen him get to it. He smiled at her, and held it gently in his hands, careful not to damage the wrap. "Thanks, Mina… I'll hold onto it, save it for when I miss you most…" he wished he could hug her, and did. As best as cuffs allowed him. It was more of a press of his forehead to hers, but it was just enough.

"I'll see you again, Sonic," Mina promised him, as they both stepped out of the trailer, Sonic pulled in one direction, and Mina watching him leave. She knew he was a criminal, but she still believed he was a good person. She wiped a tear away from her eye as she watched him taken away again by Nate and two Guard Robos.

"That's a nice girl you've got there," Nate commented to Sonic as the blue hedgehog was pulled back towards the infirmary, to receive another search on his re-entry, "It's a shame you're stuck in here without her." Factory sealed chocolate would be allowed in, but procedure demanded that Sonic be checked in case he was trying to smuggle in anything more contraband.

"Yeah… She's a singer, y'know," Sonic commented, holding the chocolate quite awkwardly in his cuffed hands. He couldn't maneuver it into a pocket or anything, just hold it out. And he didn't mind one bit. "Nothin' old-school like those crazy discos you guys had bad in the seventies and eighties, but she's good… Might be a bit much to ask, but, if you could maybe… buy her album, and give it to me, or burn me a copy or somethin', it'd be great…"

"I'll see what I can do," Nate told him, which Sonic translated as, "I'll see what I can be bothered to do". Sonic absolutely stank of his own cum and while he'd be given a quick wipe-down in the infirmary it wouldn't be until shower day that he'd be really clean again, "Don't forget," he flourished the forms, "If you want to see this threesome happen, I want good behavior from you as well as Shadow."

The quilled inmate didn't have the same optimism he usually did about his response. He just nodded and gave a simple, "Yeah… I know." He'd feel better the next day, but being away from Mina made him feel extremely alone. He was almost, ALMOST, regretting being a rogue at heart. But Sonic the Hedgehog refused to feel sorry for himself. As Nate led him to the infirmary, he tried to recompose his usual grin. Thankfully, none of the inmates on Prison Island knew him well enough to tell it was fake.

Harley: People wanted Silver to suffer, although it's not time for it yet. So we inserted a little scene… a teensy bit of bed-wetting terror for him, to keep you going. Heh…

SonicFrank: And more sex! Read and Review!

In Too Long

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: Let's get something straight, here. By straight I mean Sonic and Shadow. They will NOT be kissing, hugging, rubbing, sucking or fucking each other in this fic. We've already worked hard establishing them as straight, and they will NOT be going fairy for the sake of certain readers rubbing their cunnies to the thought. If you want Sonadow, there's plenty of it in other fics. But there won't be any in this one.

Harley: Now that that's out of the way, Rouge is coming back real soon! And the introduction of Scourge draws near, too. There may not be any Sonadow, but we have a million other reasons for you guys to come back and keep reading!

SonicFrank: Hell yeah. Such as the fight between Sonic and Knuckles! Among other really cool things we have in store. We promise you won't be disappointed!

Chapter Twenty-Seven: In Too Long

When Sonic entered the infirmary after a long day of screwing Mina, it was to the sight of a growling Knuckles sitting up on a bed and holding an ice-pack to his head. The blue hedgehog hadn't been in this specific prison very long, but he had heard enough about the rowdy echidna to know, or at least make a well-educated guess, that there was only one person in the prison who could put Knuckles in the infirmary and not be there themselves.

Doctor Amy Rose looked up at Sonic, "Had a nice day?" she asked with a smile, then looked at Nate, "When I'm done with Sonic, would you take him and Knuckles back to their cells?" she asked him, "They're in the same wing, and Knuckles is going to be fine after a night of sleep," she looked at the red inmate sternly, who muttered something rude under his breath.

"No problem, Doctor," Nate told her.

"Okay, Sonic," Amy smiled and pulled on a rubber glove, snapping it to her wrist. She took the bar of chocolate out of his hands and put it on a clean surface, "Strip, and bend over."

He didn't respond like normal, just nodded his head and began unzipping his jacket when the old man uncuffed him. He didn't even pay Knuckles any mind, despite their having a fight coming up. "Think you could do me a favor, Doc?" Sonic asked, smiling at her with miserable eyes when his shirt was off.

"Well, that depends on what you ask for," Amy responded cautiously, though she was smiling as she picked up a sponge and dampened it with water and anti-bacterial wash. Despite trying to ignore Knuckles, Sonic could practically feel his skin crawl as the gay echidna was eyeing him up, "If you really want a full-body cavity search, then that's definitely something I can do for you right now…" she half-joked.

"Heh," he grinned at that comment, feeling more like himself already, "Lucky guy I must be, to get felt up by two lovely ladies in one day," Sonic glared at Knuckles for a moment, not uncomfortable, but aware that the echidna would be sizing up his ass the moment he had the chance. Still, he undid his trousers. "Anyway, that friend o' mine gave me some chocolate. I know, romantic, right? But if I take it to my cell, the other brutes'll hound it, so I'll have to eat it fast like a cheetah cub or somethin'. I wanna save it for when I miss her the most, so… Could you hold onto it for me? I'm sure Shadow and I can arrange a time to come pick it up…"

Amy nodded, "I can't see any harm in that," she told him, "I'll lock it up in my office along with all the other dangerous drugs…" She waited for Sonic to finish undressing and turn his back to her, before she started to sponge away the worst of the stains on his body, and searched him, "So, your conjugal friend… is she… your wife, perhaps?" she asked, trying to sound as casual as possible. Sonic knew his answer would definitely affect how future searches went, as well as this one.

He was a prisoner doing thirty years, not a psychologist. But Olgivie Maurice Hedgehog recognized coyness when he saw it, and he recognized jealousy even faster, no matter how small and well-hidden. "Now why would someone like you be interested in some scum inmate hunk of a hedgehog like me's personal life, Ms. Blossom?" he asked with an immodest grin.

"Oh, um, no reason," Sonic couldn't see Amy's blush, but he could guess at it, "And it's Doctor," she added, "It's just that a wife is actually statistically less likely to try and smuggle in contraband for you…" Depending on his answer, the search could become more investigative, but he suspected that Amy would definitely be a lot more distant towards him if it turned out he had a wife outside the prison walls.

The hot nurse that everyone had it in for was really setting herself up by asking such questions, and even after a whole day of non-stop sex with a curvy singer like Mina, Sonic T. Hedgehog could never pass up an opportunity to flirt with a pretty girl. "Now Doc, take a good look. I'm fat, I'm ugly, I've got a smile that could turn a room full o' mirrors into a serious hazard and my eyes are worse than your ex-boyfriend's. What dame in her right mind would ever wanna marry a slob like me?"

"So… she's not your wife, huh?" Amy's searching got a little closer in, and even though it was still very professional, it was distinctly more gentle than it had been before.

"Doctor…" Nate commented warningly as he watched Amy only partly trying to hide her attraction to the criminal.

Amy blushed again, "What? I'm just making conversation," Her rummaging moved around as she lifted up Sonic's tail.

The hedgehog was greatly amused, and flattered, to say the least. But he was good at hiding it. At his last prison, he was commonly a popular choice to visit high schools, middle schools and even elementary schools to raise awareness for the importance of following the law, lest the kids he preached to would end up like him. Nearly everyone found him charming and a blast to be around, particularly the ladies. "No, I don't have the game required for a girlfriend or a wife," Sonic replied, edging on the conversation, "That girl was just a friend who pitied me enough to spend a day with me. She wouldn't even flash me! Our twains never met," he replied with a grin, obviously lying but that's what made it so flirtatious, "But I gotta admit, I'm surprised you'd ask me somethin' like that. You of all people should know that Shadow's the only girl for me!" He knew Knuckles was there to hear him, but he didn't care. "Gettin' a good look, Magenta?" he asked the echidna with great distaste at being checked out by him. He was tempted, very tempted, to bring up the upcoming fight, but held back. "What happened to you, anyway? Catfight?"

Knuckles just gave him another animalistic growl, "None of your goddamn business, Blue," he snarled, not in the mood for conversation. He'd beat the shit out of Shadow tomorrow but right now he just wanted to get out of the infirmary and back to his pet. Amy was pretty much aware of the row he'd cause upon leaving, which was why she was holding him in until the end of the day. Silver had already been released back into the general population a couple of hours prior, and if he knew what was good for him, was probably hiding somewhere.

Amy chuckled at Sonic's remark. If Shadow had been in here he would have trashed the infirmary for a comment like that. Quite a few inexperienced inmates had made the bad mistake of assuming that

the infirmary was a safe zone when it came to psychopaths like him, just because it had a woman in it, and they had suffered for their assumptions. He had done so before, when he had flown into one of his sudden rages, "Oh well, her loss," she replied, knowing it was a lie just from the used condom.

"You think so? Why's that?" He couldn't help himself, flirting with Amy when he clearly wasn't supposed to, right in front of the senior guard, was just too riveting to pass up.

Amy was blushing, and about to make her answer, when Nate narrowed his eyes, reminding her of her job, "Watch your mouth, Hedgehog," he said warningly.

The Doctor coughed softly, "Never mind," she said, stepping back, "Okay, turn around and open your mouth wide," she told Sonic, who did so, barely concealing a wide grin. She looked inside, "Okay, he's clean," she nodded towards Nate.

"Physically, maybe," Nate replied. He recognised mental manipulation when he saw it. Sometimes Amy was just too sympathetic for her own good.

"Promise you won't eat my candy bar, Doc? You totally deserve one of your own, but they don't serve 'em… They should start!" The hedgehog told her, grinning casually.

"Don't you worry about that, Mister Hedgehog," Amy replied calmly, "Okay, you can get dressed again," she told him.

"Please, stay in the nude, Hedgehog," Knuckles growled at him, "That nice ass of yours is a shame to cover up. How's about I get a closer look at it sometime?"

"How 'bout you get up and die tryin' right now ya juiced up hairy faggot?" Sonic retorted, turning directly toward him, completely naked, with his fists clenched. He didn't mind inmates making

passes at him, but threatening a rape? He didn't care where, how or who was around; he'd bust the person's face wide open.

Knuckles dropped the ice-pack abruptly and was already standing up to accept the challenge to his masculinity, when Nate, Amy and a Guard Robo stepped between them both quickly.

"Watch it, the both of you," Nate warned Sonic, "This is no place for a fight."

"Knuckles, stop insulting other inmates," Amy told the red echidna, "You should know better by now. You're always starting fights!" Sonic had to admit, with her facing the bulky echidna, it was pretty gutsy of her to say those words, although the needle filled with sedatives she had in one hand were probably giving her an added sense of security.

Knuckles stared at the blockade angrily, fists clenched, "I'd beat crap out of you and take it now…" he snarled, just barely holding in his rage, "But I've got personal time with your old deuce tonight and a savage beating to deal out tomorrow. So I guess you live… for now…"

"Oh, for crying out loud Sonic, get dressed!" Amy screamed, trying to unwrap this fight before it took place.

"You see this?" Sonic issued in shout to both Amy and Nate, "It's punks like this who make life miserable in these Hell-holes you call penitentiaries! This boner-btitin' slimeball's been raping my friend, and an uncountable amount of other inmates for as long as he's been in here, and what's been done about it? NOTHING! He just admitted what he's gonna do to his 'pet' right in front of your faces, and all you've got to say is for me to get DRESSED? Worst part is, you damn-well know about it, but you ignore it…" Sonic grabbed his clothes with reluctant tranquillity, and began putting them on. "We have a deal, Nate. And there's a lady present. But if we didn't, and she weren't here, I'd be startin' one fuck-load of a riot right now,

because shit needs to start changin' around here." He had his trousers on by this point, and was slipping into his shoes.

"The Wardens and the Doc can ask anybody you like," Knuckles growled at Sonic before the old man could respond, thumping his heavily padded fists together, "I ain't done nothing wrong to Prower nor anybody else. I take care of your buddy, and you should be grateful, Spiky." He knew damn well that not anybody in the prison would press charges of rape. Those few that did, always suffered for it later. With the 'victim' almost always claiming that it was entirely consensual, and witnesses being about as reliable as a broken yo-yo, there was absolutely nothing the higher-ups could do, and that was if they could be bothered to do a damn thing anyway, "If you weren't spending all day screwing out-world sluts, maybe you'd get the chance to look after him instead."

Amy bit her lip, trying not to take sides with the criminals. People did get raped in prison, repeatedly, and much worse than any of the prison flicks portrayed. The trouble was that hardly any of them reported it, "I… I'm sure your friend will be safe in Knuckles' company," she said weakly, knowing it sounded hollow and nimble, "Knuckles has never committed a charge of sexual abuse in the time he's been here." She didn't look happy. Both she and Nate knew this was bullshit - it just meant that Knuckles had never been proven guilty of such a crime, even on the rare occasions that he was accused of it.

Sonic was visibly enraged beyond reproach, but he clenched his fists repeatedly to try and maintain himself. "Don't give me that crap, Doc. You look me in the eyes and tell me you-!" And then a thought came to his head. One that changed both his expression and the entire atmosphere of the room. "Deuce… !" He turned to Knuckles, and grabbed him by the jacket, "How long've you been in here? Who's protecting Deu- I mean, Tails! Who's protectin' Tails from the other vultures?" he asked, yelling hard. But he already knew it was too late. Knuckles had obviously been gone for a while if Amy had just told Nate he'd be good to go back that same night. He'd been in

prison too long; he knew how things worked. Without Knuckles to protect him, Tails was as good as a worm in a flock full of pigeons.

"I wound up in here just before lunch," Knuckles pushed Sonic off him, also aware of the high chance that somebody had been at Tails. With luck, the fact that he was owned by Knuckles would hold back the weaker ones, but there were quite a few who would take the opportunity, regardless of risk, "How the fuck should I know who's looking after Prower, or what he's doing? And God help anybody who touches my property; I'll twist their damn heads off!"

"I'm gonna hold you to that, Fuckles," Sonic assured him, and turned to the pink Doctor, "Amy, Miles Prower's been raped. Possibly by more than one dude. Get your stretcher ready; if he could walk he would've been up here by now."

"What makes you so sure?" Amy asked, but the expression on her face was clearly anxiety, "Nate, have you seen Miles Prower around today?" she asked the human warden.

"No, Doctor," Nate replied, "Prower's not really the sort of guy who draws attention in any case…"

Amy sighed, rubbing her forehead with a groan, "Take Sonic and Knuckles back to their cells," she told him, "It's curfew time anyway, and if Miles Prower isn't in his cell by now, we'll have to find him… I'll probably need this… again," she set up a trolley stretcher.

"Thanks for holdin' my chocolate bar for me, Doc," Sonic told the nurse, though with much obvious, intentional scrutiny, "But try not to stitch the kid up too deep. Ya might find some DNA, and that'd be hard to cover up for convenience's sake, won't it?" He went along with Nate, and glared at Knuckles as he passed him, giving him an 'I'm gonna fuck you up when we get in the ring' look.

Knuckles gave him the same look right back, not intimidated in the least by the blue hedgehog. Amy was watching them go, waiting with the trolley stretcher for Nate to return with whatever news he might

have, while the two of them were escorted by Nate and two Guard Robos back to their cells, through several locked doors in and back into the main dormitories. Knuckles' cell was passed by first. Even in the dim light though, the still form of Miles Prower could be seen lying face down by the toilet, and the cell stank of blood and spunk.

The echidna gave a furious, animal, roar of rage that could be heard throughout the wing - not because he cared, Sonic knew, but because his stuff had been damaged. Nate cursed at the sight.

"That enough proof for ya there, Nate? Or do you need to interview the unconscious victim first?" Sonic asked, also enraged by the sight. He knew there was nothing he could do; and trying to snap Tails out of it would only piss him off further. So he walked off ahead of Nate, and stood by his cell, which wasn't far away.

Knuckles dashed over to Tails and started to shake him while the old warden radioed back to the infirmary, "Who was it?" he demanded in a furious growl, "Tell me so's I can fucking kill 'em!"

"Uh…" Tails mumbled, only shaken into partial consciousness, smeared in vomit, cum and blood. He'd stopped bleeding by now, at least.

"WHO?" Knuckles tried to think of who might defy him - no, somebody other than Shadow, "Was it Storm?" he made a wild guess, "Or Bark?"

"Uh-huh…" Tails mumbled.

"Which one?" Knuckles snarled.

"B-buh…" Tails took in a raspy breath, "B-both…" he managed, before his head fell back again.

Sonic was rapping his fingers against his cell door, not caring whether it woke Shadow at all. To think, he thought he'd be stepping into his cell with a big, smug grin on his face after getting the

delicious pussyof Mina Mongoose. Turned out to be the opposite. He was furious.

"DAMMIT!" Knuckles screamed, punching a wall and leaving a dent in the concrete. There were dents of varying depth in the wall by his bunk. By the sound of it, this one might need a plasterer.

Nate locked Knuckles' cell for the moment, out of habit, and headed to Sonic's cell, unlocking the door and pushing him inside. But not before Sonic saw Amy coming down the hall with her trolley stretcher.

"Ya happy now, Faker?" Sonic asked Shadow without facing him, holding onto the bars to watch the scene before him taking place. "Nevermind. Listen. In three weeks, we're gonna start a riot. And then we're gettin' the fuck outta here. You in or not?"

Shadow had been woken out of a shallow slumber by Knuckles' roar of anger, and wandered over to the bars to see what his cell mate was looking at. Amy and Nate were loading the twitching, bloody Tails onto a stretcher, before the elderly man locked the cell door again and started his rounds grimly and Tails was wheeled away, "Why wait?" he asked, expressing more interest in the scene than any other emotion, "Why not kick one off right now?"

"Because you and I have to be on our best behavior for the next three weeks," Sonic replied, not caring to explain just yet. He was very moved, in a menacing way, by the site of his pal's battered, bloody and stained body. He didn't do a damn thing to deserve that.

Shadow returned to his bunk with a dumbfounded expression, "Why the hell would I want to be on my best behavior?" he asked, "Unlike girls like you, I don't need to earn privileges to kick off a good riot. And it's not like anybody'd be dumb enough to buy it."

After the half-dead fox was wheeled off and out of sight, Sonic turned to his bunk, and scratched his head. He had to play this just right if it was to work. Shadow Robotnik was no toy; trying to

manipulate him was a dangerous game, no matter how casual and light-hearted Sonic was acting towards it. And he had to be careful not to let his emotions set him off course, "Because there's some pussy in it for you if you do," he responded straight-forwardly before sitting on his bed.

Shadow's ear twitched at that. He was listening, but suspicious, "What kind of pussy?" he asked, picking up a piece of paper and a pencil. If Sonic had looked, he would see a list of various plans to escape the prison on it. Under all of them, in big letters, was scrawled the word 'SEA?'

"Good pussy," Sonic told him, standing off his mattress once his shoes were off, to daringly and carelessly sit next to Shadow on his, "The kind I smell like right now. Moist, tight, and shit-stain free," Sonic was grinning at Shadow, but not the way he normally did. This time he was serious. As if Shadow had been a comrade of his for a long time.

"Technically, you had me in at 'pussy'," Shadow commented, not smiling, "Without you around, the only buttmunch to beat up was Fuckles and it was boring all day. Kind of like how when you weren't inside. Now life is interesting again. But what the hell kinda woman did you sucker into going into a conjugal with me?"

"The only one crazy enough to visit you at all," Sonic responded with a grin as he stood off his cell-mate's bed, "I figured some common vaj would break the ice; once you get a piece of Mina Mongoose like I just did, you'll owe me like a trillion chili dogs in favors. I ain't decided how I'm gonna use 'em yet, but I doubt any of 'em will involve risking your neck, cause' I need you to get outta here with me so I can say I told you so and rub it in your face when we do. You're welcome to be angry and try to kill me, but there's no way outta this one. If you don't take up my offer and get some of that scrumptious vagina, you're a straight-up queer-bag. And if you do, well… Even you can't deny that I'm your new best friend. Against the two of us together, these prison walls don't stand a chance, eh Girlfriend?" He stretched, and stood off the bed to get back to his

own. "Now are you gonna get mad and fight me now? Or are we gonna go to bed? I'd rather get it over with if you're choosin' Option A."

Shadow put together one and two, "You did arrange for that singing Mongoose slut to visit me!" he said finally, "The same cunt who came here to fuck you all day! I don't need your God damn seconds! I don't want your pity!" he snarled, "What the hell is so fucking great about this piece of ass that I don't just try and think up a way to riot now, break out on my own and fuck her myself?"

"Why do you care so much?" Sonic asked, sitting back against the wall on his bunk, just as Shadow was doing on his, "I don't pity you at all. You're one jacked-up fellow, and everyone here's afraid of you, includin' the guards. What room is there for somethin' dumb like pity?" the blue hedgehog swung his head aside, trying to crack his neck. It took two tosses to get the crick out. "Truth is, I can respect you, and while I can get out without your help, it'd take longer. Years, maybe. I need your help, and you need mine if you wanna break outta here. You've tried before and failed, so I'm making you an offer you can't refuse." He looked over at Shadow, and made the damn point already, "The two of us need to quit messin' around fightin' each other like a pair of school girls over chocolate milk and work together for somethin' much more important. Like scorin' the pussy outside these walls. Why's it matter whether I set this up or not? The point is, you're gettin' some ass. So are you in or what, Scumbag?"

Shadow looked seriously dubious. Sonic could kick off a brawl, but he didn't have the same knowledge of the prison or more importantly, the same sadistic killer instinct that would be needed to start a riot that would last. And Sonic reminded himself that 'totally insane' wasn't the same as 'really angry' and Shadow 'behaving' wasn't just a matter of him keeping his temper, "I behave myself, I get pussy, and you get a riot that drags this penitentiary shit-hole so far into hell that Lucifer himself will be calling for backup?" he clarified.

"Among other things. We're gonna need my pal Deuce," Sonic told him, "You might not know it, but the kid's got brains. Brains that can

rig the entire joint's security systems long enough for us technologically impaired bozos to ditch this little playpen we call a prison. The fish you call Silver's got a mind o' magic himself. Say what you want about his hits, but if we can keep 'im off his meds long enough, he can move shit with his mind. I'm talkin' he can fly, or save our asses with invisible bullet-shields. I read it in the papers; that's why he's here; he blew some human guy's head up just by frownin' at 'im. And my brother, Manic's, comin' with us, too. No way I'm leavin' 'im behind. That's four hedgehogs and one two-tailed fox. We're gettin' the fuck out. That's the deal, nothing less. I get you that sweet vagina, you're on my side for good until we're home-free on Emerald Coast. And if we fail the first time, we're startin' over and tryin' again. We're in this shit 'til we get the chair for tryin' so hard. Got it?"

"And their cellies," Shadow reminded him, getting a look, "What? You think bastards like Nack and Knuckles and that what's his name in with Manic are gonna sit by and twiddle their thumbs? You can hate Knuckles all the hell you like but with Prower as his bitch, he's gonna find out. And Preacher is a squealer if I ever saw one…" he didn't believe whatever mad plan Sonic had was going to work but he knew he could have some fun finding out how it didn't, "I'm probably gonna say 'I told you so' later, but…" he spat on his right glove and held out his hand to shake, "I'm in."

Sonic grinned, "I don't trust you for a Sonic-Second," he informed, "But I never knew you as a liar, so here comes the Loogie of Oath," mimicking the dark hedgehog by spitting on his glove, he met him at the center of the shell and shook his hand, meshing their saliva.

Harley: Things take a little turn next chapter, so you won't want to miss it! As of now, leave us reviews!

SonicFrank: If we get… twenty (intelligent) reviews, from twenty different people, by Wednesday of this week, I'll convince Harley to update with Chapter Twenty-Eight on Thursday! You have my word!

Inspection

Prison Island Break Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

---

SonicFrank: So, we were four reviews short. Just four! That's tough for a person like me to deal with, so I figure I'd at least update a day sooner than usual to commend those who tried, and left great reviews in the process!

Harley: We're glad you tried. We love you guys!

SonicFrank: Like a brother.

Chapter Twenty-Eight: Inspection

"Open the door," the low, daunting voice of Mephiles ordered into a portable radio. The Government Agent, Rouge, had returned for an unscheduled, surprise visit. Though it was more an interrogation, this time. Some medium-class celebrity, Mina Mole or something, had reported abusive misconduct against a prisoner. If it had been a nobody who complained, the media wouldn't have cared less. But since it was a singer, justice had to be served. When the metal door to the office hall unlatched, he pushed it open, and allowed her to pass. "After you, though I assure you, you're wasting your time…"

"Oh, I have plenty of time," Rouge stepped through the door, "In fact, thanks to this celebrity complaining, I'll be staying for a month at least this time, to investigate how well you do your job, Mephiles. We were lucky to keep this debacle out of the media; as it is Mina Mongoose is now writing songs drawing attention to prison life."

"I've been serving my community for damn-near five decades in this penitentiary; this is ludicrous!" Mephiles informed the bat with hateful eyes as he allowed her into his private office, "I have every

confidence, Ms. Rouge, that you'll find this penitentiary is run by the book in every aspect along your investigation. My guard did nothing short of protect that girl from a violent inmate, and took only the necessary precautions to withhold him from causing her harm. Nothing more and nothing less. And I will stand behind him one-hundred percent!"

"I bet you will," Rouge smirked, "The question is, will the evidence stand behind you? If records are accurate, the main reason for your promotion to Head Warden was thanks to the death of the previous Head Warden in what was called by the media at the time, the most horrific prison riot in over one-hundred years. And that post can be taken away just as easily. I want to see how you and your Corrections Officers run this cess-pit. I don't expect it to be pretty, but my employers will expect a shining report," she sneered slightly, "So I expect to see the prisoners in their natural habitats this time, rather than just a few interviews."

The opaque hedgehog scoffed. "The prisoners in this penitentiary are among the most vile, malevolent and immoral living beings on the planet; my position as Head Warden being balanced upon the behavior of such corrupt individuals is an absolute outrage!" Mephiles defended, "My duty as warden of this penitentiary may be to provide them a safe, comfortable environment, but it is also to maintain order by means of authority. I trust you'll keep this is mind if you're present when force must be taken as a means to preserve structure."

"Of course I will, I have been in a prison before," Rouge replied, "Your problem is whether I gloss over it, or focus on it and think of it as 'excessive force'. Not to mention, if you have this prison running as smoothly as you claim, you shouldn't *need* excessive force to keep inmates in check."

"Ms. Rouge, let me explain something to you," Mephiles started, folding his hands as he sat behind his desk, "In order to uphold Prison Law, my wardens and I must express a level of power that the inmates respond to and believe. We must be cold, direct, and

inflexible in order to maintain the illusion that we are impervious to their numbers. We have an image to sustain; and that image is what keeps the peace. If our wardens have no fear over our prisoners, we cannot be expected to preserve order. In truth, we are outnumbered by hundreds, but our methods have kept them from realizing this. If they do, Prison Island Penitentiary will be nothing short of a laughing stock to its own prisoners," he grabbed a pen, and began filling out consent forms for the agent before him, "If you head into the main population, I cannot guarantee that you'll like what you see. But I trust you'll see it as effective for its cause."

"Does that include allowing the prisoners to savagely attack each other?" Rouge asked, "Do you class that as 'control', Mephiles?"

"We do not allow anything of the sort," the head warden responded, aware that he was being attacked, "And any inmate apprehended or found guilty of attacking another will be punished by means approved of by the government that you work for," he put his pen down, and passed Rouge the papers, giving her his consent to explore the prison he was in charge of running, "Our manpower, however, is severely limited. It is impossible for us to cover every nook and crevice within this building. You will notice, however, that not a single death has been reported within these walls throughout my entire run as Head Warden. We cannot prevent every catastrophe, but we damn well prevent loss of life."

"What you mean when you say that, Warden, is that you've never been *caught*," Rouge replied, taking the forms in hand and putting them in her briefcase, "That's no accusation. But it is an attitude used by inmates and wardens alike in prisons world-wide. I believe at this time of day, the inmates will be in the recreational areas. I want to see how they behave there. I'll need an escort, of course. You."

"Very well. I will require two escorts myself," he grabbed his radio, and called for two high-ranked guards. "You are delving into the realm of the criminals. You're aware that the majority of them have

not seen a woman in quite some time, and will be tempted to jump at any opportunity they feel plausible. Correct?"

"Of course," Rouge replied, "I'm also aware that you have a female Doctor in one of your infirmaries and she hasn't reported any physical attacks in the three years she's been here. So you must be doing *something* right, if she's still here." Rouge adjusted her uniform.

A few minutes later, Rouge was walking along the catwalks above the prison's main hall. There were two guards, along with Mephiles, escorting her. "This is where the majority of our inmates spend most of their time," he explained, "Over the years, we've managed to acquire many accommodations, such as a large-screen television, a radio, board games, and many others. As it is winter, they are not allowed outside, in fear of sickness and the small chance of frostbite."

"I'm sure," Rouge didn't let Mephiles drag her away, studying the behaviour of the inmates, "I see you've got serial killers and psychopaths mingling with the general population," she commented on convicts like Shadow and Knuckles walking among the others, "Regardless of their powers, how do you keep them subdued?"

Down in the recreation room, Queen Bean looked up at the voice, "Hey, guys, it's a girl!" he shouted loudly, "A real girl! Lookit!" the crazy duck shouted, "Let's call her J. K. Foxworth! It's a nice name!" Several inmates looked up at Rouge.

"For example," Rouge added, "How are prisoners like that," she pointed at Bean, dressed effeminately as 'she' was, "Still alive?"

More and more men looked up, and were then reacting to the voluptuous bat's presence in various ways, such as whistling, making crude, sexual gestures, and straight-up calling her out. Mephiles sighed, "Some of them, such as Shadow Robotnik, derive their abilities from a certain source. All that's required is to eliminate that source in order to prevent use of such abilities. Others, such as

Knuckles the Echidna, only require mandatory dress-wear to prevent use of his… abnormal talents. There is a third method, used on but one inmate alone. Silver the Hedgehog, whom is not present at the moment, requires a weekly sedative. Otherwise, he would destroy the building with his mind alone. As for inmates like that duck, they are alive because we do not tolerate violence in this penitentiary."

Rouge sighed, still not getting the answer she wanted, sneering down at the prisoners reacting to her presence, as she'd expected, "Of course you don't tolerate it…"

From below, Shadow looked up at Rouge, "Hey again, bat-girl," he called out obnoxiously, "Why don't you fly down here for a real taste of prison life? First I start with shooting cum down your throat, and then it gets worse!"

"Disgusting," Rouge commented, "What do you intend to do about that behavior, Mephiles?" she asked the warden, testing him.

He glared at her, and actually had the audacity to grin. "What we normally do is keep all women out of the main prison. Such behavior is to be expected; they are grown men who have not mated in a very long time. As you would understand."

"How sure are you of that?" Rouge asked him, "I understand Knuckles the Echidna is homosexual… all his sexual abuse-related crimes were performed on men…" Indeed, the gay echidna was just looking up at her with mild interest, while Shadow was still shouting profanities about how if Rouge dressed like a slut she should come down and be treated like one.

She watched another inmate, one with a casual grin, come up from behind Shadow and pat him on the back. After obvious questioning, he looked up to see Rouge, and she recognized him instantly as Ogilvie Maurice Hedgehog, infamously known as Sonic. He'd caused way too much trouble for the government for her to not know who he was. He looked up at her, and grinned, then immediately apologized to Shadow for stopping him. She damn well deserved the comments.

"Knuckles the Echidna has not a single report against him for sexual misconduct towards other inmates. At most he's been observed masturbating," Mephiles replied, "Our inmates are well aware that sex, consensual and forced alike, is prohibited."

"It's another government inspection!" Shadow screamed suddenly, with surprising insight, "Come on! Anybody not breaking shit in the next five seconds gets their head shoved up their own ass!" he laughed sadistically and pulled out a hand-made shiv from his jacket. For a few seconds it looked like several inmates were about to follow his loud suggestion.

"Now what do you plan to do?" Rouge asked Mephiles pleasantly, "Sex may be prohibited but I'm pretty sure that a psychopath like Shadow shouldn't be allowed sharp objects…"

"Indeed," Mephiles stated, glaring down at Shadow with malevolent eyes. "Detain Shadow U.L. Robotnik," he told his guards, "And see to it he gets searched. Thoroughly." The lower-ranked guard took off down the catwalk, and within twenty seconds, several wardens came in from all directions to take Shadow into custody. It wasn't easy, but they overpowered him and pulled him away, "Shall we move on?" Mephiles asked Rouge, obviously annoyed.

Shadow hadn't gone down easily. It had taken four wardens to pin him down and carry him away as he laughed, clearly regarding the whole thing as some sort of hilarious joke. Guard Robos couldn't be used this time thanks to their instinctive use of shocks. Rouge glanced at Mephiles, "Very well," she agreed, tiring of the loud comments, "What will you do with Shadow while he's… detained?" she asked Mephiles.

"That particular inmate finds himself detained for malicious behaviour on a regular basis," Mephiles explained, walking her across the catwalk into the gym area, "He's had a clinical psychiatrist assigned to him and has made some progress, however minor," he was lying, but Rouge didn't need to know that, "He'll be held until he

can be seen by her. I'll be sure to inform her of the weapon. He'll be questioned as to how and why he had it on his person."

"Oh, so it comes as a surprise to you that he's managed to create a weapon out of ordinary household implements?" Rouge asked with a nasty smirk, and continued, "Shadow. I've talked to him before. Is that really his name?"

"No," Mephiles admitted, "His real name is Ursula Leslie Robotnik. Apparently his parents *really* wanted a girl. At the insistence of himself, and his various psychiatrists - and for general safety purposes - he is called by his nickname, Shadow. So much so that his real name is now only used on official documents and most inmates don't even know it."

"Do you pander to the psychotic much?" Rouge asked him, "Does he scare you?"

"Far from pandering; it's an easier life for everybody that way," Mephiles told her, "As for scary, he made an attempt on you. With animals like him, fear is a simple survival instinct."

"I want to see the Solitary holding cells," Rouge continued. She had seen Solitary cells before. Depending on the prison they could range from a regular but isolated and darkened cell, to a dimly lit concrete box with a toilet, to a concrete box with a small window in the door to let in light and a hole in the concrete floor for shitting in.

"As you wish," Mephiles replied coldly, "You must be aware that these cells are designed to be as inconvenient as humanely possible, Ms. Rouge," he explained, hiding his clenching fists behind his back, "If they were comfortable, they wouldn't be much of a threat. Our inmates are to not, under any circumstances, want to go there for say, a little alone time." He walked off, assuming she would follow him. The remaining guard stood behind with her, awaiting her to move.

Rouge followed quickly, leaving the recreation room and its lewd inmates behind, "I understand perfectly, Mephiles," she told him, "But they shouldn't be designed for cruelty either."

"They aren't," the cognitive hedgehog replied, not turning to look at the bat, "You'll see soon enough," He led her down a corridor, and down a flight of stairs accessible only to the staff. Then down another hallway, and down another flight of stairs. The atmosphere got continuously murky, humid, and unkept. "I must warn that there is one cell that is taken on a permanent basis. The inmate kept inside has been deemed off-limits to all women, regardless of-" but Rouge cut him off.

"Constant Solitary, yes. I don't see how that's… humane," Rouge interrupted, looking around at the row of isolated cells. The stink was appalling, "Solitary cells aren't designed for comfort but they do need to be kept clean. Which cell would it be?"

"That foul stench is the inmate himself," Mephiles responded, growing more irate, "He refuses to shower despite his foul body odour, and throws violent tantrums when pushed toward bathing," he walked down the row. Some of the cells were already occupied. Shadow Robotnik was just being brought in now, and to the warden's dismay, Rouge was there to watch it.

Shadow started to laugh all over again at his luck, "Well hello, beautiful," he told Rouge's breasts, "Enjoying prison? It's just like a hotel you can never leave because it's locked from the outside…" He looked at the third cell, the one with Scourge in it. Well at least he wouldn't go in there this time, "Why don't you have a chat with Scourge?" he asked, "He's a lot of fun. He can tell you about the time we spent a whole week together…" wardens started to try and force him into Solitary cell number one, "Yeah, damn right it stinks down here," he told her loudly, fighting the wardens and ignoring Mephiles' furious glare, "That's because the Screws only clean out the shit about once a week! And the food sucks…" he managed, bracing his legs against the wall, "I bet they sneak drugs in mine when I'm down here…"

Rouge gave Mephiles a sly look from the corner of her eyes, "Let me guess. Ursula Leslie Robotnik is a psychotic, delusional, paranoid liar whom I'd do well to ignore, correct?" She watched as the guards held back every instinct they had for beating Shadow even harder than they already were, and forcing him into the cell while the blow had him dizzy, "Why don't you tell me more about this 'Scourge', and elaborate as to why he's been transferred to this rotten hole on a permanent stay?"

Shadow was slammed up against a wall, where he didn't bother to struggle for now, "He's a psycho," the unstable black and red hedgehog replied, "I'm not crazy. But he is. He's down here because he kills people. And fucks them. Not always in that order though. All the time. He never stops-"

"Which is why we keep him down here," Mephiles interrupted before Shadow could get further, "So that he can't hurt wardens, other inmates or himself."

"Hey, I hadn't finished, Head Screw," Shadow was now up against a wall with his arm well up his back. He probably could make their lives hell but right now he was acting almost docile, "Mephiles keeps him down here so that anybody who causes too much trouble can be thrown in with him, you know, so as he's got some company to fuck until they're unconscious and then beat shit out of. And keep beating shit out of. For however long Mephiles wants to keep them in with him, or until they're dead. It's to try to keep people in line. People like me," he smirked, "Doesn't work…"

Rouge scanned both hedgehogs thoroughly, studying their body language, their moods, and their expressions. It was sickening to realise it, but somehow the rapist serial killer's words seemed more consistent than those of the Head Warden. She'd have a lot to write about in her report. "Is this what you meant when you claimed 'by the book', Mister Warden? Somehow, I'm not doubting this inmate's claims. Perhaps I should ask him all the questions from this moment forth, in order to gain some kind of solidity to your bullshit?"

"Shadow Robotnik is trouble, Miss Rouge," Mephiles gritted his teeth, giving Shadow a look that said, *'and if he thinks he's in trouble now just wait until later'*, "He's a rapist, a serial killer, and the product of an abusive childhood-"

"But not a liar," Shadow interrupted, his face to the wall. His arm was pushed a little further up his back.

"… A manipulative pervert who enjoys hurting people, sometimes just to see the looks on their faces, starts riots, incites brawls, bullies other prisoners-"

"But still not a liar!" Shadow smirked.

"And is, as you so accurately put it, a psychotic, delusional, paranoid liar," Mephiles completed.

"Hey, I am NOT crazy!" Shadow shouted, "OR a liar!"

"I think I've seen enough for two reports already," the bat responded to the both of them, "If this is the condition of your punishment chamber, I'd very much like to see the sanitation of your infirmary," she told the warden, "As well as all the concerned folk you have working there. Specifically an…" she looked through her notepad, "Amy Rose Blossom. Over five-hundred stitches to the rectal areas of a number of men reaching well-over thirty, and yet not one report of rape has been received by my employers. I'd ask you if I didn't know you were full of it. Before we go, is there anything else you, or maybe your inmate, would like to tell me about?"

"I want to ask a question," Shadow said suddenly, "If a nutjob bastard like Scourge is in permanent Solitary, why aren't I? If I was such a crazy, dangerous liar, of course. Want to ask that question, Miss Rouge?" he chuckled nastily.

"Will you get him in there?" Mephiles snapped at the wardens, helping them to push Shadow into Solitary cell number one.

"I'll see you around, ladies," Shadow leered at Rouge's breasts again, considering today's work pretty good, even if he was ending it in the Hole. The door slammed on him.

"Shadow cannot be trusted," Mephiles tried to regain his composure and restrain the desire to order right now that Shadow be denied food for the rest of the day. If Agent Rouge hadn't been watching, he'd have had the black-and-red hedgehog thrown in with Scourge, "He's manipulative and intelligent as well as insane, three of the worst qualities in a criminal. He had you pegged as an inspector almost as soon as he saw you. As you know, inmates despise wardens. He said those things to get me into trouble…"

"You've been in trouble since the moment I walked in, Hedgehog," the batty agent tossed back with a stern look, "Now. The infirmary?"

Grinding his teeth, Mephiles escorted Rouge out of the Solitary holding cells area. She was watching him intently, and would be for the rest of the month. Shadow had clearly gotten him back for the recent order to stamp down on Sonic the Hedgehog's cocky behavior. The black and red hedgehog would have done it for the pleasure, but now because it was an order he was being difficult. Mephiles led Rouge to the infirmary, passing through several locked doors. They passed over a populated area again, and by now the news that some hot government official had arrived had spread through the populace like wildfire. There were a few catcalls. Still, hopefully the infirmary would go well… he hoped.

"You must understand, inmates get into a lot of fights with each other," Mephiles told Rouge, "Shadow Robotnik is the most sadistic, but we have others who are almost as bad. We can't always split them up in time, and the weaker ones get hurt. Our Doctors are all fully professional. Doctor Blossom works in this wing and she's the best Doctor we have." He ground his teeth, remembering how much the doctor disliked him. In some ways, the infirmary was a great place to prove that Mephiles was doing his job right. In other ways, it was one of the worst places to prove it.

To her pleasant surprise, Rouge saw the infirmary was sparkling clean. It smelt of antiseptics and soap - not like it had been scrubbed up in a hurry, but like it smelled that way every day. A tray, however, had several bloody implements on it, including surgical thread. And to Mephiles' dismay, Miles 'Tails' Prower was lying on one of the beds. He'd probably been raped *again* . This event looked particularly savage. Worse still, he was *conscious* . And Doctor Amy Rose Blossom was tending to him.

Rouge had done her homework, and already Mephiles was lying. Still, she decided not to call him out on it just yet. Despite Amy Rose not having a Doctorate that qualified for surgical procedures, she seemed to be doing a damn good job holding her own. The bat admired that about her, so far. Most others would have found the scene horrific, but the pink hedgehog seemed focused. "A hedgehog homeland," she commented to nobody in particular. "It seems the species is common around here. It's sad you don't carry yourself as well as the others, because it makes you the only one who's spineless, Mephiles. Why has the rape of this inmate gone unreported? I advise that you think very hard about your answer. I already know it's going to be bullshit, but if you at least give me a lie that won't insult my intelligence, I might let it slide this one time."

"I had no idea this inmate was in here; Doctor Blossom hadn't reported it to me yet," Mephiles replied, "And… um… tell her, Doctor," he looked at Amy.

Amy swallowed as Rouge turned to look at her, then sighed, "If inmates won't admit that they have been sexually assaulted, their attackers can't be charged of it," she glared at Mephiles for putting the pressure on her.

"Doctor Blossom, is it?" Rouge asked, obviously knowing the answer before-hand but using the question to stir up some nerves, "Is it not against prison policy for inmates to immerse in sexual activity with one-another?" She was ignoring Mephiles, a blatant sign of disrespect.

"Ahem… technically it is illegal," Amy admitted, "But they're men. Some of them have been sentenced to be locked up for the rest of their lives, and in some cases longer than that. It's pretty hard to stop them; they'll always find a way to indulge their sexual desires. It's *his* job to try to keep that from happening," she looked at Mephiles.

"Precisely, it is his job to prevent it from happening," Rouge agreed, "So tell me, Doctor, how often do these… mishaps, seem to take place based on patient entry? And what measures are normally taken to prevent the act from happening again?"

Amy took a deep breath, "About once a week I have to deal with somebody who's clearly been raped but refuses to admit it. When women 'run into a doorknob'," she made quote marks with her fingers, "and their physician reports suspicions of abuse, cops don't necessarily arrest their male partners," she glared at Mephiles, "I have DNA evidence that Miles Prower had intercourse with two other inmates. He *insists* it was consensual. As for preventative measures…" Amy looked at Mephiles, then at Rouge, hesitating. She was clearly concerned for the safety of her job.

"Go on, there's no need to stop now that you're getting to the part where you actually answer my question, Doctor," she pushed on, not allowing Amy and Mephiles ample time to come up with an excuse they can both agree on.

"Well, I'm afraid I lack the authority to put preventative measures in place, Agent Rouge," Amy was practically sweating, "All my authority rests in this room, where my patients can remain safe. I'm afraid I…" she gave up, "I am unaware of the specific safety measures put in place to prevent inmates from being raped. Generally if one of the sex offenders wants to harm another inmate he will find a way to do so, regardless of anything we do. We have some *very* persistent rapists in here."

"It sounds to me like you know exactly who these 'persistent rapists' are by name, Doctor Blossom. As does your boss," Rouge stood up straight, and folded her hands to crack at her knuckles, "Basically,

what I'm gathering is that because this victim refuses to tarnish the anonymity of his attacker in fear of his own life, the staff of this prison, from the bottom to the top, are allowing these violent sex offenders to get away with what they've done. Is that about right?"

Amy relaxed, "That's pretty much how it goes," she confessed, "Some of my patients are so afraid of being in the main prison that they exaggerate the extremity of their own injuries to stay longer in the infirmary."

"Doctor Blossom, I'm here to remind you that this is a correctional facility meant to rehabilitate the inmates that are sentenced to carry out time here," Rouge insisted, "If violent crimes such as rape and savage beatings aren't penalised, what purpose is there for the government to spend the general public's hard-earned taxes to fund this jail?" she turned to Mephiles, just for a moment, but decided against speaking to him just yet. "Another thing, how are these inmates to improve their behavior if nothing is done as punishment for what's happened to this inmate? This is NOT what your boss gets paid for. And you aren't paid to keep your mouth shut, either," she paused, and gave the warden a cold stare, "Or are you?"

"If you're saying anybody here accepts bribes, you're wrong, Agent," Mephiles growled, "The major percentage of inmates who persist with prohibited sexual acts are almost exclusively lifers. They have nothing to lose because they won't be leaving. This isn't an asylum; it's a prison. For punishment."

"I was right, then. You do know who's guilty for the brutal attacks that take place in your penitentiary," she pointed out to Mephiles, "And yet you've provided no punishment, repercussions or even counselling for such behavior. I won't over-step my boundaries, but consider this right from the top," she cleared her throat, "Punishment is vital! GIVE them something to lose!" Rouge nodded her head at Amy, and gave her a genuine smile, though it still made the pink hedgehog shiver, "Thank you, Doctor Blossom. You're doing a marvellous job. I'll see to it personally that you keep your position

regardless of what… Alterations…" she eyed Mephiles, "Are made to the staff."

"I'd like to see you find a replacement who can keep the order here better than I can," Mephiles told Rouge, looking furious, "This prison houses escapologists, maniacs, murderers, rapists, terrorists and people who are just too much of a danger to society in general to go soft on. And sometimes extreme measures have to be taken to keep them in line. The… chaos… that you'd cause by replacing me would result in death, I can guarantee it. Do you want this to become one of those farcical Mexican prisons run by its inmates?"

"From where I stand, Warden, it seems they're already in charge," Rouge told Mephiles, right in front of Amy. It was apparent she hadn't a care in the world for humiliating him in front of his staff members, "How else are they to think, when they're at liberty to prey on each other without fear of severe consequences?" she turned to Amy again, "From this moment on, I'm requiring that you provide a full, detailed report, on all, and by that I mean ALL, injuries not inflicted by nature. If an inmate has a splinter, I want to know about it. Is that clear, Doctor Blossom?"

"I… yes, Agent Rouge," Amy said finally, looking at both Mephiles and Rouge with distaste, "But the inmates will simply not report each other. Those that have are made examples of by those they tell on, or by friends. Or just those concerned that the 'snitch' is going to do it again."

"Yes, I'm aware of the way things work; I'm not an idiot, Doctor. I was an incarcerated myself at one point. All I'm requiring is that you give me a full, accurate report, on any injuries that take place within these prison walls." She turned to the corrupt hedgehog, "That'll be all for the infirmary. Come, I'm going to show you how they ran a women's prison to keep us in line," with that, she walked for the door.

"Agent Rouge, some of our inmates have no fear of any kind of humane punishment we can deal out," Mephiles scowled, "Shadow Robotnik is one of those examples… if we didn't have some serious

threats that he knew we were capable of carrying out, he'd break everything he could see until there was nothing left to be broken. Do you seriously want a psychopath like him escaping to the mainland, where he can continue to indulge himself at the expense of the lives of others?"

"If Shadow Robotnik, or any other inmate does escape, Head Warden, you can count on a full-body replacement of your staff. Including yourself, if you're not fired for what I've discovered already," Rouge added, "Now, where are my quarters? I have lots of writing to do."

Harley: Yup, Amy's not even qualified to be a surgeon! That was SF's idea. Curse him! But hell, at least she's competent, which is more than you can say for most of the staff… Christ but how deep does the rot go? Way deeper than that, as you'll learn next chapter.

SonicFrank: Ursula Leslie Robotnik is Shadow's *real* name. His parents REALLY wanted a girl…

Property Line

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: I read all your reviews, guys. Throw Mephiles in the same cell as Scourge? If we were to do that, first we'd be short one villain, and second it wouldn't be an ironic twist if somebody had already seen it coming.

Harley: In other stuff, the 'romance' in this story is gonna freak you out when it comes. This fic doesn't have 'Romance' in its genre for a reason (which is that it's not romance-centric despite all the sex), but what there is will have you saying "Why the hell didn't we see that coming?"

SonicFrank: At least twice.

Chapter Twenty-Nine: Property Line

The prison was already in a state of excitement. Government inspections almost always caused upheaval, which was why prisons went to great lengths to cover things up. Vector the Crocodile didn't like upheaval. He liked things the way they were, with him at the top. The weaker prisoners might find themselves slightly better off but the inmates at the top - himself, for example - would be brought right down, and have to make their way back to the top. It was hard enough to do once. The trouble with just killing the inspector would be that another inspector would be sent. The only solution was to ensure that her report got out, with her, and that it was ignored. He'd need to call Mighty and Ray to pay a visit and sort something out with blackmail and bribes, or possibly blackmail regarding bribes. In the meantime, though, it would be business as usual. And right now,

that business involved dealing with the impetuous Silver, who owed him potato chips. He didn't intend to wait the usual three weeks - the white hedgehog had been too rude as it was. Now it was time to make him suffer for his insolence.

Silver had gotten wind from Nack that Shadow was in the Hole. This made him feel safe, as the last brutal beating he'd received from the ebony hedgehog left him bitter, aware, and ultimately afraid. Not to mention the horrible attack in the toilets. After Shadow had taken his pants, he'd been trapped in the bathroom, trying to work out what to do and not seize up in terror.

Eventually though, Manic had returned. Silver at least somewhat trusted the janitor, and had begged him to find his pants again. The green hedgehog had eventually agreed to risk Shadow's wrath for the potato chips 'Old Cheerful' had promised Silver. It had turned out Shadow had hung them on display in the recreation room and had been waiting there to see what Silver would do about it. Also, the potato chips had been in the pocket of his pants.

Silver wasn't quite as naive as he had been. If he'd had to go after the pants himself, he probably would have been raped inside and out by the end of the day.

Even more insultingly, Shadow had managed to act as if nothing at all had happened since then. Like it had all been another test, or some sort of game. Word had it that Knuckles was busy with other targets as well. So when he stepped into the mess hall, it was with the hope that he could eat his supper calmly, and without worry.

He was sorely mistaken at his assumption of safety. The mob boss Vector, and his bodyguard Espio, sat down on either side of him as soon as he took a seat.

"I've been patient. I've been forgiving," Vector started, "As a fish, I understood that you didn't quite understand how things work in here. I let you live when you openly insulted me. You've even had a couple of extra days to work, thanks to Shadow's little beat-down taking you

back. But now I'm asking just once more; do you have my chips or not?"

There was a look of immediate fear, of reproach and an immediate need to escape. But Silver was trapped.

"My boss asked you a question," Espio told him sternly, not bothering to look at him, "I suggest you answer before I steal your tongue."

A sigh was let out, before Silver shook his head.

"That's a shame… a real shame," Vector shook his head, "I saw potential for potential in you, Silver. Those who repay their debts are always looked on with… respect. If you'd managed to repay me, I might have even been able to engineer you no longer needing those little injections that keep you too drugged to use your powers. But you just had to believe things could be done your way. You had to challenge my authority…" he looked around. Nobody was looking, as usual. He turned to Espio, "Leave enough of him to be identified. He'll serve as a lesson to the others…"

Espio stood up, and Silver instantly went from an exasperated mouse trying to maintain his tranquillity under extreme pressure to a desperate, pathetic sell-out. He looked around for a Guard Robo, for a warden, for Sonic! *… Sonic* . Silver's eyes sprung open. "WAIT! I have… something else…"

Vector held up a hand to pause Espio, "Before you expire, I'd like to know what this 'something else' is," he said simply.

Silver had actually fallen off his own chair in fright. "Information! I have… information!" He looked around, to make sure Sonic wasn't present to catch him squealing. "It's about… Sonic the Hedgehog…"

Espio stood poised. "Sonic the Hedgehog has many secrets. None of which we don't already know. The conjugal with the singer, the

upcoming brawl with Knuckles… He set up Shadow Robotnik's first ever visit. Anything he knows, we already know."

"No you don't…" Silver fought back. "You don't know! But I won't tell you unless… unless it'll clear my tab!"

"How do you know we don't know?" Vector asked, "Sonic is in here, with us. You have no information on his life outside that I haven't seen. I'm even aware that Doctor Blossom has a crush on him. What could you possibly tell me that will make it worth risking my authority by letting you live?"

"That he has plans to escape!" Silver let out on impulse, though he instantly regretted it.

Espio's gaze hardened. "Boss?"

"Everybody *wants* to escape," Vector replied, "Some people make plans. They don't come through. And it's common knowledge that Sonic intends to escape; he's certainly been mouthy enough about it. What makes his plan different?"

"That it involves Shadow Robotnik!" Silver replied desperately, "That janitor guy too! The green hedgehog who is his brother! He has connections on the outside; he's not just talking smack, he's actually gonna try it!"

Vector narrowed his eyes, "Shadow, huh? After his previous attempt, Shadow still thinks it's possible to escape?" he mused, "Consider your life spared, Silver. Your debt is on a freeze - for now," he cracked his knuckles, "If your information is a bluff, or if Sonic's plan is nothing more than glue and paper like every other worthless scheme I've found out about, consider your ass at an end. And you still owe me those potato chips… if you're still alive after Sonic finds out you're a squealer…"

Silver gulped, and stood up slowly off the floor. "Wait… What if-" he paused for a second, unsure of whether it'd be best to go through

with it. "He offered me a spot, too… What if I spied for you?"

"If I want information, I'll have Espio chat with Manic…" Vector told him, "Manic is Sonic's brother. What would make you a better spy than him?"

"That's the point; Manic is Sonic's brother, so he won't squeal on him no matter what you do…" Silver told him, knowing he at least had a point.

"I could give him the deepest of lashings, Boss. The fish has a point, the janitor won't fetch." Espio brought up, "On anyone else, yes. But not on his brother. Manic looks up to him."

"He could find that clamming up would lose him his janitorial privileges," Vector replied, "That might loosen his tongue…" he mused. On the other hand, Silver was here, right now, begging and offering his services. He was new, and nobody would suspect him as a spy just yet, whereas the others in on the plan would be suspects. He picked Silver up by his quills and put him back in his place, "Here's our deal, Preacher. You keep your ears open and you report everything even slightly related to this escape to me. You respect me and you don't question my authority. You keep your clam shut about this to anybody not involved, no matter what. And I don't order my squad to tear you limb from limb. That's our deal. Got it?"

"Y-yes…" Silver felt like tearing his own heart out. Was his life really worth selling out for? Is this what Jesus would do? He knew the answer, but didn't want to acknowledge it. "Sh-should I… report to Espio instead? So it'll look less suspicious?"

"Excellent idea," Vector told him, "See, you're getting the hang of it already. But… if you hold back on me, I *will* find out. And then your life won't be worth spit, understand?"

"W-will you protect me, too? I can't… relay information… If Shadow Robotnik kills me…" Silver gulped, disgusted at how pathetic he was sounding…

"If I or my squad 'protect' you, we'll look like we're in cahoots," Vector replied, "Then you'll be suspected as a spy and how will you relay information to me then? It's up to you not to get caught…" Vector grinned, "As long as you're loyal to me, you won't be killed. I'll see to that much. But what you end up living through is up to you."

Silver dared not mutter under his breath, but he did look away. "C-can I get back to my lunch now?" he asked, surely bound to survive another restless night due to all this.

"Enjoy your meal," Vector told him. He signalled to Espio to sit again. The two of them didn't leave the table though. They ate right there, and began to talk as if Silver didn't exist, "So, what's to be done about the Government inspector?" Espio asked his boss, mostly metaphorically.

"I have several ideas…" the crocodile replied.

Tails was in the infirmary. And Shadow was in a Hole. It meant two things in the showers - firstly that Knuckles wouldn't have his pet to fuck, so he'd be looking around for something else to do, but secondly that Shadow wasn't there to unexpectedly go nuts and start something nasty for kicks. Silver wasn't sure whether to be relieved or even more scared. Nack had slowly explained to him the technicalities of the fact that Tails was pretty much Knuckles' slave now. The idea that it could be allowed was sick, but Nack had a 'better him than me' attitude to the whole thing. On the other hand, Bark and Storm, who had apparently put Tails in the infirmary, were definitely looking nervous - and pretty much everybody was trying to keep away from them.

Showers were going as they usually went, which meant a certain red echidna was going to get some action. He took a good look at the shower line before getting on it, making sure not to be seen by the men he was looking for. A certain polar bear and an over-sized albatross were standing toward the middle of it, wishing the line would hurry so they could get everything over with and crawl back to

safety. There was a certain smugness about him that made the entire prison body know that Knuckles aimed to tear their lungs out. He got in the back of the line, and waited. At this rate, the two of them would just be finishing with their showers when he got in. That meant their skin would be nice and soft from the warm water…

"Bark… I'm starting to think messing up Prower was a bad idea…" Bean whispered to the polar bear.

"Don't sweat it Bean," Bark muttered back, "If we can make it through today without a thrashing, Knuckles'll probably be so pleased to get his toy back he won't bother…" It was a pretty empty promise, but it was worth hoping for, "Besides, I can take down that thick red bastard," he added, even though he was fairly sure he couldn't. He looked back at Storm, "You think you can take him on alone?" he asked the massive albatross.

"Hell yeah, man! Who do you think you're talkin' to?" Storm replied with false bravado, "Ain't nobody in this whole damn slammer who can take me on and win!"

Knuckles couldn't hear them from where he was, but even from the back of ten people's heads, he could sense their desire to avoid him. The line moved forward, and they were allowed inside. Now it was just a matter of time.

For once, Storm and Bark weren't predators. They were prey, and it was possible they would even be stripped of Jock status right here. For once they weren't looking around for possible targets; they were washing as quickly as they could to get out of one of the best places to deal out a thrashing or a revenge-fuck in the prison. The other prisoners were staying out of their way so as not to be close enough to get dragged in when whatever happened, happened. Chances were the two of them would try teaming up if something bad took place. Bets had already been going down on how it would end.

Due to all the fish who were trying to get their showers done as fast as possible, the lines tended to move very fast. Knuckles had been

in long enough to time the line well, so that he could get in whenever a certain target of his was. When it was finally his turn, he took all his clothes off, calmly, and stepped inside the bath area with only his towel and a bar of soap. There was plenty of sweet ass in there that he could have aimed for, but he paid none of it any mind. Storm and Bark had chosen shower-heads that were right by each other. That made things easy. As soon as he saw them, about to dry off, he charged, and with a strong roar that echoed throughout the room, he grabbed both their heads and smashed them against the tile wall.

Within seconds, the smaller inmates had dodged even further away. On the other hand, the predators were forming a loose circle - loose enough that they too could dodge away if necessary, but not so far that they'd miss the fun, or that the wardens had any particular reason to intervene. When Knuckles got really angry, he got really angry. And this time, Sonic was one of the ones watching, an expression of intense satisfaction on his face. He didn't care what happened to the thugs; they'd fucked his buddy, and he wanted to watch them hurt for it.

"GAH!" Bark yelled in pain. But he didn't plan to go down easily; not like this with everybody watching. Even dazed as he was, he staggered to turn to swing a punch at Knuckles. Storm was also swaying a little and preparing to fight.

But the bulky, enraged echidna grabbed the white bear's arm and pulled him into a punch to the face, aiming a kick to Storm's shin at the same time to knock him off balance. "I turn my back for two fucking seconds, and the two of you think you can fuck with my boy?" He screamed again, loud enough to make the whole shower room cringe. If at all possible, the water had gotten hotter with his boiling anger. Storm felt his beak crack when Knuckles kneed him in the face, then picked Bark up and slammed him into the albatross. "You touched my property without my permission; now it's time to pay the piper!"

"It… It was his idea," Storm managed to point at Bark, straightening up and balling up fists. The rest of the shower room looked mildly

disgusted. Uh-oh… *Somebody* wasn't going to get many Christmas cards this year…

"You WHAT? You lying fuck!" Bark shouted back at Storm, wiping blood from his nose, "Look, Knux, it was a bit of fun, ya know?" he managed to stop swaying, gritting his teeth, "You were out so we just played around a bit with Prower; I mean if anybody's to blame, it's gotta be Shadow for putting you outta the picture for a whole day!"

Knuckles grabbed a bar of soap, and screamed as he clubbed Bark across the face with it. He made sure to hold it so tight, smears of the slippery substance stayed on his hand, which he used to slap Storm, getting most of it in his eyes. That would surely cause some blindness between them, and a burning inability to fight back. "I don't care what the FUCK Shadow did to me; my boy is my boy and nobody fucks with him unless I SAY SO! He punched them, both of them, one by one on their throats, then turned the water faucet on to piping hot.

"Shit!" Bark just barely managed to suppress a scream. He hated heat. And it was hot enough to hurt Storm too; the albatross wasn't fond of scalding hot water either.

The two thugs were now trying to get on either side of Knuckles to mount a counter attack and quite possibly tear his reputation to bits afterwards - certainly there was nobody here who would defend him. But it was too late for that. For Knuckles, the best defence was a good offence, which usually meant that his victims weren't given a chance to fight back. Eyes stinging, and already bleeding, Storm managed to take a punch at him. But since he was gasping for air, the blow was deflected easily. The four-foot echidna was beating the shit out of two males about three times his size.

And best of all, everyone was there to watch it happen. The echidna, steamed with fury, his dreadlocks dripping, swung punches at their heads that could shatter a bull's skull. He had to cause as much damage as possible before the Guard Robos got there. And even then, he wouldn't be done with them. Not for a long shot.

Nobody, nobody at all, was stepping in to help. Even Bean was cowering to one side with his hands over his ears and his eyes closed, singing to himself. Storm managed to get another punch in, followed by one from Bark, but at this point Knuckles was practically unstoppable in his rage.

For every hit the two victims managed, the predator struck back with three times as many blows. Knuckles wasn't aiming to beat them up; he was aiming to dismantle them, both in body and in rep. After this savage massacre in the shower room, everyone in the whole penitentiary would be reminded of the brute power that is Knuckles the Echidna. Bark managed to almost crawl away while the echidna was working on shattering Storm's kneecap, but a very quiet, very snarky Sonic intervened with a kick to the face and a wave of his finger.

Bark yelped in pain, clutching a bloody nose. This was a bad idea; it drew Knuckles' attention away from Storm, who was cursing loudly and clutching at his knee, which had been dislocated, and back to him. Realising this, he tried to stand again. The action in itself was painful, as he set himself up for defence.

'A bad idea' was right. Before stomping toward him, Knuckles grabbed one of the shower heads and pulled it off its hinges like it was a poorly made tampon. Before Bark could see it coming, the hot metal, scalding with heat from the steaming shower water, whacked him across the face. Then the echidna grabbed him in a tight headlock, and rammed his head into the wall behind him. This left the polar bear on his knees, and at his mercy. So he lifted the hot, steel sprayer, making the whole prison cheer, and shoved it forcefully, arduously and harshly up the tall, strong inmate's ass, causing him to shriek in agonizing pain as it seared the insides of his rectum.

Bark managed to pull it out, which was another bad idea, since he was pretty sure something tore as a result, and there was quite a lot of blood, not all of it from his face and body.

Abruptly, Knuckles turned to Bean, who was still huddling nearby, and kicked him very hard in the balls, bringing him down to his knees with a whimper. If Bark had been there, it was a sure thing that Bean had been watching him fuck Tails, whether he'd participated or not, and that alone was enough for some punishment. Still furious, he forcibly bent the duck over.

"You use my property, I use yours!" he told Bark, and held the green duck ready.

Of course, now that prison property was actively going to be damaged, the guards were finally paying attention. Two Guard Robos were stomping in and while they couldn't use electricity in here, they were perfectly capable of grabbing Knuckles and pulling him away from the three inmates. Their reps hadn't been completely destroyed, especially since neither of them would choose to go to the infirmary for their injuries, but there was absolutely no doubt now, of what happened to people who touched Knuckles' stuff without permission. And Sonic had witnessed the sheer raw power of the echidna he wanted to fight.

As Knuckles was being escorted out with much force, he turned his face to the crowd, and gave them a look that almost guaranteed that none of it was over. It was only after he was gone that Sonic realized the look was for him.

Harley: Don't you just LOVE Karma?

SonicFrank: Something HORRIBLE happens next chapter. You won't want to miss it! Harley and I are freaking SADISTS. You're all gonna love it.

Consensual Rape

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: Holy crap but some people really want Sonadow. What do you say, SonicFrank?

SonicFrank: The same as I said before; no. And another thing, those of you who review with constant questions about when certain events will take place, such as Silver being raped or Scourge's appearance? You might as well stop. Constantly asking for things we already have scheduled won't make them happen any sooner; we have an ongoing story here and everything has its assigned place.

Harley: Don't sweat it, kiddies. It'll all happen soon enough! But something important happens this chapter. A previously minor character moves into the light, and our villain is thoroughly established. Enjoy!

Chapter Thirty: Consensual Rape

It wasn't often that Head Warden Mephiles wandered throughout his prison corridor by himself, but on this particular evening, Mephiles walked alone. And he had intentions. He made his way up to the infirmary, where Miles Prower was sound asleep and on heavy doses of morphine. The light in Doctor Rose's office was on. He knocked politely.

There was a brief silence, and then the sound of Amy unlocking her office. She was meticulous about locking her door, so that nobody could go in or out without her permission. Ironically, that worked perfectly for Mephiles. She peered at him through the narrow crack.

Amy had been catching up on her paperwork. Thanks to Agent Rouge's desire to know everything that happened in the infirmary, she had a lot more of it to catch up on. It was good that something might be done about helping the weaker inmates, but Amy very much doubted that one pompous agent would change everything. And seeing Mephiles before her office made her doubt that even more, "Mephiles. What do you want?" she asked him shortly, pulling the door open, "Can't you see I'm very busy?"

The hedgehog's cold green eyes watched her for a moment of knee-buckling silence. Then he spoke. "What exactly are you working on, Doctor?"

"My paperwork, Warden," Amy told him coldly, "I always have paperwork, as you damn well know. And right now, your incompetence as Head Warden has resulted in me having a whole lot more of it, unless you can keep those thugs in the main prison in line for once. I'm tired of covering for your ineptitude."

He stood glaring, holding off on his answers for that heart-pulsing effect that only delayed speech could bring. "You didn't back me up," Mephiles told her, not sneering just yet but pretty damned close to it, "I'm starting to think you're forgetting how much you respect me. We can't have that, or things will get… out of whack…"

"I had nothing to back you up with, Warden," Amy replied crossly, "Why bother lying? Then we would both have lost our jobs! These inmates need me a whole lot more than I need you or your money, Mephiles. I'm not going to take the rap for your failures."

"Well then, if you don't need me, perhaps you don't need your position either," Mephiles tossed back, not a quiver to his gaze, "Agent Rouge hasn't turned in her reports yet. Consider yourself demoted. You'll be moving to the East Wing under Doctor Quack, and you can expect to make the wages of a nurse," he cracked his neck, "Goodnight." He was about to turn around and leave. He knew Amy wouldn't give him the chance.

"What? No!" Amy jumped forward, "Rouge promised me I'd keep my job. You can't demote me!" She looked angry and frightened at the same time; obviously the position meant more to her than she claimed.

The dark gaze in the Head Warden's eyes told her he had cruel intentions. And worse yet, that he'd done all the bookworming he had to do to get the information to threaten her with, "Correction; Agent Rouge can't guarantee you a damn thing. If she had the power to provide you a paycheck, somebody would have been here in her place to get their hands dirty for her. Regardless of her report, the only thing those higher-ups will see when I demote you is good reason; you don't have the degree that's required. Because you lied about your education…" She didn't lie about a thing. Mephiles had done her a favor. But they'd take his word over hers any day… "Do you really think they'll leave you in charge of all these inmates' surgical well-being based on being… compassionate?"

"Those men out there need me!" Amy cried out, "They need somebody here who isn't sadistic and cruel, and that quality doesn't show up in anybody else here! Besides, you know that in a few months I'll have finished my degrees and I'll have a doctorate in medicine! Nobody has died in my care in the three years I've been working here!"

"Oh, but plenty have been raped and beaten half to death," the warden replied, obviously intent on arguing rather than just leaving to get on with her demotion, "None of which have been reported to me. According to the Federal Bureau of Prisons, failure to report just one savage beating to the Head Warden immediately after treatment of the patient is punishable by reduction of responsibilities, or in extreme cases like yours, termination at the warden's dismissal. Are you feeling needy now, *NURSE* Rose?"

"Whenever I told you, you didn't want to know!" Amy shouted, fear in her green eyes, "You said they were minor matters you didn't want to hear about! You were the one who never did a damn thing about crazy bastards like Shadow working out rage issues, or Knuckles

forcing sex with every one of his cellmates and never putting in inmates who could measure up to them! And you knew what was going on! Just because not every event was made into paperwork, you still knew!"

"And because not every event was made into paperwork, you've failed to report them. It's as simple as that, Ms. Blossom. Now this must all come as a shock to you… As I recall, you won't be able to pay for your studies under the wages of a nurse… What a shame."

"You wanted them fighting!" Amy shouted, "You know as well as I do that if every inmate quit fighting and organised themselves, the Guard Robos and the flesh wardens wouldn't stand a chance in Hell! It would be like the worst riot in prison history; you'd lose control of the prison to the inmates totally!" she looked like she was about to cry, "You can't just demote and fire me…" she stopped, understanding, "What is it you want from me?"

The glare in Mephiles' eyes didn't vanish, it just changed along with his frown to a wicked grin. "Why don't we step into your office and… negotiate… *Nurse* Rose? Perhaps with the right… *sacrifice*, you can retain your position…"

"What?" Amy asked angrily, "Just what are you suggesting I do? Because I can guess… and I won't do it!"

"Amy, Amy…" Mephiles leaned on the side of the doorframe, rapping his fingers along the painted lumber, "You know me better than that. I would never… force you into anything. Why don't we just talk?"

Amy stepped backwards, allowing Mephiles into her office reluctantly, "You disgust me," she said shortly, her expression a kind of distilled fury. Mephiles wasn't just a bad warden; he enjoyed it when inmates suffered, especially if it was at his command, and that was one of the things she was putting down in her reports. It was vile, but she had no authority over him, "You're everywhere, like a bad smell."

"And if you don't do as I say, you'll never get the funk out of your hair. It'll follow you, forever, because you won't get anywhere without my funds," He looked around the office, and saw what she was doing. Amy used an old typewriter rather than the computer that had been supplied to her. He took a seat in her chair, leaned over, and folded his hands. "I need to know I can trust you," the gruesome hedgehog explained with a vile smirk, "I need to know you won't screw me over… I'm going to need the means for which to blackmail you… Any suggestions?"

"If you think I'm actively going to give you ideas for blackmailing me, you can think again, Mephiles," Amy retorted, "I'm sure your perverted imagination can come up with something… If you had anything real, you wouldn't need to bully your way into my office!"

"Why Amy, I haven't even touched you. And for your sake I hope I won't have to. Because I will…" he grinned at her, "And I'll enjoy it…" he looked at the various items on her desk, one of them a government-issued camera, meant for her to take photographs of injuries, open wounds, and what she'd done to fix them. He picked it up, and looked it over, "My, my, my, this sure is a spectacular piece of equipment… If used properly, it can really save your career, can't it? If used immorally, however… Well, we're not going to let that happen, are we? The world shall never know…" he turned the camera on, and watched the lens extend. "What's that word you like to use on our inmates?… Ah, yes. Strip."

"Wh-what?" Amy asked, taking a step back.

"Your clothes," Mephiles told her with a grin, swivelling her chair side to side as if he were a child filled with glee, "Remove them. And don't forget to smile…"

Amy looked at Mephiles, utterly disgusted. Then, slowly and reluctantly, she began to unbutton her shirt. She was still trying, and failing to smile, even as she did so.

He snapped a picture already. The flash hit her right in the eyes and blinded her for a moment. "Mmmmm, that's a good girl… did I ever tell you I have a fetish for cute nurses, Ms. Rose?"

"Well I don't want to be a nurse," Amy managed to force a smile, blinking away the spots, "I'm going to be a doctor," she removed her shirt and put it aside, trembling slightly in humiliation and fear and anger all rolled together. She was wearing a bra underneath it, but that just meant there was more for her to remove.

Mephiles already had a disgusting erection; he had to shift his pants to sit comfortably because of it. He snapped another picture, and had a wicked idea. "You know what'd look great with that bra?" he asked, though he didn't give her time to answer, "That far wall… Why don't you lean on it, and bend over with that pretty skirt of yours…?"

"You're disgusting," Amy knew exactly what Mephiles was feeling, if only because she'd shot his suggestions down so many times before. Compared to him, bank robbers and even psychotic serial rapists didn't look so bad. But by now she had little choice. She backed away to the wall Mephiles was pointing at, and bent over. The skirt she wore wasn't actually very short, but when she bent over like he wanted her to, he could see right up it. She was wearing a thong, "You're sick in the head," she added from her position.

"Oh, don't I know…" he responded with the same malicious smirk he was prone to carry in times of absolute power. Being this controlling over someone as independent as Amy was a real turn on, possibly even more-so than her shapely pink figure, slowly but surely being exposed for his pleasure. He took the camera and used the zoom-in feature to get that perfect, dreamy shot that had both Amy's sweet thong and her smiling face as she looked back at him in the same picture, "Oh yes… You're a natural, aren't you? Why don't you keep that position and pull that skirt down for me? Slowly…"

"Ugh!" Amy began to pull down her skirt, slowly again, still with the forced smile on her face. She felt horribly vulnerable. It was probably something to do with the fact that short of the music, she was

effectively performing a striptease for the most perverted man in the prison. Her white skirt fell to the floor and, shaking slightly, she stepped out of it, "You… you're sicker than Shadow!" she managed, "At least he has a psychological reason for the things he did; you're just a pervert!"

Amy heard him snap two pictures, the camera's clicking and whirring going flashless for the moment. He made sure to nail a shot of her pulling the skirt down, revealing her shapely legs and more importantly, her firm, soft, pink rear. The second had the skirt on the ground, with her bending over and showing her stuff. His erection was starting to almost hurt him now. "Mmmhmm, but you're the one performing the task. And you're doing it willingly… You're just as sick as I am. I think you like the attention you're getting… In fact, why don't you turn around and pose, so I can get a better look at that smile you're giving me?"

"I despise you, and you know it," Amy turned to face him, feeling like the grin on her face would crack and fall off, it was so fake. She struck another pose, "Just what do you think you're going to do with those disgusting pictures?" she asked him.

"Nothing, provided you don't provide false reports of my 'professionalism'," he replied with a smirk so vile it may as well have been painted in the blood of newborn babies, "We're going to have to leave the office for this next pose…" he told her, standing up with a bulge in his pants.

"What? But Miles Prower is asleep in the infirmary!" Amy protested, now dressed only in her boots, regular gloves, bra and lacy thong. Despite her attempts to not look any more sexy than she absolutely had to, it came naturally to the pink hedgehog whether she wanted it or not. Mephiles was still eyeing up her curves, his eyes looking over every part of her, watching her slim body intensely, and she knew exactly what he was imagining doing with it.

"Then we'll just have to be quiet," he told her with a nasty grin. "Come on, the sooner you satisfy my needs, the sooner you can put

your clothes back on and get back to your high-paying job as a professional *doctor*…" He took a picture of her standing before him, pose-less, just for good measure. He rather enjoyed her angry face…

Amy shook slightly with anger, but followed Mephiles. Tails was unlikely to wake up anyway, thanks to how deeply he was sleeping with the morphine added to his exhausted system. But she didn't like to think about why the sinister hedgehog wanted her in the infirmary itself when he had shots of her in her office.

"Why don't you sit right here?" he asked, patting his hand lightly on the cushiony mattress of an unmanned hospital bed, "We're going to… Operate, with the environment around us…"

Amy sat on the bed, forcing another grin onto her face as Mephiles took another disgusting picture, "I… I refuse to have intercourse with somebody like you, Mephiles," she told him, "I… I'd rather be raped by one of this prison's sex offenders!"

"I doubt that very much," Mephiles dropped down to one knee to get a perfect angle at her crotch. The thong she was wearing hid her snatch from view, but did a terrible job concealing the overall shape of it. "Mmmmm, but now you've given me ideas," he stood up, and took another picture, this time of her face and chest. He was really enjoying this, Amy was giving him something that he'd wanted for a very long time. "Now lay on your side, and gimme a real sexy pose… You look delicious tonight…"

"You're… you're so disgusting I'm running out of ways to say you're disgusting!" Amy told him, feeling like some kind of unwilling Playboy model as she was bullied into lying on the bed, resting her head in one hand and giving him another pose, this time spreading her thighs, "You make me want to vomit!" she told him angrily, but still trying to smile and keep her voice down as he eyed her thong, and the shape defined by them. The action of spreading her thighs in this manner meant that they were actually starting to creep up into the slit of her vagina.

And that made the close-up shot of her crotch that much better when he took it. The thong was practically teasing him by giving him the slimmest view of the sides just beyond her lower lips. "And you… are my filthy little model," he shot back, taking a full-body shot of her, "And those boots make you look slutty. It's a very big turn-on. I'll bet half the prison's population would love to see you this way… Sit up, and take off your bra…"

Amy paled, realising that Mephiles was actually threatening to circulate the photographs around the prison population. There was quite the number of inmates who, upon seeing her in these positions, would take the very first opportunity they had to violate her. If he circulated them, she wouldn't even be able to rely on her reputation as the sympathetic doctor to protect her; she'd *have* to leave, "I… I won't go any further!" she protested suddenly, "You've got your dirty pictures; why should I show you any more?"

"Because I'm not done yet, and you need your job to finish school and prove to that governor daddy of yours that you can do it…" he told her, "And because if you don't, I'll have to threaten you some other way… Getting put in with Scourge sure fixed Shadow Robotnik right up. Do you think it'll have the same effect on you? Take it off!"

Forcing another smile that covered terror at Mephiles' new threat, Amy reached behind herself and undid the clasp on her bra, "You're very good at this," she told Mephiles angrily, as the bra was removed to show small but soft and perky breasts, "You should take photographs for magazines," she continued, putting the bra aside, "No, you really should. You should get the hell out of here and take those photographs of women who are willing to do this sort of thing… except you wouldn't find it any fun if I was willing, would you?"

"You *are* willing," Mephiles told her as he stared hungrily at her breasts before regaining focus and taking a picture. She even saw him lick his lips. "And that's what makes this exciting, aside from that mouth-watering body of yours…" He took more pictures at different angles, even one from behind, where he had Amy look back at him

with exotic green eyes, "You know what's next… Lift your legs and slide them off. Slowly. Extra slow. I want several shots of this…"

"Willing? You have to be joking!" Amy spat. But Mephiles was seeing that the doctor wasn't just slim; she was flexible too, as she shifted on the hospital bed and, feeling like a whore, lifted both her legs to slide her thong down - slowly. From the look Mephiles was giving her body, and the large, visible bulge in his pants, she was starting to feel afraid that he would go much further than these filthy pictures.

The rate at which she heard the camera snapping pictures increased dramatically as she was pulling her thong down her shapely legs. She'd never seen him move so quickly, or so eagerly for that matter. "Lord Almighty, I love my job…" Amy wasn't aroused in the least, but it wasn't hard to picture that smooth, pink pussy getting nice and moist for him to shove his cock into and make her squeal. "Now we're almost done, Baby-Girl… I just need you to masturbate. For good measure."

For him, Amy's look of horror was priceless, "Please don't make me do that too," she pleaded, "You've already seen all of me…"

"Well then, you can just do it on your own time, while Doctor Quack is out at lunch, perhaps?" Mephiles stated with great warning. "Don't tempt me, Ms. Rose; it is at this very moment a great challenge for me to maintain my word of not forcing myself upon you…"

Amy gave a grimace of a grin, removed one glove, and started by slipping one finger into her cunt, rubbing slowly to loosen herself up. She wasn't smiling, but she didn't need to be; none of Mephiles' current focus was on her face.

More pictures were taken. Amy had lost count. He guessed the nurse had begun fantasizing about being somewhere else; anywhere but here. That was okay though. She could imagine some other lover all she wanted, because the truth was that he was there, and he had her right where he wanted. Her cunt was delectable; it was soft and so damned wet. He could smell her false arousal and it drove him

mad. After what felt like hours at least but was surely only a few minutes, he put the camera down, and unzipped his trousers. "Keep going," he told the pretty pink hedgehog, and to her horror, he began pawing at himself…

Amy slipped a second finger into her wet cunt, the movement making a slick, wet sound, and then a third, her eyes widening in horror and disgust at Mephiles jacking at his erection, not even looking at photographs, but staring at her body. By now she was too frightened to stop, afraid of what he might do if she did, so she kept on moving her fingers, just barely deriving physical pleasure. She tried to tune herself out, to be somewhere else, but she kept feeling her attention dragged back to this murky place.

The hedgehog's cock wasn't a pretty sight either; but Mephiles seemed to enjoy having it out. "Oh yeah, slip that finger in there and fuck yourself like the little tramp you are! Mmmmm…" At this point, he didn't seem to care whether or not Tails awoke. The little punk would be too afraid to say anything about the matter anyway. He never closed his eyes, not once, reptilian globes of ember that coursed over her body as he grunted in his own pleasure.

Whimpering at how vulnerable she felt like this, Amy continued to slip three fingers in and out of her cunt. Her only relief was that Mephiles had not laid one finger on her… so far. She felt almost as if she was being raped, as her cunt became wetter, and the slippery sound of her fingers continued to arouse her boss as he leered and grunted. Any 'pleasure' she felt was nothing more than the stimulation of sensitive nerves.

"Heavens to Satan I wish this camera had a video feature…" It did, but the Warden didn't know that, and Amy wasn't about to tell him either. Mephiles only dreamed he could watch this scene over and over, hitting pause, rewind, play, until the film completely wore out. Amy's pussy was sopping wet, just calling for a good licking, and a good fucking to boot. But he couldn't do that… It was a Hellish torture but he couldn't do that. He could do other things, however. And as his impending orgasm drew near, he had the idea to let her

decide the fate of her pride… "Nnngh, get over here, Amy… I'm close to cumming and you get to choose where it goes… Either way, I'm taking a photo for my own sadistic pleasure…"

Amy reeled back, "Oh, please don't make me do any more," she begged Mephiles, and she looked as if she was about to cry now, even with four fingers rubbing at herself. Her orgasm from masturbation came, a mere muscle movement, weak and brief, but it still resulted in her own wet inner lubricant spilling from her cunt.

"I said get over here, unless you'd rather go home to your daddy!" he yelled, though having to shout at her held his ejaculation back by several important strokes. "Besides, I'm making it fun for you… Come HERE," he yelled out, the tears that were welling up in Amy's eyes only hardening his erection even further. There was something so sadistic about this, so repulsively arousing. And all the power was held in his hands. He could fuck her if he wanted to, and he knew she would let him if it meant keeping her job, despite the statement she had made earlier. "I won't tell you again…"

Shaking, Amy pulled her wet fingers out of her leaking vagina, wiping them off on her perfect pink flesh, and stood up. Having to choose where Mephiles would get to spew his cum made it even worse, but she couldn't stand the idea of him putting it between her thighs. Finally crying and feeling entirely violated, she sank to her knees before him, covering her wet cunt protectively with her hands.

Mephiles kept stroking while she kneeled, the scent of her body mingling with his own and making the whole infirmary smell of sex. "That's a good girl… Now I promised not to touch you, but I never said anything about you touching me…" He grinned, and let go of his cock. It wasn't impressive in the least, not even for a laugh, "Now all you have to do is make me cum, without using your hands, and it'll all be over…" Looking down at Amy in this position made a globe of precum poke its way out of him. "I think you know what I want…"

Amy had thought her final humiliation would simply be Mephiles cumming on her face. She hadn't thought he would make her choose

between blowing and fucking him even after all of this. He was enjoying her emotional suffering; it turned him on, and that was the sickest thing of all. Bitterly, she leaned forward and, totally naked except for her boots, sank soft lips and a warm mouth around his cock. Once again he was taking photographs of the sick act he was all but forcing her to perform, if nor nobody's pleasure but his own.

This was it; the ultimate humiliation. Mephiles' knees buckled against the sides of her arms when he felt her warm, slick mouth engulf the top half of his length. And he didn't do her the favor of remaining quiet. "Oh yes, baby!" he moaned with a grin, struggling to keep the camera focussed and still, "You're gonna make your daddy proud…"

Amy wished that he wouldn't say that; she could only begin to imagine what her father would say if he saw her sucking off a pervert like Mephiles for the money to complete her studies. She felt like a whore as she slowly moved her mouth over his hard member, caressing it with her lips.

He snapped not one picture, but several, in one case actually capturing a rolling tear as it welled up in her eyes and streake down her face. He grinned, and closed his eyes to allow a moment to delve into the pleasure. He thrust his head back and groaned, really loud, letting her know she was working him good. But not good enough, "You'll have to use your tongue if you want to conclude this act sooner… And suck harder while you're at it," he reached his hand out, and held the camera to face him before taking a picture, one he hoped had caught a scenic view of her face buried in his crotch. He felt himself getting close, but she didn't need to know that…

Crying harder, Amy could barely have felt more violated if Mephiles had shoved her onto her back and rammed his cock into her hole, and if he had she knew she wouldn't have been able to keep herself from fighting back. But that was the point; if he did that this would be a crime. As it was, she was doing everything he ordered her to of her own free will, and he would get off scot free. She pressed her lips

harder around his shaft, and rubbed her tongue obediently against the meat in her throat.

Regardless of how she felt about all this, Amy was doing a damn good job at blowing him. As the pink hedgehog began moving her tongue, he felt the inevitable building up inside him like he was about to explode. So it was time for the big question. "All right, Ms. Rose… I'm getting close, to tell me where you'd prefer it…" He took another picture, this time of nearly his entire length down her throat, "Your hot, thirsty mouth, or all over that pretty face…? It's your choice, really…" his hands started to tremble and she felt his cock give a slight jerk from deep within.

Amy could no longer stand the thought of having Mephiles' seed in her, and she pulled back from him with a sob and a gasp for breath.

And so she chose to have it on her. It felt warm, gooey, and disgusting in every sense of the word. Mephiles came hard in several spurts, tapping frantically at the shutter button to try and capture the moment. Not that she had his jizz on her face, but that it was shooting from his cock and landing on her face, where it pegged its sticky substance in thin lines. Once it was over, he sighed, and took a picture while she was still kneeling. "That was… stupendous… Now open your eyes and smile for the camera, Baby… This is your last shot for the day, so make it look good…"

Tears still running down her face, Amy forced another smile. Mephiles didn't seem to care that all of them had been weak and fake, the fact that she was smiling and trying to wipe some of his cum off her pretty features was enough for him.

The camera must have stored at least two-hundred still moments of the most shameful night in Doctor Blossom's whole life. Worst yet, she had to live with the memory of whoring herself out to someone as decrepit as Mephiles. Once he was satisfied, he took a deep sigh, and noticed there was a small amount of cum running down his cock. "I'm afraid you're going to have to clean that up, Ms. Blossom…" he got the camera ready.

"No!" Amy wept, throwing herself face down and naked on the floor, sobbing bitterly, "No more, please… please just… just take what you have and go away…" she begged wretchedly.

"Amy…" he growled out, severely disappointed, "Think about all you just did… It'd be a shame if you were to lose your job, and your reputation, based on the lack of one little lick…" He was trying to keep his cool, "You've worked so hard, and it all comes down to this…"

Crying harder, Amy pushed herself up, realising that Mephiles had no intention of letting her keep even the smallest shred of dignity. She got back to her knees and licked away the cum, bullied into performing this most degrading act for the sake of her job, her doctorate, her patients, all in a way that meant Mephiles would get away with it, while she felt like she would be scarred for life.

She expected him to grin down at her with a putrid, victorious attitude. But he did the opposite, glaring down at her with stern, degrading green eyes, "You're a fucking disgrace; a dirty whore who's not worth the damn spunk you just swallowed. And if you ever cross me again, embarrass me in front of anyone, or so much as look at me the wrong way, I won't just take some dirty photos… I'll fire you," he stood up, and began redoing his pants, "I'll use your lack of degree against you, I'll use the unreported rapes and beatings of your patients, and more importantly…" he smiled, suddenly, and held the camera with great delight, "I'd hate for these pictures to get accidentally 'leaked' onto the internet for the world to see… Or even printed out and mailed to some of our inmates from an anonymous source… Or worse yet, end up on your daddy's doorstep. You're such a good girl, Ms. Blossom… Let's do everything in our power to avoid such a devastating catastrophe, shall we?"

Amy fell forward on her face, holding her hands to her head and crying, still naked and effectively helpless. Somehow for Mephiles, dragging Amy down so low this way was more enjoyable than simply forcing himself on her. She was a strong-willed woman and yet with

the images in the camera Mephiles could make her look like a whore, a weak slut, or almost anything he pleased.

He stepped over her, careless, and headed directly for the door, savagely content with what had just transpired between them. "I'll return this camera to you as soon as I'm done with it; as I'm sure you simply cannot wait to have it back. Have a good night, *Doctor* Blossom," with that, he pulled the door open, and let it shut closed behind him on its own. Amy Rose was left in a puddle of her own tears. Mephiles had won again.

From his bed, Miles 'Tails' Prower watched Amy crying with sympathy. There was nothing he could say or do to make this better for her, so he remained silent. But he could bear witness. And maybe weep with her.

SonicFrank: Boy, what a dark turn of events!

Harley: In case you didn't guess, this was the chapter in which you are supposed to lose even the slightest shred of sympathy you ever had for Mephiles. Also, ALL rape is rape-rape. At least in traumatic terms.

SonicFrank: How'd we do, guys? Review!

Bipolar

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: Another chapter with a shifty delve into everybody's favourite bipolar, delusional, paranoid, possibly schizophrenic psychopath. I know these chapters aren't the most interesting thing in the world, but there is a good reason for Blaze existing.

Harley: You're probably wondering why Shadow's in a prison rather than a mental institution. Sadly this is true - only about one percent of criminals make an insanity defence and only a quarter of them pull through because 'if you're crazy, you don't think you're crazy so why would you plead insanity', to the point that most people just don't bother. In any case there's not a lot of difference between being locked up in an asylum for the criminally insane, and being locked up in a prison for criminals.

SonicFrank: I hear they serve good jello in asylums, though!

Chapter Thirty-One: Bipolar

Doctor Blaze shuffled her files. Mephiles wanted her to interrogate Shadow on why he'd had a knife. It was ridiculous; she'd been over the subject and he'd told her reasons before, and she had notes of them. Defence, offence, or just the smug idea of something sharp to use if something went down. She'd talked to men who thought even bare-knuckle fist-fights were snobby, and would find anywhere to put small knives and razor blades to give them an extra 'edge' in a fight. Men who'd stab you with a potato peeler. Men who used knives because they scared the victim more. When it came to knives, Shadow was actually pretty mundane. This was probably some show

of control from Mephiles to look like a good boy in front of the Agent's inspection. Some prisoners would play nicer. But Shadow wasn't the only malicious, Mephiles-hating bastard in this prison - just the worst. Guys like him would act even worse than usual.

She looked at Shadow, who was looking tired and pale from another stint in Solitary. His hands were cuffed, and clenched into fists, "Okay, Shadow," she smiled, "About twenty-four hours ago you were caught with a self-made shiv- knife, and tried to incite a riot. Shall we talk about that?"

"No," he answered coldly, a bizarre taste of exhaustion to his voice. His eyes were blood-shot and very deep. He hadn't slept when he was in the Hole. He may have played Fearless Villain in front of that busty bat agent, but the Hole was the one place in this whole shitty prison that he feared. Not Hole Number One or Two, but Hole Number Three. For reasons he didn't care to explain.

"But you must have known you'd get into trouble…" Blaze commented. She'd been here during one of Shadow's riots and survived; fortunately it hadn't been too severe and nobody had been killed, but still… "You've started riots before, and you didn't feel the need to look the big-shot," she continued, "In fact it was tough to get you down as the inciter. Why now has that changed?"

"Because guts look so much better when they're out of your stomach and on the fucking ground," the dark hedgehog replied. His eyes were so damned red they almost blended in with his stripes. "In case you haven't gotten the POINT, I'm not in the mood to talk or hear your bitching, Doctor," Shadow was being so still it was almost concerning. He was in a worse mood than usual.

"Okay… so you were shouting lewd comments at the female Agent up on the catwalk," Blaze looked at him, "Women aren't objects. Women can drive, sing, and vote. You know that."

Shadow didn't even blink. He just sat there, staring into Blaze's eyes as if digging deep claw marks into her soul. "Tell me, Doctor… If you

don't approve of my behaviour, why the fuck do you keep seeing me against my will? I'm tired of seeing your fucking face. And your voice makes me want to murder a fucking baby and smear his blood all over his grandma's cookies while she has a heart-attack and gets fucked by a necrophiliac bear while the baby's mother watches in horror as I fuck her in the cunt with a Brillo pad."

"So… you hate me," Blaze concluded while Shadow sneered, "Well, is there any woman you'd have a civil conversation with? Like you would with, say, Maria?"

" *Don't* say that name," Shadow warned her with chilling breath. "And the answer to your question, Doctor, is yes. There are two, in fact, none of which are you. So why don't you just… go prey on some six-year-old's pet gerbil and send me a postcard with a picture of the kid's face when it sees you tearing at its beloved rodent like the bitch you are?"

"I'm not that bad, Shadow…" Blaze leaned back in her chair, "So there are women you'd talk decently with? Why don't you tell me how you feel about them?" Sometimes, she felt like talking to Shadow was exactly like banging her head against a brick wall. Other times, she did actually feel like they were making progress.

"Why don't you just cut to the chase and ask what you want to know so I can tell you what you want to hear and be on my merry fucking way?" he responded, with little interest other than to fix the lack of fear this shrink had for him..

"Well, what I really want to know is what you admire about those women…" Blaze smiled, "But you think I just want to know their names, don't you?"

"I think you want to know what I'd want to do with them if given the chance…" the restrained hedgehog replied.

Blaze gave a 'tch, tch' sound, "Sure. But will you try to shock me with another rant about how you want to tear all their clothes off, fuck

them like meat and then kill them, or will you try shocking me with the truth?"

"Why don't you ask the questions directly instead of dick-dancing around the fucking fire?" Shadow spat back. He was *so* tired.

"Okay… what would you do with them, given the chance?" Blaze asked him, as he requested.

A grin formed on the hedgehog's face. It was made of only the mildest amusement, but it was there. "I've been stuck in a prison for a few decades and some chump change. So I'd obviously humour them with romance before raping them so hard it'd be like beating their guts with my cock. But I would speak with them civilly, as you asked."

"Huh… not much different from what you say you'd like to do to every other woman," Blaze smiled without conviction, "But what would you talk about with them?"

"How the fuck should I know? Women have personalities these days," he answered brutally, "Who knows what the hell they want to hear?"

"I know you can't stand me, Shadow," Blaze stood up suddenly, "Is it because you simply don't scare or shock me any more?" she started to pace in the room, "Or perhaps I don't possess the qualities you'd like to see in a woman. What is it about these women that you admire so much, that you would put off fucking them for long enough to talk to?" she stepped behind Shadow suddenly, "I don't fear you, and yet you can't bring yourself to even talk decently with me. So… what do you feel when you look at them?" she asked from behind him.

"If you're going to disrespect me, Doctor, I'm not telling you a single damned thing," Shadow told her with a menacing sneer, "You're getting half-baked answers and all of a sudden you're Ms. Power-trip? Fuck off. And get the fuck away from me."

"Okay…" Blaze moved in front of Shadow, sitting down with the desk between them again, "Let's get on with the truth, shall we? I want you to… see the world differently. Because the sooner you do so, the sooner I can get you out of my fur. When I look at you, I feel… shock that anybody can be as callous and cold as you like to pretend you are. What do you feel when you look at the women you say you admire?"

"Like my trousers are two sizes too damn tight," he responded, "But I don't know how the Hell I *feel* . You seem to have all the answers yourself, Doctor. Why don't you tell me how I feel about these women, since you have the gall to inform me of how cold I pretend to be?"

"But I don't know how you feel," Blaze looked hurt, "In fact, I'm rather insulted that you still think I know what you feel. Especially when you won't tell me. Hmmm…" she took out a little toy from her desk. It was pink. And fuzzy. When she shook it, it jingled. It obviously had a bell inside. She put it on the table just in front of Shadow, in arm's reach of him, "You can't tell me, so why don't you… take the little pink fluffy ball, close your eyes, and imagine that it is those women. Tell them everything you'd like to say to them, but you're afraid of saying to them to their faces."

"You're insulting me." Shadow told her, eyeing the toy with great disgust. "Why don't you take that pink fluffy ball, close your eyes, and shove it up your cunt? I'd like to leave now. And if you don't let me, I'll just fall asleep. I could use a nap anyhow."

"Do they remind you of Maria?" Blaze asked him suddenly.

Shadow felt the nerves tingle with rage throughout his body. But there was a conjugal waiting for him if he could just hold his temper. He could take a few insults to Maria's name for some of Mina Mongoose's sweet vagina… "Do you think consensual sex can be as fun as rape, Doctor?"

"It can never be the same," Blaze replied, "Rape and consensual sex are different. Even if you were to only… play at rape, it's still playing… You've never let a woman agree to have sex with you. Would you like that?"

"I wouldn't know. I've never considered asking for consent," he replied, though he was at least slightly more open at this point. "I never even considered that a woman could enjoy sex. I've never fucked anyone for their enjoyment."

"But getting consent can be more satisfying and pleasurable," Blaze told him, "It's… more of a challenge. A… test of your intelligence, rather than just of your strength. You found it very easy to rape and kill the women you attacked. There was no challenge in it. That's why you don't usually beat up the weaker inmates. There's no challenge there. You don't really gain any more respect from beating up little kids, do you?"

"It depends on how smug they are," the hedgehog returned. But Blaze did have a point and it showed in his expression. "Rape was always my only option. I don't fuck around with romance or treating women right; they never deserved it. They were weak and stupid, enough so to get raped! I shouldn't need their permission to utilize the one thing they have that's worth any God-damn thing in the world."

"But now you're in a prison," Blaze frowned, "These two women you mentioned liking… well, it would be such a challenge to woo them from here, considering your previous track record. Respect for success would definitely be forthcoming. Not just from me, but most likely from fellow inmates too. They couldn't question your masculinity then."

"They couldn't question my masculinity if I rape them, either," Shadow pointed out, "Hell, if I ask for consent, and they say no, and I don't rape them, I'll be considered a faggot. And I can't have that…" The dark inmate shifted in his seat, looking like a sullen child,

"Besides. When it's rape, everyone ends up happy. And by everyone, I mean me…"

"They couldn't consider you a faggot if you broke their arm either," Blaze smiled slightly, "You're not everyone, Shadow. You always seem to forget that it's not all about you, and that's one of the reasons you blame yourself for Maria's tragic death. There are other people in the world. Do you know what it feels like, when you make somebody else feel happy?"

"Fuck you," Shadow responded, clearly and calmly alike. Though there was still that spice of rage on hearing Maria's name. "This conversation doesn't change anything. If I ever see you outside these walls, I'll rape you and keep you alive so I can do it repeatedly; thrice for every time your filthy oral crevice has dared utter her name. Which is a hundred and ninety-six right now."

"Well, I know that there's one person in this prison who spends all their time making people happy," Blaze smiled, "Doctor Blossom has devoted her life to, as she tells me, that warm feeling she gets from being responsible for making somebody else happy."

"Doctor Blossom is one of the two women you wished to know more about," Shadow responded with an evil smirk, "Do you plan to run and warn her now? Maybe you should…"

"Should I?" Blaze raised an eyebrow, "How do you feel when you end up in the infirmary, being cared for by her?"

Shadow hesitated for a brief moment, "Like I'd really like to tap that ass," he responded bluntly, "Can I go now?"

Blaze sensed the concealment of Shadow's real feelings. She ignored his request to leave, "Do you think she's a better person than the women you forced your body onto?"

"Yes," Shadow spoke without thinking. He continued glaring at the lilac cat calmly. It was riveting, because he could very well go

berserk at any moment…

"Hmmm…" Blaze put down her notes, looking at Shadow, "Don't you wish it was you who could tell her that, rather than me?"

"Yes," he replied again, getting irritated at the feline's brashness.

Blaze stopped looking at Shadow. She stared at her papers for a long while, shuffling them, "You hate losing control," she mused eventually, "The idea of it terrifies you to the point of a berserker rage. And you don't like being touched. You shy away from any physical contact that isn't an act of violence. Compassion confuses you. And once again, you think it's just you. But everybody is afraid of what they don't understand…"

"There isn't a damn *thing* that I don't understand, Doctor," Shadow reminded her, matter-of-factly, "The only person here who doesn't understand what the fuck's going on is you. You're trying to figure me out, because I confuse you. I don't confuse myself. So stop trying to fix what you don't quite get, and leave me in peace."

"Well…" Blaze looked at her papers, "I think you should be more open about your feelings. Keeping things locked up inside isn't healthy… and then it all bursts out and people get hurt. What I understand is that all your inner turmoil links back to the loss of your sister. It's a shame you don't feel you can talk about that more…"

"I do feel I can, I just don't fucking want to talk about it with you!" the psychotic hedgehog shot back, obviously getting riled up, "You can't fix the past, and I don't like you. And if you knew anything about what was healthy, you wouldn't be sharing a table with me…"

Blaze watched him for a long moment. She had read Shadow's files and the dark inmate was so cold, and angry, that it seemed acts of violence were the only thing that made him feel anything. The only act that made him feel truly alive.

Most of the murderers here didn't understand that. Nack the Weasel had pointed out that he killed for money, and he switched off his feelings so that he could do his job with cold professionalism. He'd even admitted that the very first time he'd killed, he'd felt dead inside, like he was all tied up, and he couldn't move or hardly think…

But that was the point. To even feel dead inside; that was, for Shadow, still a feeling, if a dreadful one. Because if he wasn't feeling angry or dead… he felt… nothing.

She nodded with a sigh, "As you wish," she told Shadow, pressing the button under her desk that summoned two Guard Robos, "You can go back to the main prison now. Maybe I don't understand… but I do want to." Surprisingly, she felt like she had made some progress.

"And I want my sister back. Tough shit for the both of us." With that, Shadow stood up, and allowed the Guard Robos to escort him away. Blaze was getting better. He felt he said too much today…

"I *could* tell Doctor Blossom you like her," Blaze told Shadow, "But for now… I think that can remain confidential between us. It wouldn't change how you feel, anyway."

The hedgehog stopped in his tracks, forcing the Guard Robos to push him forward. Still, he didn't leave just yet. Without turning, he addressed the shrink, "If you tell her anything I said before I do… *Somebody* will get hurt…"

Lines for these things were always unbearably long, as were the conversations that selfish inmates had with whoever they were talking to. Calls usually had a ten minute limit, but in a place where everyone was deprived of the outside world for far worst crimes than being stingy, hardly anyone followed the rules. Heavier, more dominant inmates had been known to get away with hour-long chat sessions, while smaller ones could barely get two minutes in without being yanked away. Thus, 'The Phones' as the small area was

commonly referred to, was a high-risk environment due to all the bickering, yelling and out-right slug festing that came about in the place. It didn't help that one of the two available phones was out of order.

When Sonic walked into the place, two of the rowdier inmates were already tossing it out over who got to use it first. He took this as his cue to skip the line, and picked up the phone. "You guys mind if I may a quick call while you settle your dispute?" he asked, grinning at them. After all the times they'd seen him stand up to Shadow Robotnik and live, they didn't dare protest. "Sweet! Guess it's my calling to go first." With that, he pulled a folded piece of paper out if his pocket, and began dialing.

Convicts called their wives, their mothers and fathers, their lawyers, their girlfriends and boyfriends, their lawyers and their conspirators, and chats could be about anything from a desperate need for contact outside the prison, to getting time off, to detailed talks about the 'family business'. Some inmates, like Shadow, never set foot in the spot, so deeply entrenched in their sentences that they had nobody and nothing outside the prison walls to call out to. Sonic however had lots of people outside the prison, waiting for when he got out. One of the common rules he was aware of, was that if you dialled and nobody picked up, you didn't get to try again. Such was the unfairness of Prison Etiquette.

Fortunately though, after a few rings the phone picked up, and Mina Mongoose's voice was there to greet him, " *Little Caesar's Pizza! We've no commercial but believe it or not we're still around!* " she answered cheerfully.

Sonic coughed, pitching his voice to what he considered to be 'old', "Mina! This is your father here! I heard all about your little philandering with that magnificent prison stud Sonic! It nearly made me burst an artery in rage! How dare you fornicate with somebody so heroic and sexy and popular and not invite me along?"

He heard the girl snort. This wasn't the average type, either, it was the kind that was followed by a spontaneous mixture of unexpected laughter and fervent coughing. She had definitely been drinking something. *"Sonic?"* She exclaimed, before covering her mouth in a realization that she had to be quiet. *"Wait, hold on. Ash is here; let me skiddaddle real quick!"* with that, there was nothing but static and the occasional noise on the other line. But she hadn't hung up, which kept the blue hedgehog grinning.

Sonic smirked into the phone, leaning his arm on the side of the booth. Mina wasn't listening, but he knew she could hear him. "Heh, so that's the lucky guy's name. Sounds like somethin' you dump in a tray… He's a fortunate fellow, ain't he? A girl like you could rock his world!"

The girl stopped walking, and pressed the phone closer to her face, which was now blushing madly. *"Sonic! Hush up! He might hear you and I'll be down another manager!"* Already Sonic had her flabbergasted, trembling with excitement. He made her body tingle all over, just with his voice. This hedgehog had an amazing ability to make her feel unbearably sexy without even looking at her. How could she avoid loving someone like him? She was lucky to know him, even if he was locked away forever…

"Another one, huh? Weren't you screwin' the last one you had, too?" His smirk was justified. Mina's last manager was Sonic himself. He's the one who discovered her amazing talent, jump-started her career, and gave her the confidence to promote herself as a celebrity. *"Actually, I only ever screwed one of them…"* Mina replied, twirling a finger through her hair. "Awww, ain't that nice. I'm glad you have someone to hold hands with, then. Must be nice! I'll bet he's psyched." Sonic responded, smirking. Talking to Mina was always fun because she was real good at flirting back. So hey speakin' of comittin' to abstinence, are you all set up for our little play-date with my chipper chum, Shadow? You'll be seein' threesomes in a whole new light! I'm still trippin' out that you agreed! You haven't turned yellow about it, have ya?"

"Haha, very funny. About as funny as me proclaiming your inevitable state of blue balls where you are," she responded, though it was obvious she was still trying to be quiet, and definitely on the move. *"You're lucky, you know,"* she told him once she found a safe spot, *"My time of the month'll come the day right after I'm scheduled to go in. And I don't care how desperate you and your boyfriend are for a girl's company, I am NOT up for what the Brit's call 'a bloody good time'. Excited?"* She seemed out of breath. Talking to Sonic was exciting and very unexpected. He was good at that.

"Meh, I figure if anything'll get Shadow all revved up, it'll be a hot girl on the rag," Sonic grinned, "Which is why I'm gonna be there to keep you safe. I can't tell ya how juiced up I am to see ya! But hey, I'm gonna need another favor. A present… from the outside, y'know?"

Mina frowned, *"Sonic… you are NOT calling about a chilidog…"*

"Well, gotta say that'd be mondo stupendous, too!" Sonic replied cheerfully. He looked around at the other convicts waiting for him to get off. They were listening to him hard, even those who were pretending not to, "You know these phones are always packed, everybody wants their share of chit-chat. So I'd get more from having a way to get in touch whenever I felt the need! For you and all my other connections… Calling about calls, know what I mean?"

Mina may have been on her way to great fame, but it had everything to do with her voice and her looks, and nothing to do with her brain, *"… you're talking in code again, aren't you?"* she asked, and Sonic knew she was blinking without having to see her. *"Um… You want me to find a way to call you? In the prison?"*

Sonic rolled his eyes. He paused for a moment, looking at the other convicts trying to listen in to half of the conversation, "Ladies, please! Daddy's on the phone. A little privacy?" he asked with flare. There was a dangerous silence, before a few of them decided that spoiling someone like Sonic's call wasn't worth the inevitable thrashing he was capable of dealing out for them interrupting, and took a step back, "Yeah, something like that, Sweet-Heart…" he hoped he

wouldn't have to spell it out, "Something to play Snake on, download apps, annoy people while we're watchin' a movie…"

There was a brief silence, before she spoke again. *"What brand?"* she asked finally. *"You know how those phone companies are… It's like they put you in a cell,"* she joked, though with a thoughtful tone to it. *"I could just give you mine and claim that I lost it…"*

"Babe, I ain't held one o' those since they had pull-out antennas," Sonic replied, "Make it good. Real high quality. But compact, so you can fit it in some snug, tight places," he smirked a little.

"What would you do with a phone like that?" Mina asked Sonic with a grin, *"If you knew anything about handling small crevices, I wouldn't be looking forward to getting you some assistance from Shadow…"* That was pretty much a yes. Sonic could expect the highest-quality cellular device available on the market that day to be put in his hands when Mina came to visit. And he expected to get his hands on her, too…

"Yeah, never mind what I do, what's important is havin' it… and you," Sonic grinned even though she couldn't see him, "But man, it's a breath of fresh air talkin' to you, Mina. We can't even get into the yard right now, and everybody's gettin' Cabin Fever."

"Awww, what a shame… All you strong, desperate, deprived, lonely, frustrated big boys all locked in a giant building with a fence around it… Sounds like the only reason you're not getting any action is because you don't want it! Picky, picky, picky…" Mina was no stranger in teasing Sonic despite her obvious adoration for him.

"Ha! Very funny, Precious," Sonic could have made some serious gags about everybody wanting him in here, but suspected that now was probably not the time when he didn't want to be interrupted, "I know who I want my action from. You just better make it worth waiting a whole month for!"

"I'm sure that Daddy of yours, Mister Robotnik, will let you have your two minutes of fun while he shows me a good time for the rest of the day…" She gasped, suddenly. *"Gotta go! See you soon!"* With that, the phone clicked off, and Sonic was left all alone again…

He bit down on his lip and clenched his fist, already missing the outside contact, even if it was just the voice on the other end of a line. He wasn't supposed to be locked up in a cage… A voice cleared loudly behind him, and he turned to see a human reaching for the phone. Moving fast, he hung up, and stepped away from the booth. This was the cue for people to start fighting over their calls again.

There was so much waiting for him. The fan-girls, the concerts, the public rioting… He had people to lead, hopes to fulfil, wishes to grant, dreams to make true. Chilidogs to eat…

Harley: Well, Shadow's had another session. He's got a crush on Amy! And Sonic wants a cell-phone! How will that help him escape?

SonicFrank: Reviews, Baby! Reviews! 8D

All Hail

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: Excited, dear readers? You should be! Because something happens in this chapter that you've ALL been waiting for!

SonicFrank: Also, if you're not reviewing because you think we won't notice another review full of gushing praise, trust us that we do. Heck, Harley checks for new reviews every few hours.

Chapter Thirty-Two: All Hail…

When the dark hedgehog entered the recreation room, the other convicts looked over at him with great risk. Shadow Robotnik was never in a good mood right after he'd come out of Solitary, but on the other hand he wasn't in great fighting shape either, so it could go either way.

"Hey, Shadow, didn't get much sleep last night?" Bean asked enthusiastically from behind, "That's right! You were in the Hole, what's with that, are you afraid of the da-ACK!" Shadow spun around and decked Bean across the room with an irritable growl, "My bad…" the duck winced.

The black and red hedgehog stamped over to the couch, completely ignoring everybody glaring at him. Sometimes inmates tried to get a one-up on him after a bad night, but they had discovered to their detriment that even then it was impossible to beat him into anything resembling submission. He flung himself down on the couch with a growl and snatched the remote off somebody, switching it to a lesbian porn channel.

Having very high hopes for the second conjugal with Mina, Sonic had every intention on keeping an eye on Shadow for the sake of ill-advising bad behavior. With his cell-mate spending some alone-time in the Hole, the speedy blue hedgehog found himself with some time on his hands; quality time that he spent with his brother. After a decent workout, the two of them exited the gym together, reminiscing about old times when both pairs of green eyes spotted a very irritated Shadow sitting by himself. And there were boobs on the T.V. Before he knew it, Shadow found himself in-between two more hedgehogs. "Shadow, Manic, Manic, Shadow. You guys met?"

"Occasionally," Shadow conceded.

"Dude, I know all about the psychos-" Manic started.

"I'M NOT CRAZY!" Shadow whipped around to hit Manic, who dodged.

"My bad! Low choice of words, Dude. I meant, the guys not to jack off in here," Manic corrected himself quickly, "Yeah, Shadow's one of the top baddest dudes in here, man."

"Yes, you remember that," Shadow growled at him.

Sonic raised an eyebrow, and grinned, "Now now, girls. Name-callin' and sissy-fittin' has got no place among escape artist gentlemen like ourselves," he told them both, so they'd quickly get their heads in the game, "First thing's first. We've got the speed and we've got the leverage, heck, we've even got the fear," he winked at Shadow, who narrowed his eyes, "But we can't pull this miracle off without some brain-power. We need a nerd, a dork, a krelboine who's got some serious knowledge on desk-gizmos. We need Tails. Which means I need to snatch 'im up from that fairy echidna everyone seems to be afraid of. Any ideas?"

"Well, Knux ain't gonna be easy to win a prize off, Bro," Manic pointed out, "He plays majorly for keeps…" the green hedgehog

shuddered, "I don't know, it'd be easier to let Knuckles in. He's a lifer, like Shadow. He's got nothing to lose by coming in on the scam…"

"If it was me, I'd just beat that red dumb bastard until he did everything I fucking wanted him to do," Shadow pointed out, "Including staying the fuck out of my business. But of course, that's me… you couldn't manage it Sonic… although I'd *love* watching you try and prove me wrong…"

Sonic raised a challenging eyebrow in Shadow's direction, and shook his head. If there was anything he had proven since he'd arrived, it's that he was capable of almost anything Shadow could do. He'd taken the psychotic hedgehog's best blows, and never once went down for good. If Shadow could beat anyone, Sonic could, too. "Look, this ain't the time for dick-measurin', 'kay Girlfriend? Let's focus on the task at foot. I already challenged Knuckles to a fight; suppose to take place in two weeks. I need it… Friday. Work your magic and make Daddy proud. Manic, we need access to the sewage. It might not smell nice, but at least it ain't New Jersey. Any words, complaints, bitches, gripes, moans?"

"You mentioned Preacher before," Shadow said simply.

"The white dude?" Manic looked confused, "I know his cellie. Nack, an ex-sniper. He's on the God Squad, with me. He's gonna have to be in on it too, Bro. There's no way a lifer like him is gonna sit on his ass while Silver gets Parole Plan B. He's a street-smart dude with big-name connections; maybe if we get over the sea he can help keep the pigs off our backs."

Sonic snapped his fingers, "I wanna meet 'im first, but it all sounds hunky dory from my angle. Shadow, any idea on when you'll be able to lure Knuckles into that fight so I can get him outta Deuce's ass and Deuce's ass on that thick leather seat in the security office?"

Shadow shrugged, "Vector organizes the 'official' fights," he said, "I'll talk to him. Should get it in by the end of the week. Nice and public, everybody'll see it, Knuckles will smear your skimpy blue ass all over

the floor. Everybody wins. Don't worry, I won't let on about the break."

"If I prove your ass wrong and come out the reigning champ, I get first dibs on Mina at the conjugal," Sonic grinned, extending a hand, "Deal?"

Shadow looked thoughtful, "It's your ass on the line, Faker," he reached out and took Sonic's in a tight grip, "Deal."

"Bro, Knuckles really is tough," Manic pointed out to Sonic, "I mean, he's tough enough to be gay and not get thrashed for it or have to dress up like a bitch the way Queen Bean does! And anyway, you can't get Prower's cells switched. He'll still be in there with Knuckles at night…"

"Too late, Janitor," Shadow said amicably, releasing Sonic's hand.

"Yeah, but if I beat 'im at his own game, a real fist-fight fair and square, he won't touch my property. He'll know better. Besides, you know the law," Sonic pointed out, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. If you want Knuckles on the team, this is the way to gain 'im for good."

"He *is* an honest bastard," Shadow conceded, "I mean, sure, he fucked those guys back in the world, but he's honourable about fights. Even when nobody's watching. And if you can get those gloves off, that kind of strength could come in handy."

"You saw him take down Bean and Bark in the showers, dude," Manic agreed, "But speaking of Knuckles' gloves… what're you gonna do about those, man?" he pointed at Sonic's ankle cuff.

Sonic looked at Shadow, who raised an eyebrow, "Shadow and I have a nurse to woo."

"This is… most unwise, Agent," Mephiles told Rouge, "Scourge is a monster among monsters. If he gets the slightest opportunity, he'll

attack you, with every intention of killing you. I know you have experience with danger, but nothing like him, I assure you."

Rouge sneered, looking at her files, "This island is covered in monsters. You can't seriously tell me that you risked causing death by putting some of the worst in a dark cell together!"

"I didn't," Mephiles insisted, "Ursula Leslie Robotnik is a wild card among the inmates and he spends a lot of time in the Hole. And he's been so determined to get out of it that he's even made suicide attempts while inside. But he's never been in a Solitary cell with Scourge the Hedgehog. That would be completely unethical."

Rouge sat at the desk, "Your practices haven't appeared all that ethical since I got here, Warden. Stop stalling and bring in the inmate called Scourge."

Mephiles muttered something in his walkie-talkie, "Very well. But you'll need Guard Robos in here for your own safety. I'm leaving four of them, and they won't leave this room until I order them to. Without them as protection, there's no way I'll allow Scourge within fifty feet of you."

Even prior to the arrival of the island's most notorious inmate, a foul stink encased the room. It made Rouge's nose-hairs feel like they would burn right off, and he wasn't even in the room yet! She heard Mephiles shouting something in the hallway about 'finding the idiot's shirt', but nothing came of it. He also reprimanded his guards for 'not washing him up', making it clear that he wasn't aware of the agent's ability to hear him. The door opened, and in-between two Guard Robos entered a green, lanky, topless hedgehog, with old scars across his chest that looked like they'd been carved into him. Upon his entrance it was clear he was somewhat malnourished, and much moreso, horridly kept. His orange trousers had a brown hue to them, faded, with a dark blotch on one knee and a hole in the other. They had him chained by his hands, feet, and even his neck. More importantly, he was blindfolded. As of now, he seemed a vastly mistreated inmate, but Rouge had yet to see his eyes..

Mephiles stepped in, "Keep him secured at all times, do you hear me? I won't have any of his crap today!" The warden was more than nervous. He was very afraid on all accounts…

"Goddammit, take that blindfold off," Rouge commanded the nearby human warden, "There's no reason to treat him like an animal!" The warden leaned over - also cautiously - and pulled the blindfold off the green, scarred hedgehog quickly, before stepping back. It seemed everybody in this prison was afraid of him, from the lowest warden to the obvious psychopath.

" *Hail to the king, Baby…* " Green eyelids concealed a pair of eyes that were undoubtedly feared by any inmate, guard or warden who had the unpleasant luck of seeing them. *"Could it be? I hear… With my little ear… A* ***female*** *!"* His eyelids snapped open, revealing light blue eyes that were demented, corrupt, and thorny enough to lash a rhino. Having been seated, the confined hedgehog started howling at the ceiling, barking like a hound, and oddly enough, chirping like a monkey as he waddled his chair side to side, the legs stamping on the cold cement ground. " *Now THAT'S a playmate, Quills!* " He addressed Mephiles without looking at him, *"You can leave the room now… And don't worry about the chains; she can violate my rights all night long…"* he laughed coarsely, staring at the busty bat before him.

The nutcase brought up a good point. His rights were being violated, and severely, by the methods used to contain him. It appeared upon first glance, he knew exactly who and what Agent Rouge was. And exactly what to say to get Mephiles in deep shit.

Rouge was no fool. Even if Scourge's rights were being violated, she wasn't going to risk anything stupid just yet, "Why's he in such a disgusting condition?" she asked Mephiles, "Don't give me crap about him throwing tantrums about washing. If he won't wash voluntarily and he's too dangerous to wash with other inmates, he'd have to be washed down by fire-hoses or something. So why does he stink like he's been living in a sewer?"

"Because most of my wardens refuse to get close enough to give him much more than a quick hose-down," Mephiles snapped.

Rouge glared, "And where'd he get the scars?"

"He came in with them when he first arrived," Mephiles replied instantly.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk! My, my, my… how far the mighty have fallen," Scourge spoke, though the comment seemed to be aimed at nobody in particular, *"Head Warden Mephy's falling down… Falling down… Falling Down… Honcho Quills is falling down… My fair Agent!"* his knees lifted, tucked beneath his chin while he sang to the disgusted agent, *"You know… You really oughtn't be so smug with a rack like yours… Not with all those…* ***freaks*** *… Running around in the main clubhouse…"*

"So why does Mephiles keep you in the Hole for twenty-three hours a day?" Rouge asked Scourge. She knew the real answer, but she wanted to hear what the inmate himself had to say.

"You know, I find it mystifying…" the green hedgehog started. He was so filthy it was a wonder he had no infections, *"The clarity that comes with psychotic jealousy…"* The inmate had removed his shoes before lifting his legs, leaving his feet bare. He had no socks, and his toenails were rotten, *"Being someone like me, one of a kind, it messes with people… It breaks them! It molds them and remakes them… And sets them in line, Baby! WOOOOO!* " The room itself seemed to jump with the people inside it; startled by the filthy hedgehog's sudden outburst. There was almost enough tension about to cover up the foul odor. " *And when I get that fire lit under their ass, they get right back to bein' normal! To bein'… civilized… Just like everyone else… Mephy keeps me in the Hole because he… Well. He's jealous…"* He seemed entirely amused by this conversation, with a wicked grin smeared across his face. His teeth were sharp enough to have been filed somehow.

"I think you're a lot more coherent than you pretend to be," Rouge smiled thinly, "So do you often get 'company'?" She was now breathing through her mouth.

The prisoner's light blue eyes coursed over toward Mephiles, whom he knew was shitting bricks at the moment. *"I'm never alone… Sometimes there's goats, and bunnies and… Kangaroos… Hippos… Bald men with braces on their bellybuttons… ZOMBIES who fiend on my lollipops… But never anything like you, Boobies…"* he shoved his neck to the side, startling one of the Guard Robos into stepping towards him, but it was only to crack it. *"I can smell your cunt, y'know… I'll bet it's nice and loose and loves to be played with… Not nearly as…* ***compact*** *… As the other 'company' I receive… Heh heh…"* he licked his lips, *"See I don't stay in a Hole! Nope, nuh-uh-uh! I live in… a playpen! And Quills over there? Well… he provides the toys…"*

"And I suppose after the blue hedgehog Sonic was brought down for a time-out the other day… was he put in with you?" Rouge asked, trying to discern if Scourge made any sort of reliable witness. If you filtered out all the obvious bullshit he did have some interesting things to say.

Scourge frowned. *"Like one of those T.V. commercials, aren't you?"* he asked, his voice going rather glum, *"WELL I'M NOT TO BE TEASED!"* he yelled out, hopping on his seat, though he didn't jump off of it. He seemed rather… primitive. *"How dare you spout the name of a doll I haven't yet played with? Don't you know how deprived I am, alone all by myself with nothing but the roachies and the antsies and the spidies and the FUNK to keep me entertained?"* he turned to Mephiles, *"Oh Schmootzykins, I want me a Sonic to toy with… I hear he's next in line anyway…"*

Mephiles would very much have liked to have told Scourge that any day now he was going to get to play with Sonic. The idea that inmates were in and out of Scourge's cell constantly was ludicrous. The threat would lose effectiveness if overused, and besides, he'd get into trouble if somebody did get killed. It was enough for now that

psychopaths like Shadow and occasionally Knuckles could live through the experience, "Where are you hearing these things?" he asked Scourge, "The Holes are soundproofed," he looked at Rouge, "He's talking out of his ass again; I told you this was a bad idea."

"AM I?" Scourge shouted, grinning with sharp teeth, *"Or do I not know that Sonic the Hedgehog is… very handsome… Heh heh!"* His hands rubbed together, sounding rough, dry, and very dehydrated, *"Quite a mouth he's got on him… For someone who's planning to escape… ESCAPE, I TELL YOU! Everyone thinks he's crazy! Except for me… I find him… insane. And that's a good thing,"* He cracked his neck the other way, *"You see for me, insanity is just… SUPER SANITY! Because the normal, they're psychotic… They should be locked away forever, they're USELESS! Because being normal means lack of imagination, lack of…* ***creativity*** *! And without that, well… You're just another grain of sand that never gets seen…"* He looked over at Mephiles again, and licked his lips, *"I'd love to play with him. I heard he's just like the other one… Shade, Shadow, Dexter…? Whatever his name was… A little bird told me… And I wish him luck…"*

"What do you think of Shadow?" Rouge asked Scourge, "The guards and the other inmates say he's crazy, that he can start a three-week riot and not get caught, that he'll cut a fish up for the pleasure of seeing them bleed, that he's always got a weapon, and fights and rapes and kills just to feel alive…" she looked at Mephiles, "Why does he get to walk around with the general population, while you stay in the dark?" she asked, looking back at Scourge.

The filth-ridden hedgehog shrugged casually, *"I found him…* ***Stimulating*** *,"* he responded, eyeing Rouge with a burning blue stare, *"He was so… rough around the edges… but soft, and plushy on the inside. I felt it, you know… I WITNESSED IT!"* he screamed, shifting back in his chair to the point where it leaned on its hindlegs and almost tipped over, but didn't. *"Shadow… Shadow sees things differently to other people… he sees other people as things… he can be a lot of fun, but he's not like me just yet, I had to remind him of*

that… Fuck me if I'm wrong, but I'd say Mephy here put Sonic and Shadow in a hedgie-hole, bunk-buddies… For the same results. That's reallllllly some choice there, since-" he broke into a song again, clapping his hands with a gleeful smile. *"One of these things is not like the other! One of these things just isn't the same! One of these things is in with his brother, but they ain't bunkin'! Now ain't that a shame…?"*

Mephiles' eyes went wide with shock. There was no way out of this one, Scourge had him pegged from the get-go. And he was right. Rouge would surely ask the question. Why would Sonic be put in with Shadow if not for some type of controlling intentions? Especially when his own brother was a viable option?

Rouge laughed without humour. Mephiles growled, squirming. Like Hell had Scourge 'set Shadow straight'. He just kept the crazy black and red hedgehog in line… well, at least now Shadow *usually* only attacked other inmates, which was close enough. It was more to control other inmates with a tool he could handle, even if stopping that tool was like stopping a running chainsaw with your bare hands.

"Tell me. Why, Head Warden, is a highly-dangerous bank robber and governmental terrorist in with a psychopathic murdering rapist?" Rouge asked him, "Why not, say… put him in with his brother, Manic?"

"Because they'd be collaborating like Hell against the wardens," Mephiles replied, "I just chose for Sonic the Hedgehog an inmate he won't conspire with. Besides, one of our resident strongmen was Shadow's last cellie, and he survived. We try to match up prisoners with other prisoners who can handle them," he lied, not even thinking about the many times punk kids had been put in with predators…

"Liar, Liar… Pants on FIRE!" Scourge yelled, sneering at Mephiles. Then he turned to Rouge, *"Did you know… that I'm gonna fuck you?"* he asked, as if it had been prior knowledge since before the meeting, *"I've been waiting for a little pixie like you… Gonna stuff my stuff in your stuff 'til I find me some GUANO, BABY! GUANO ALL UP IN*

HERE! But that's only after I break you… But don't you worry! You'll break easy, and I'll be gentle about it…"

"I'm going to call bullshit on that last statement," Rouge said calmly, leaning back, "But never mind, you've got the best part of a month to find out how wrong you are. Do you have an assigned therapist?" she asked suddenly, already knowing the answer.

Scourge seemed to find the question quite amusing, " *Therapist… Therapist… Oh yes! No."* He confided, mocking sadness. *"See, I'm not… fond, of therapists… Neurotics? They build castles and condos and itty-bitty doll-houses up in the sky that fly around and go WEEEEEEEEE! And Psychotics! We live in those houses and castles and condos that fly because we're all pigs, us little piggies say wee wee WEEEEEE! All the way home… But psychiatrists! Therapists… they're the worst. They put sad little boo-boo faces on the neurotics and psychotics alike, because they… They're the ones who collect the RENT! AND IT'S NOT FAIR because their services SUCK! Get my drift, Smelly-Tramp?"*

Rouge rolled her eyes, "It's perfume, you addle-brained, slack-jawed yokel," she told Scourge mockingly, before looking at Mephiles. She stood up, and he was already squirming, "Regardless of sanity, you said Solitary cells were for solitary confinement. They're always soundproofed. How does this… guy get to hear so much of what goes on outside? Do your wardens have an invigorating chat with him when he has his one hour of exercise?"

"If they do, they shouldn't," Mephiles glared, "He's dangerous like that. Puts on this whole facade of being harmlessly infantile until he gets a chance to do some real damage. Just like that liar and lunatic Shadow…"

" *Just like Shadow?"* Scourge looked sad, *"That sissy is a Teletubby compared to THIS hedgehog! He snapped like a Slim Jim, first week… He was just a silly little boy like everybody else but I knew he had potential… I made him into something more… we have so much fun together…"*

"Our previous therapist couldn't help Scourge, so we have our current therapist concentrate on causes that aren't totally lost," Mephiles tried to ignore Scourge's ranting, "And don't need to be restrained hands and feet to keep them from jumping up to rape her," he added.

Rouge's attention wasn't on Scourge. That was a big mistake. The Guard Robos had gone into Standby Mode. That was a big mistake. Mephiles had compared Shadow to Scourge right in front of his face. That was a big mistake. For a brief moment, nobody was watching him. That was the biggest mistake of all. By snapping and dislocating his own wrists, Scourge managed to escape his handcuffs unnoticed, until it was too late. His feet were still bound together, but he had plenty of leaping-space. He moved at the speed of sound, trouncing on the unwitting bat and slamming her back against a wall, but not before grabbing hold of her wings. His teeth sank into her neck and his hands tore at her wings, actually managing to tear the left bloody and off the bone. Two seconds was all it took. By the time the Guard Robos shocked him, there was blood everywhere.

Scourge also got a taser to his balls for good measure - from Rouge. It was probably nothing compared with the residual shock from the Guard Robos but she didn't go unarmed in a prison. Still, she was in near agony, and there was blood all over the place - one wing had been twisted so that the skin was torn and multiple bones had been broken. Another couple of seconds, and Scourge would have had it off.

"Will somebody call a fucking medic?" Mephiles shouted in his walkie-talkie, "No, not Doctor Blossom!" he turned to the guard Robos, "And get that maniac back to Solitary!" he shouted at them, before turning back to Rouge, "You see now how fucking dangerous that green bastard is?" he snapped, kicking Scourge very accurately in the gut as he was pinned by four Guard Robos to the floor, being cuffed again and putting up one Hell of a fuss - as much as Shadow had done the day Sonic had insulted Maria, if Scourge or Rouge had seen it, "This is why we keep him locked up! Because he'll go for any

inmate! At any time! You were lucky, Agent. He obviously intended to rape you, or you'd be dead by now. With me and four Guard Robos in the same room! At least most of the other bastards have the decency to try and not get caught!"

Rouge was crying in a combination of shock and pain. She had nothing to say to this.

By this point, Scourge was foaming at the mouth; a bloodbath of bubbled saliva covering his face as it mixed with the blood from Rouge's neck. He was being beaten half to death by the Guard Robos and several flesh wardens who had made their way in, but everyone remained fearful of him because he was still laughing. He may have suffered broken ribs, yet he was still laughing. He was getting shocked, yet he was still laughing. They had to pound on him 'til he was unable to move; the life almost sucked out of him, before they could drag him away. And yet, face sliding across the cold cement floor, Scourge was still laughing…

Rouge had trouble sleeping that night. As did Mephiles.

Harley: If you've got any complaints, address them to SonicFrank; he did Scourge. But Scourge is in solitary more than Shadow for a reason.

SonicFrank: And if you have a problem with how much torture and rape is in the fic, take it up with Harley. She's a sicko like that. Ain't she great?

The Night Before

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: Updates might start getting drawn out, as I've been way too busy to write the story with Harley, what with the holidays and all. Still, we totally intend to finish it! So don't go worrying about it being canned.

Harley: We got some good reviews this week. Somebody asked for permission to draw fan-art of PIB. And yes, you have our permission to do so! Prison Island Break is up for it all, as long as you link back to the fic. We don't own Sonic, so it'd be unfair for us to say no!

Chapter Thirty-Three: The Night Before

Shadow Robotnik had been acting relatively civil since he'd come out of the Hole. He was only *almost* bearable. Behaving well for the conjugal with Mina also helped keep him out of Sonic's spines. With nobody to fight with and his speed taken away, the blue hedgehog had nothing else to do but work out in the gym, focussing mostly on his core. Sitting on his bunk, he pulled his jacket and undershirt off, ready to call it a night. Except he couldn't stop thinking about Mina… "So hey, Faker, tell me a story or somethin'. What'd you think of that hot mongoose?"

"Like I'm gonna jump her as soon as I get in that trailer and fuck her until she knows she's been raped," Shadow was busily looking over the betting slips. Vector had put him in charge of handling the gambling, knowing it was one of his fortes, "Hey, Faker… any injuries I should know about for this fight? You know… unpredictable flashbacks, weak ankles, something you're allergic to that might set

you back? You know, shit you might not have told other people about because it might give the unscrupulous gambler the edge on the odds? Maybe any badly healed bones?"

"Yeah, I'm all outta balance 'cause my dick weighs me down," Sonic responded with a smirk, lying back on his bed with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, "And you ain't rapin' nobody. This is exactly why my only means of gettin' you some vaj was a three-way where I'll be there to supervise. If Mina ain't enjoyin' it, I'm callin' it off, Needle-Neck. So fuck good."

"Hey, the bitch wanted to bang a rapist," Shadow rearranged himself on his bed so that he was lying on his back with his legs up against a wall while he counted the slips. If he knew that it made him look like a girl, he didn't care, "If she isn't enjoying it, I don't give a shit. I mean, whose idea was it to take pity on me? I don't need your goddamn pity; that hot Doctor is practically begging to get boned up from behind, and she will be. Your mongoose girlfriend… she'll be some fun in the meantime. It's been too long…"

"Y'know, you keep throwin' that pity accusation around, I might start thinkin' you *want* my pity. Or hers. But neither of us have any for ya," he shrugged, trying not to let Shadow's insults toward his close friend get to him, "You're right, though. She does wanna get some dong from a serial rapist. She's a nympho like that! But she wants to enjoy it. And I'm gonna be there to see that she does. So if you need any advice, or a point in the right direction, I'll be there for ya, Cellie!… you know how to fuck, don't ya?"

"Yeah, I think I still remember which end of a woman is which," Shadow sneered at him, "Hey, when you fight Fuckles… would you mind holding out at least until round five? I got a bunch of idiots here saying you'll get your back broken in round three and I can collect big if they're wrong…"

Sonic cracked his neck, "Sorry Stripes, but I'm plannin' on K.' that scumbag faster than you can spit. So say goodbye to your chips." It

was really late at night, so hearing the footsteps of several Guard Robos at once seemed odd. The hedgehog's ears perked up.

From his upside-down position, Shadow's eyes widened, and he sucked in a breath. Sonic thought he saw fear flicker in the black and red hedgehog's crimson eyes, before it was hastily masked by his usual sullen expression. The approaching footsteps started to slow, and there was a flesh guard along with them. Shadow backed into of his corners abruptly, biting down on one lip. After a few seconds the fear started to return, and he grabbed his hard pillow and held it hard over his ears, closing his eyes…

… even as needles were pushed into him and that was only the start as the sudden electrical current knocked him off the treadmill and he collided into broken glass… they were taking samples of everything, blood, sperm, shit… screaming and struggling but not sedated; he could feel it all… more shocks, when he tried to fight back more beating, but they wouldn't break him, not like this… he'd be seen dead first… tests, more tests, more pain…

"Shit, shit, shit…" he whispered to himself.

"These guys must be Tooth-Fairies," Sonic commented toward Shadow, sitting up in his bunk. "Friends of Knuckles?" he asked, watching as the flesh warden began unlocking their cell door. "Hey! What's with all the ruckus? Decent criminals are tryin' to sleep in here!"

"Shut up shut up shut up…" Shadow grimaced, "They're gonna take me and-"

"No, Shadow Robotnik… not you. Not tonight," Mephiles chuckled as the black and red hedgehog looked up, surprised, "You," he pointed at Sonic, "Grab him. Doctor Ivo likes 'em conscious." The Guard Robos stepped forward to grab the blue hedgehog.

"HEY!" The rebellious inmate hopped off his bunk, barefoot and topless, and lifted his arms for a fight. "Just when I was havin' a

decent day for a change, ol' Stink-Face had to come in here and jack it all up!" You wanna take me for a night out, Mephy, all you gotta do is ask! Burstin' in like this is just rude!"

Two Guard Robos grabbed Sonic by the arms and gave him a shock that sent a scream through the entire wing. His hands were cuffed behind his back. He nearly looked up to Shadow for some backup before remembering how stupid that expectation was. If his cell-mate hadn't helped him by now, he wasn't likely to do so at all. A nightstick to the back of the head stunned him briefly, and cuffs were added to his ankles.

As Shadow watched the beating take place, he noticed the trounced inmate eventually stop struggling. This made one thing clear… Sonic had no idea what was about to happen, "You bastards," he spat at Mephiles.

"Why Shadow, I didn't know you cared about the blue fake," Mephiles mocked him. Shadow started to get up off his bed with the obvious intention of twisting his head off, "There are still tests Ivo wants to do on you… put up a fuss and you can have them now instead of later."

Shadow halted for a moment, before he growled, taking another step forward, "I don't have to like him to know you're a leg-humping sadistic fuck, you worthless piece of faggoty pig-shit-" a shock sent him down to the floor, barely suppressing a scream, and a nightstick to the head stunned him too.

"Consider that your warning, Shadow," Mephiles grinned at the black hedgehog curled up in nerve-jangling pain on the cell floor, before he and the Guard Robos retreated out of the cell, pulling Sonic with them and locking the door.

Being dragged across the cold prison floor for an indeterminate amount of time, Sonic felt the ground's texture change from cement to tile to marble and back, several times. As well as the opening and

closing of multiple of the jail's hard, heavy doors. He groaned in pain a few times, still dizzy from the blows to his head.

"Well if it isn't the escape artist speedster I've heard so much about," a voice spoke above him. It wasn't Mephiles. Sonic managed to look up at a fat man. Very fat. Almost egg-shaped, "Apparently you've got some abilities similar to the resident psychopath…" He even *sounded* fat. How was it possible to sound fat?

Mephiles grinned, "Shadow fell into line after a few months of tests by the good Doctor Ivo Kintobor. I wonder if you'll go down like he did?" It was a lie, of course; Shadow was far from 'in line', but the fib had a measure of truth to it. The Guard Robos slammed Sonic onto a hard metal table and began to secure him down to it. There were a lot of straps.

The hedgehog's eyes shut tight as a strong, bright light was turned on above him, blinding him fiercely. "Jeez…" he coughed, "Meph… Check out your S&M buddy over here… I'll bet he sneezes butter…"

"Shut up, blue hedgehog!" the fat voice told him again, and a sharp slap hit his face. Thin needles were being slid under his skin, "Now… you may feel a little pinch… followed by the sensation of a thousand suns burning in your brain."

"Doctor, don't ever change," Mephiles spoke up, obviously getting a kick out of watching the whole thing.

"Well, I'm always looking for ways to improve myself…" the Doctor flicked a switch, and a searing electrical current flooded through Sonic's entire body, agonising in its intensity.

An ear-splitting screech was drawn out of Sonic, his voice barely recognizable. He felt as if his body, from the bone-tissues to the tips of his fur, was being stretched apart from the inside-out. "You can start with-" he screamed again, as the intensity was raised, "A wig!" When the pain was stopped, though only for a moment, the hedgehog was severely out of breath, but he still had jokes, "You

must be the type 'o gal who uses a mattress for a tampon… eh Fatty?"

"You joke now, hedgehog, but I don't think you'll find things so amusing in a few hours," the Doctor told him. He sounded smug, "The useful thing about working in a prison, is that I can take my time with these experiments. Your arrival gave me some good ideas. You are, after all, aerodynamically designed for speed, as is your cellmate…" a scanner above Sonic started to take pictures, "Strip him," he told Mephiles.

Mephiles looked about to protest, but despite the straps holding Sonic down, stripped him of most of his prison uniform.

"Which idea is best?" Eggman held up two images, "I'll go with the robot… since that's the one I've got the resources for at the moment." Before Sonic could get a good look at the images, Eggman flicked a switch again, sending another high-voltage shock through him.

Now nearly naked and completely helpless, Sonic was starting to wish he'd put up a bigger fight on the way over here. Who was this fat guy? Why hadn't he been warned of these experiments before? And what in blue Hell was all this about a robot? He gave another terrorizing scream, and opened his eyes just enough to look at the fat man. "Holy S-scrap!" he yelled out, "Y-you're taller sideways than you are on your feet!"

"Are you calling me obese?" Eggman scowled, "I am not fat! I'm just… big-boned." He produced a large syringe that looked about the size of a turkey baster, "I'm going to need samples of everything by the way, blue hedgehog." He slid the syringe into the inside of Sonic's elbow while the blue hedgehog's nerves were still jangling from the agonising shocks, and drew out a large blood sample, "It's ill-mannered cretins like you who make my job difficult," he added, "This is always so much easier with the submissive prisoners."

Nerves still rattled from the tremendous shocks, Sonic barely felt the needle puncture him. He felt his teeth chatter. "Y'know who was submissive?" Sonic asked, cringing hard with a tight voice, "Your momma, when she fucked the hippo who rolled over twice and was still on the bitch!" He felt the needle scraping against his ribcage. Needless to say, he was very angry about all this.

"I'll analyze that blood later," Eggman told him. Sonic screamed as the doctor sent another shock through him, and by now he was trying to pull free of the straps. But they'd been made to hold the likes of Shadow and Scourge; he hadn't a chance of getting his hands free, "Let's see… ah, yes…" he put the needle aside, and picked up another one. This one was slid into Sonic's testicles, taking a sperm sample, "And I'll have you know that my mother was a very strong-willed woman," he added venomously to the blue hedgehog.

This was a type of pain that was beyond all form of screech; Sonic couldn't even bring himself to clench his fists. He was completely drained of all momentum; he just laid there, involuntary tears strolling down the sides of his face.

"Heh. Forget leaving him with Shadow; I should have brought him to see you sooner, Doctor," Mephiles said smugly, enjoying the pained expression on Sonic's face, and the sweat running down his body.

"Just because you can't put him in with Scourge with that stupid Agent around," Eggman replied, "Now hand me that scalpel," Mephiles passed him a scalpel, and he held it just in front of Sonic's face.

When the needle was out of his sack, Sonic started breathing again, hard. Though he was still filled with a lingering, sore pain down there. But nonetheless, he started speaking again, "I know you can't walk anywhere without chafing yourself raw, so you must have a ride. I've never seen a car with stretch-marks on the windshield before, Fatso! Can ya tell me what it's like?"

"Everything I need is right here in the prison compound, hedgehog," the obese doctor replied. He cut a quill, taking a spine sample and putting it aside, "Besides, it's none of your business what I use for transportation. All you need to know is that I designed it myself." He made a shallow cut into Sonic's arm, peeling back some skin to show hard muscle underneath and completely unconcerned that he was performing surgical procedures without any kind of anaesthetic.

Sonic shivered in pain, biting his lip to hold in the scream. "Y-your own transport, huh? Talk about the Fat and the Furious…"

Shadow curled up on his bunk, thinking about Sonic. He couldn't stand the blue hedgehog, but nobody deserved medical experimentation - okay, some people deserved it, and in spades, but Sonic probably didn't.

Shivering slightly, he pulled out his picture of Maria, stroking it lightly, and remembering…

"I remember what I promised you, Maria," he told the picture, "I promised you… revenge…" She would have it. The police had caught him, but that was of little consequence to his mission. After all, he'd been put in with the most dangerous criminals on this planet. People who also deserved punishment, moreso than him for his failure to protect Maria. And The Man, who had been assigned to control him. It was his duty to punish all of them, to make their lives a living Hell in the way only he could.

Sonic's plan was totally crazy, and Shadow hated not being in on most of the details. If they needed Doc Blossom's sympathy… well, he doubted he could get the sympathy of any female. But he could try.

Because she was really… quite beautiful. And one of the few good people Shadow had ever met.

"Doc Blaze would say I'm in love, the stupid furry cunt…" he told the photograph of Maria, "Not that men like me deserve love. It doesn't happen. But it's not safe here. Not for good people like Amy…" he scowled, "She won't listen, so I'll *make* her listen. She'll be fine, once she's gone…"

Nonetheless, he sighed. Even though it was what he needed to do to keep Miss Amy safe, he didn't really want to see her go…

But it wasn't about his desires, was it? It was about Maria. She was important. So were those who upheld her values of innocence, and anybody else who valued life. It was important to protect the innocent, and thoroughly punish those who didn't value life by taking it from them until they really valued it.

It was of course, somewhat a shame that Shadow's definition of 'innocent' was horribly skewed to include almost anybody he didn't like.

"All right. I know what I have to do," he told the picture, and chuckled to himself, "I was born to bring order to the guilty. All the guilty. But they don't value life. They're going to pay. Pay with their lives for what they've *done!"*

A sadistic laugh echoed through the wing. Several of the punks flinched and clamped their heads under their hard pillows.

It felt like hours of torture had passed for Sonic. He had lost track of time; that was for sure.

"Well, it's been fun, blue hedgehog," the Doctor took another sample of muscle from Sonic's arm, before stitching it up again, "But I'm a very busy man. You've given me lots of information to analyse and compare. I have Doctor Blossom's x-rays for your bone structure already, but I can think of dozens more tests to perform on you. Not tonight though… Tonight was just the start." He flicked the switch for the shock to course through the mouthy prisoner again briefly, and

the hedgehog screamed again, "You can take him back to his cell now, Head Warden," he told Mephiles.

Mephiles smirked and stepped forward, the Guard Robos by his side, while he began to unbuckle the sweating blue hedgehog from the metal table, "Not so cocky now, are we, Hedgehog?" he asked Sonic.

Sonic was weak, completely exhausted and almost paralyzed from all the shocks. But Mephiles made a big mistake by not having the Guard Robos hold him down regardless of his state, because the derailed inmate responded with a well-aimed hook right to the warden's face. The punch would have broken his nose if it hadn't been from Sonic's left, but it still knocked him on his ass. "Fuck you!" he yelled out, and lifted his head to glare at the doctor. Now he had a clear view of him, without the blinding light, "Better not step outside tomorrow, Baldy! You'll scare the sun away!"

"Grab him! Just grab him!" Eggman snapped at Mephiles, who was standing up and rubbing his jaw.

Mephiles snapped his fingers, and the two Guard Robos stepped forward, sending shocks through Sonic's body again, then holding him down. Eventually the Head Warden stepped forward again, picking up Sonic's prison uniform off the floor. It rapidly became apparent to Sonic that he was not going to be allowed to dress again in here. He was thrown forward to the floor, and shocked again, this time apparently because Mephiles enjoyed watching him scream, and looking up he could finally appreciate the fact that he was in a veritable torture chamber of a lab. It bore some resemblance to the infirmary, but Amy's workplace didn't smell so strongly of bleach in an attempt to stifle the stink of blood.

Remembering Shadow's reaction, he wondered how much time the black and red hedgehog had spent in this room. No wonder the guy was so crazy if he'd been a victim of medical experimentation.

"I think you might like to see my ideas," the obese doctor told him, "Especially since you gave me them…" He held up a schematic of what looked like a robot hedgehog with a worryingly close resemblance to Sonic himself.

"Flattered," Sonic told him, wiping his nose with a cocky sniffle, even while being held down, "I'm all for an action figure, but if you wanna make some merchandise off me, you'll have to send some royalties to THIS hedgehog!" There was something about the fat, moustachioed doctor that Sonic didn't like, and it was more than just what he'd done to him. Then he grinned, "Anyone ever tell you ya look like an egg, man? Somethin' Billy Hatcher would roll around on some fruitcake like Mephy over here?"

Doctor Eggman's eyes narrowed behind his glasses, "I am Doctor Julian Ivo, the greatest scientist this planet has ever known, hedgehog," he told Sonic, "And you make for the perfect blueprint for my designs for the perfect robotic soldier. It was going to be Shadow Robotnik, but his skills lie… elsewhere. When I have all seven Chaos Emeralds, you will no longer be of use to me. Only then will the experimentation cease."

Mephiles was visibly tapping his foot. He had heard this pompous speech many times before. Doctor Eggman never tired of clarifying his own cunning, "Do you know what the best part about experimenting these things on liars and maniacs like you is?" he asked Sonic, "Even if you tell the truth about what you hear in this room, *nobody will believe you.* "

"In a few mere months the first design will be complete," Eggman continued smugly, "And shortly I will rule the entire world! Finally I will bring order to the chaos that is humanity!"

Well, now Sonic at least knew what it was that he didn't like about the guy - he was completely out of his mind for a start. He would have returned with something insulting, but he hurt too badly to think one up.

"I'll take him now, Doctor," Mephiles spoke up, "Let's get you back to your nice comfortable cell with your nice, comfortable murderer and psychopath cellmate," he sneered at Sonic, while the Guard Robos began to drag the almost entirely naked hedgehog along corridors back to his cell.

Sonic was actually relieved when he was tossed back into his cell, rolling on the floor a few times before stopping on his stomach. He didn't even try standing up, just laid there with a mellow twitch. He heard the door lock, and the Guard Robos stomping off. "Nngh… Yo Shadow… That fat guy? He's got a wicked 'stasche…"

Shadow looked down at him from his bunk, as Sonic's clothes were thrown in too. He waited until Mephiles walked away. Sonic was really, really lucky that the crazy black and red hedgehog didn't go for men, even in an all-male prison, because in almost any other cell he would have been a perfect target, weakened and stripped as he had been, "Trust you to cover up the pain with something even worse," he said hypocritically, "Wouldn't it be great to see that fat bastard on the table for once?" he mused, "He's serious, you know. About the robots. Or at least he thinks he is."

With great struggle, Sonic used his right arm to roll himself over onto his back. His balls hurt really bad, and he hoped to God there wasn't any permanent damage to them. "We'd need one hell of a stretcher…" he told him, grinning despite being out of breath and slick with sweat, "Cause' he'd give it stretch marks… Heh… Get it?" His eyes were still hurting from that strong light as well. "There's a bright side to all this, y'know… I bet it's right up your alley, too. Get ready for this, I'm about to see you smile, Zip-Neck…"

"Sure you are," Shadow said ingratiatingly, "I haven't smiled in seventeen years, not since I fucked a female shrink during a riot and scared her off…" he suppressed a smirk, although smirks didn't really count, "I hate shrinks," he added.

"Well check this out," Sonic looked up at him confidently, shimmying his way to a seated position against the dresser, "When it was over,

and they started unstrapping me," he took a breath, and suppressed a laugh of his own, "I got to deck Mephiles right in his kisser. And he fell back like the little pansy he is."

A very small smile appeared on Shadow's face, before he wiped it off quickly, "Damn right," he turned it into a smirk, "Without his backup, that shit is nothing. Hell, a little punk like Prower could probably take him down. Hmmm…" he looked at his photograph of Maria longingly, "You said we need to cosy up to Doc Blossom, didn't you? For the escape?"

"Yeah…" Sonic coughed, "I'd cosy up to that perky pink ass any day… What of it?" Sonic had the amazing ability to talk as if he hadn't just been tortured beyond all agony.

"I think I know how to do it," Shadow looked smug, "Yeah…" he looked distantly at the photograph, "All I need is a crack. I can work with that."

"Mind telling me?" Sonic asked, curious.

"You wouldn't agree," Shadow replied coldly, "All you need to know is that I can work it out…" He picked up a pencil and scribbled something on a piece of paper.

"Whatever you say," Sonic climbed onto his bunk painfully, plopping down on it motionless. "I hear ya there. But my cute blue one's goin' to sleep. Sweet Dreams, Precious."

"Oh, shut up…"

S.F.: You guys really liked the Scourge chapter! I'm glad. We worked real hard on it.

Harley: Keep those reviews coming! We love them!

Red vs Blue

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: Thing've really been picking up lately, haven't they? Sex between Sonic and Mina, the torture scene, Scourge… I love this fic! =D

Harley: We're not going to bother so much to warn you about upcoming sex or violence chapters. It kind of spoils things and if you got this far you can clearly handle any rape, gayness and beatdowns we throw at you. Have fun!

Chapter Thirty-Four: Red Vs Blue

The next day, Shadow seemed to be back to normal. This meant that he was less tired and more active. Sonic was starting to realise that whether he liked Knuckles or not, the echidna was around Tails - or rather, Tails was constantly around him, much more so since Bark, Storm and Bean had fucked him over. He might just have to let the echidna in on the escape, as Shadow had said.

And Silver wanted Nack in on the plan. Manic could vouch that the weasel at least had credibility for keeping his mouth shut on the outside, and it was certainly easier to include Silver's cellie than it was to leave him out and have him find out in some other way and spill the beans. Being on the God Squad with Manic, the sniper spent almost all of his time in the chapel. That meant he was easy to find, at least.

Sonic spent a few minutes sitting with his food untouched, still sore and severely battered after the previous night's play date with the

overweight prison director. He was waiting, watching, for Silver. When the white hedgehog had grabbed his breakfast and headed for a table, Sonic kicked the chair across from him, sliding it back noisily on the tile floor. He stared at Silver with a large grin, and used hand gestures to offer the spot.

Treading carefully, eyes open for a trap, Silver headed for Sonic. He still wasn't sure he could fully trust him; the blue hedgehog was on way too friendly terms with the psychotic Shadow for his liking. And he felt like a traitor, spying for Vector to save his own ass. In a prison, it truly was every man for himself. Several bruising lessons from other inmates had taught him that lesson. Still, at least Sonic had been decent to him thus far. It made the feeling of treachery all the worse, as he sat down across the table, his tray balanced on his knees as he smiled weakly at the blue hedgehog. He had acquired several fresh bruises since they had last talked.

"Mornin', rake-head," Sonic greeted with a grin, "Seein' you right now's givin' me a cravin' for an early-mornin' blunt, Bro. What's with your chest, anyway?"

"Oh, uh, I…" Silver swallowed, looking down at his furry chest, "It grew that way," he said finally, and glanced at his bruises awkwardly, "What's with your blueness?" he asked in return, not rudely but as cockily as he dared.

"It's a sad fact, I guess," he returned with a grin, not quite sure why the bruised inmate was acting so strange. If anything, Sonic was twice as beat up. "Brings out my green eyes, y'know? So why aren't you on the God Squad with your cellie?"

"I… I would be, but I feel… I feel like I can do more good outside the chapel right now," Silver confessed. At least that was true, "Besides, I don't have to be on the God Squad to use the chapel. And Nack… well, I don't know if he's really sorry for what he's done or if he's just… in it for the backup." The white hedgehog glanced around awkwardly, trying to keep an eye out for anybody who might be aiming to hurt him.

Sonic shrugged at his response, and began casually pouring milk into his cereal. "Yeah well, Jesus-Juicer or not, I need to meet 'im. Get to know 'im a little! Mingle…" he twirled his spoon around in his hand, "Know what I mean?"

"Sure, yeah," Silver nodded hastily, "Nack… he's in the cafeteria right now…" he looked over Sonic's shoulder at Nack talking at a table filled with God Squad members, "But after breakfast I know he'll head straight for the chapel. Because he always does. Where's better to talk?"

"I dunno, Preacher Man!" Sonic noticed Vector and his protégé, Espio, walk by, both of them eyeing the two hedgehogs with great stern. Still, he kept his cool. "Looks like somebody still owes Veccy some snacky-treats."

"Heh… yeah… I managed to… cut a deal with Vector," Silver explained, eating some of his food, "So… I'm not gonna die right yet, anyway. I hope."

"Heh, I'm not even gonna ask…" The sly look on Sonic's face made Silver absolutely sure that he was thinking 'sexual favours' as their deal, but he didn't seem to care. "All right, I need to talk to Nack. Need to get real cosy with 'im. If hunks like us menstruated, we'd be doing it at the same time. THAT kinda close. I don't care when it happens. Just tell 'im Sonic wants to talk. It's that simple." He started eating his breakfast.

Silver nodded and stood up, taking his tray and walking over to the God Squad table, "Um, Nack?" he asked the purple weasel, who glanced at him, "Sonic… Sonic would like to talk to you. It's not a big deal; it's just… kind of important."

"Well ain't you the cute lil' messenger boy?" Nack half-considered telling Silver where he could shove it, but leaned back in his chair to study Sonic. He knew all about the blue hedgehog's increasing reputation. The ability to stand up to Shadow was not to be sneezed at, and everybody knew about the fight that was going to happen

between him and Knuckles. "Sure, why not?" he said finally, and looked at the rest of the table, "Sorry mates, but duty calls. I'll be right back."

Sonic was already done wolfing down half his omelette when Nack finally arrived. He'd recalled seeing him around before, but had never once actually spoken to him, nor had he heard his voice. "Join me for a fast break, Poppy?" He asked, grinning.

"Just a quick chat, mate," the weasel grinned, displaying a fang and a thick Downunda accent, "Your little messenger," he thumbed over at the awkward-looking Silver, "He said you had something ya wanted to say ta me. And who am I to refuse the last wishes of a dead man?" he grinned widely with reference to Sonic's upcoming fight, "Maybe though… maybe it's more important than that. What can I do for you?"

Sonic raised an eyebrow, and shook his head with a cocky grin, "Well, we can start with you takin' that comment and shovin' it right up your cootch like the no-class bitch you are," Sonic told him, joking around while also putting him in his place, "And secondly, you can sit your Downunda-ass down so we can talk like gentlemen." Nack wasn't a fish, but as far as prison etiquette went, he was now severely outranked by the likes of Sonic.

Nack sat, not obediently, but politely at least. It was true that Sonic outranked him, but on his side he had his own team, while Sonic didn't have backup. And the weasel wasn't intimidating physically, but Sonic suspected that he was a lot smarter than he let on; wiry and agile too. Definitely the sort of guy who heard a lot and saw a lot, "Gennelmen, eh?" he asked, "Only time I talk with gennelmen is when I'm doin' business. Which I am very good at doin'. And I am suspectin'," he added, leaning forward slightly, "That business may be somethin' to do with a certain escape you are bein' very loud about."

"Jumpin' to conclusions, are we?" Sonic asked, twirling his spoon again as things got more interesting, "What makes you think I

haven't given up on that yet? Everyone around says it's impossible…"

"I ain't heard *you* sayin' it's impossible though," Nack pointed out, "Any guy what is thinkin' he needs Shadow Robotnik to get off the crazy-mobile long enough to use some of those smarts Shads usually saves up for wastin' shit, has definitely got somethin' big planned."

"Y'know what's ironic about a guy who's all loud about plannin' to blow a faggot joint like this?" Sonic asked, changing the subject, "Everyone hears about it. And nobody takes it seriously. Not even the guards," he explained, eyeing Nack with a studying eye, "Long story short, nobody pays that kid any mind; it's the quiet ones they suspect the most. Now the guards're off my neck, whether I'm actually schemin' anything up or not. You might call it somethin' else, but I call it genius."

"I call it actin' so much like a big-shot cell soldier that nobody believes ya can really dish it outside," Nack shrugged, "That's why odds for ya in the ring are lousy. I got me a bag of chips on ya comin' through though, so ya better win on that one."

"Tell you what," Sonic offered, "I win that fight, you gotta help me escape. And come with me while you're at it."

"Deal," Nack replied, "You blabbed about usin' the sewers to Manic, right? You'll never get through 'em alone. Shadow managed it once but after that they filled 'em up with all sorts of booby traps and robots and sensors. You're gonna need more than speed to get through 'em all. You're gonna need brains, and firepower too."

"Who do you think you're talkin' to, SnaggleTooth?" Sonic asked, raising another eyebrow, "I know more about this place in a few weeks than you do in all seven years you've been in here, Mister Assassin. But I do have one question for ya. Why the heck is my brother talkin' to you about the escape plan?"

"He didn't," Nack grinned, "He talked to Silver about it. And Silver talked to me about it last night."

"You better not tell anybody else anythin' we're talkin' about unless I tell you to," Sonic told him sharply, "Same goes for that bushy cell-mate of yours. He's made enough bad friends as it is. This is your chance to get the fuck out, and go back to whatever it is you were doin' that got you caught. Don't jack this up. Got it?"

"Got it, 'boss'," Nack nodded with a joking salute, "Don't sweat about me. I know all about client confidentiality. Glad to be on the team - as long as it doesn't go psycho on my tail! I ain't so sure about your Preacher-buddy though…"

"Well you're his cell-mate, so I'm makin' it your job to keep him… on-board. If he ain't, pop 'im like the weasel you are." Sonic told him, smirking. "Now go back to your little church choir over there, and don't go singin' a word o' this to nobody!"

"Gotcha, mate," Nack nodded, standing up, "Well, this little convo has been great, and we gotta discuss this again, all together. Don't sweat; I can't staple Preacher's mouth shut but you'll know if he gets too mouthy for his own good."

There hadn't been an *official* fight against Knuckles in years. He had pretty much destroyed everyone's eagerness to take part in one when he decimated Jet the Hawk in the last one. There were only a handful of inmates who weren't in the audience, mostly because they had other duties to fulfil. It was a mess; filled with men jeering and howling as if it were a riot. The ring was surrounded in a cage, and looked like it'd been barely washed up before the brawl. There were bloodstains all over it.

In the audience, Shadow was still taking in betting slips from last-minute gamblers. The odds for Sonic had gone up somewhat, but not by much and it looked like the black and red hedgehog would make his own personal killing regardless of who won. Mephiles was

in the crowd, along with every warden who could be spared and a whole lot of Guard Robos, keeping order. Rouge was looking somewhat recovered from her encounter with Scourge, and was taking notes on how this was arranged, and there were several doctors, including Amy Rose and Doctor Eggman on hand in case of a bad thing getting worse.

There had been organized fights, but nobody had actively taken on Knuckles in years. He had a lot of reputation on the line. On the other hand, Sonic could say goodbye pretty much permanently to rising up the Prison Ranks if he lost - as well as Knuckles fucking him and keeping Tails. And anybody who'd bet on him would be really, really sour at him for losing.

Manic approached his brother, who was limbering up, "Dude, you'd better not flunk," he said, lighting up one of his terrible cigarettes that were made more out of tar than any other substance, "I got three packs of cigs and a joint riding on you, Bro."

"Just one?" Sonic returned, cocky despite how stern the look on his face was. His arms were rotating, loosening his shoulders, and his feet were stretching as he jogged in place. "If Mom were here, she'd smack you in the puss, Jack! How's about bettin' on one for the guy who'll need a good high? Like this one?" He looked up at the clock. Five minutes and it was go-time.

"I'll talk to Shadow about it," Manic grinned, "But I ain't bettin' more than I got. Made that booboo once before; Shadow's gonna snap the spines of anyone who can't pony up the dough…" indeed, Shadow was going around now with a large sack, "Oh, and one of the odds on bets is that you're gonna make it through the fight but croak afterwards from the injuries… Also, y'know that ditzy duck? Queen Bean's got a bet on you bein' abducted by little green men from outer space minutes before the fight and if that one comes through she's gonna own the whole God-damn prison, so you'd better steer clear of any flyin' saucers…"

"Aliens, huh?" Sonic asked, failing to hold back his grin, "I wish! I'd get to steal a spaceship! Just think how the pussy would flock toward me if I had me one of those babies! I'll take you to the moon, Girl!" The shorts they provided, white and black, were a bit tight on him, but they'd have to do. His gloves were also old and worn. But they'd have to get the job done also. "Any last words of wisdom from the ex-crack-addict, Manic?"

"Well, that echidna ain't no Barbie Doll, dude. He'll have you pushin' lilies if he gets the chance. Not just that, he'll try and make it look like an accident. That way he won't face any charges," Manic returned, "He never fights fair, so… just watch out for low blows or you won't be standin', let alone runnin'…" It didn't help that Sonic wasn't one-hundred percent, what with what'd been done to him the previous night..

"Go Sonic!" a younger voice shouted from the crowd, "Die with dignity!"

Shadow came up with a heavy bag of stuff, "Well Faker, as long as you're still coherent, just make sure you hang out for at least four rounds."

"Gonna collect any more bets, Grim?" Manic asked the dark hedgehog, glancing at the bag.

Shadow shook his head with a dry smile, "It's strange but… for the first time in my life I feel like I might have gambled enough…"

"HAH! Well ain't that just swell! If you bet any snacks you'd better save some for me when I get back to the cell, Sweetie. I'll see you there in a few rounds!" It was about to go down, so Sonic cracked his neck one last time, and stepped out. He was actually brave enough to wave at the crowd. Nobody had ever done that before.

Shadow cracked his knuckles thoughtfully, leaning over to speak to the blue hedgehog as he walked away. "Right, and could you just do

me a favour? Whatever happens, don't die with a broken spine, okay? Because that is a *really* popular choice today."

Manic pulled back, standing at a corner. Shadow vaulted out of the ring, banging on the cage for silence - and he was feared enough to at least get a lower volume of noise, "ALL BETS ARE NOW LOCKED IN!" the dark hedgehog yelled, bullying his way to a seat in the front row.

The moment they entered the ring, both competitors locked eyes, not once looking away until the punches started flying. The crowd was cheering, booing and at some points throwing, but it had all gone silent to the pair of them. Neither one showed any fear. Nor did they have a hint of doubt. Knuckles was overbearingly confident, albeit in slight disbelief that someone like Sonic thought they stood a chance against him. That one tender speck of malnourished thought was all Sonic needed to know he could win.

A guard stepped into the ring, "Right," he looked between the two inmates, "Let's at least try to have a clean fight that doesn't get anybody killed…" Knuckles didn't answer, just narrowing his eyes, "OKAY!" he shouted as Shadow drew a low rumble from the crowd. The acting referee spoke loud enough for everyone to hear, in a voice that got the whole crowd hyped. "In the red corner! Weighing in at a terrorizing eighty-eight point two pounds, standing a worrying three-foot-seven inches tall! The most dominant force on Prison Island today, he is known as an absolute wrecking machine who rules the corridors with an iron fist! He is the reigning champion, he's undefeated, he's KNUCKLES THE ECHIDNA!"

There was a massive cheer coming in from the crowd.

"A rapist! A Murderer! A violent and well-respected convict!" The guard continued to shout, firing up the crowd for the impending war. "Can anyone alive bring this Red Devil down a notch?"

Knuckles took this opportunity to point a gloved fist in Sonic's direction, "You're not gonna live past this day, Hedgehog," he

snarled. The crowd of convicts were loving it.

And now, introducing the challenger! In the blue corner, weighing in at a slick seventy-seven pounds and standing three-foot-three inches, he's known world-wide as the Blue Blur, the Fastest Thing Alive, and an escape artist who's second to none! He is a Cop Killer, Bank Robber, famous musician, protest specialist, and capable of surviving many weeks with Shadow Robotnik without being reduced to a quivering wreck! His name is Olgivie, but you all know him as SONIC! THE! HEDGEHOG!"

There was another roar of approval from the crowd.

"One will stand, the other will fall! ARE YOU READY?" the guard shouted excitedly.

Neither competitor moved. At the moment this seemed more of a staring contest than an actual fight. Even Sonic, attention-hog as he was, didn't pay the audience any respects when his name was called. He had bigger fish to fry. And if he didn't win, he'd be a fish for sure - if he lived. Thankfully, he didn't plan on losing. At worst, it could be a draw. But he wouldn't lose. Whether he shared the winning spotlight or not, he damn well wouldn't lose.

Knuckles continued to glare, "Your ass is mine, Hedgehog," he told Sonic.

"And…" the guard dodged back, "Let's GET IT ON!"

The world seemed blank, soundless, mute, until the bell was rung. And even then, much to the crowd's dismay, the two stared motionlessly at one another as if they'd somehow become stone statues. Ten seconds passed, and still no movement. Knuckles had no fear, no reason to do anything other than stand still and glare. Sonic was the underhog, the victim, the prize fighter who had to overcome an impenetrable obstacle, and yet he stood just as grounded as the champion. What the audience couldn't see was the mental, invisible battle that was going on between their gazes.

On the one hand, Knuckles was a feared predator who stood both undefeated and unbeatable. On the other, surviving Shadow Robotnik was a feat of its own, but being on anything approaching good terms with him was something the whole prison body considered *legendary* . Knuckles knew he could beat the blue hedgehog easily. And Sonic wanted him to think that, because the bigger the echidna's ego, the harder he'd fall. The clock was ticking down, and the round was almost over. But still they didn't move. Then the bell rang, and the pair reluctantly returned to their corners.

Manic shook his head, remembering pro-wrestling. A surprising amount of that was show-boating too - just standing around trying to intimidate your opponent. This was like that, but without having anything to throw at the other person. Still, somebody was going to lose their temper first. He leaned to Sonic with a grin, "Hey Bro, maybe my brain's friend, but didn't Mom always tell us it's rude to stare? You could get punched in the face for that!" he joked.

In Knuckles' corner, Tails was waiting quietly. He tried to look over his bodyguard's shoulder at Sonic, and caught a clip around the ear for it from Knuckles, "Sorry," he mumbled to the red echidna.

Sonic took a cup of water, sipping the straw when his brother offered it to him. "Didja see that?" he asked, not taking his eye off Knuckles.

"See what?" Manic asked.

"I just won the first round! It took a lot outta me, but I pulled it off."

With that, the bell rang, leaving Manic extremely confused. Both competitors stood up, and without warning they charged each other. Knuckles came in with a right hook, which Sonic ducked fast as he passed him. Then they turned around and collided in the center of the ring, with Sonic fumbling two steps back due to Knuckles outweighing him. This gave the echidna a one-second window to dish out a jab, which was blocked by a pair of red gloves. Knuckles knew he was stronger, so he kept up a few jabs, knowing his opponent would either cave and try hitting him or risk getting his

hands shattered. Sonic did neither, instead ducking beneath a third jab and pushing the champion back toward the ropes. He didn't get that far, but the hedgehog followed through. This fight was already not going as Knuckles had planned; Sonic was turning things on him, blocking his blows and pushing him around so he could give chase. It was usually the echidna's role to stalk his opponents. He fixed this predicament by shoving Sonic right back with a blow right to the front of his shoulder. It worked. But it also left his face open, which is exactly what Sonic wanted. It was only after the hedgehog went stumbling back to the center of the ring that Knuckles realized he'd been punched in the face. And that he'd lost the war for the first hit.

There was a generalized roar of approval, although there were still catcalls. It was never over until it was over - Jet had been fast too, but that didn't mean he'd gotten out of the ring standing. From his position on the side though, Shadow was frowning and rubbing his head. Sonic getting in a hit was horribly good at bringing back memories - it wasn't like he'd been helpless, but he felt like it.

Vector leaned in towards Espio, "This is just getting interesting," he told the chameleon, "Do you think either of them will be standing at the end?"

Espio looked thoughtful, "I'm betting on a messy draw myself, Boss," he admitted to Vector.

The second round wasn't over yet though. Sonic getting a hit in, Manic knew, was just the sort of thing to make Knuckles really mad. It was only when a few seconds had gone past that the onlooking inmate learned that mad wasn't the word. Knuckles was *enraged* .

Sonic thought he wanted him that way, until the next few bone-breaking punches taught him otherwise. Luckily, he was quick enough to dodge them. But not strong enough to block them. At this rate, Sonic was wasting way too much energy circling around the ring, and the crowd responded with gusto. Then Knuckles found him right where he wanted him, and delivered a well-swung right hook to his face that would have smashed his nose in if his hand hadn't been

in the way. The hedgehog's response was so dazed it may as well have counted as a hit. He went for another swing, trying to catch Sonic before he could swivel over to the side, but ended up off-balance in the process. Before he could fix himself, a couple of well-aimed shots to his red ribcage had the echidna against a corner, and Sonic capitalized. Knuckles was bigger and had longer reach, which gave him a huge advantage when in the middle. But in a corner, he found himself at a loss, because he was pinned on one spot and there was nothing to stop Sonic from getting past his striking-range. He was too close for Knuckles to land any good punches; right on him, in fact, and several hard blows were delivered to the champion's stomach before the referee pulled them apart.

Some of the crowd was softening their shouts to make noises of appreciation at any hits anybody got in. Higher up in the stands, Amy was wincing. Mephiles was loudly rooting for Sonic to get the hell beaten out of him, whether he won or lost. Even some of the members of the God Squad had taken time out of their busy praying schedule to watch this fight, a once in a life-sentence experience.

The only person in the crowd perfectly silent, was Shadow. All focus was on the fight. But if anybody had looked at him, they would have seen that the black and red hedgehog's muzzle had turned an almost ashen pale color as he watched… something.

"Go Sonic!" Manic shouted, "Slug that dread-head! He called Sonia ugly!" Part of the problem was that one hit from Knuckles was worth three from Sonic.

Back in the center, the referee issued the fight to commence. Instantly, the punches came and went. Sonic hopped back, out of his opponent's reach. Knuckles tried reaching in with a left-hook, but found his arm being slapped down at an angle toward the mat, forcing him forward and off-balance. A quick one-two delivered to his face helped him regain his composure, and the crowd was quickly learning to appreciate Sonic's combination moves. Knuckles shook his head and growled. Then he charged for the hedgehog with a menacing roar, shoving him back toward the ropes where he

delivered not one, but two hooks, one from each hand, to the sides of Sonic's head. The bell rang, but he didn't care. He gave his small opponent two more hooks to remember him by before the referee stopped the barage.

Sonic retreated to the corner, where Manic greeted him cheerfully, "Crashin'," he said, wiping some blood off his brother's lip, "But this is just the start. It's not just about dodging Knuckles' punches - it's about bringing him down. He won't let Deuce go unless you can take him out and he's not going to go South-side easy - that skull of his is thicker than that blunt we smoked after the Senior Prom. Watch yourself, if you aren't laid out by round three, he really steps it up."

Sonic was about to smirk at Shadow, but then he saw the look on the dark hedgehog's face. Almost… afraid… Shadow wasn't scared of Sonic, however much the blue hedgehog would have liked to think it. He would never show fear - especially in a place as public as this. So he couldn't be looking at *Sonic* .

Even in a situation as foreboding and heavy as this, Sonic the Hedgehog couldn't resist a good prank, but the bell rang just before he could spill his cold water on Shadow's face to snap him out of his trance. He stood up, and looked across the ring at Knuckles, who more than likely spit some bloody water right on Tails's chest rather than the bucket he was holding up. The crowd was obviously pleased; two rounds were down and the fight could still have gone either way. The referee had them bump fists, and started the round with a roar from the audience.

Rather than go after the large echidna, Sonic instead chose to taunt him by using hand gestures that dared him to come get some. Knuckles wouldn't have any of it, and gave chase with a left hook, which the speedy hedgehog ducked, as expected. The dreadlocked echidna was also able to land a straight uppercut, thanks to his opponent's unwise idea to lower himself into position for one. This sent Sonic stumbling back into his corner and the crowd responded as painfully as he did. In this position, the agile fighter could be easily pinned with nowhere to go, and the champion took full

advantage. Sonic saw the trap, but was unable to get out of it. For the moment, he was reduced to protecting his head and wobbling to avoid any direct hits as the echidna wailed punch after devastating punch at him. Just when it seemed the fight was hopeless, he used a small opening to wrap his arms around his foe's large body, and pull him to the side so his back was against the ropes. The referee saw this as a tussle, but before he could get to the fighters, Sonic had landed three pivotal hits to the echidna's torso, while Knuckles was without striking range. The referee couldn't tell them to spread out; he had to get his hands dirty, and yank the two fighters away from one another. Knuckles, angry as he was, took a swing as Sonic's jaw when he had the chance. It was done at an illegal point in time, but he was beyond caring at this point. This drew a boo from the audience, and a warning from the referee.

Back in the center, the echidna sneered at his opponent, and was about to dish out a warning of his own before being caught off-guard by Sonic's direct attitude. Knuckles had never, ever been bullied throughout all his years on Prison Island, but when the slim blue hedgehog practically rammed him in the gut at high speed and pushed him right back into the corner they had just been pulled away from, the echidna couldn't help feeling that bullying was at hand. It was time for some payback, and Sonic went right for his body. He dished out seven direct high-speed blows to the ribcage, knocking the air out of his opponent and making it hard for him to breathe. Knuckles tried shoving him away, but the Blue Blur kept his head low, pressing it against the echidna's chest to close striking distance and deliver more hits. The referee came by and pulled him away again. This time it was Sonic who received a warning. The round was almost over. But it left ample time for the Red Devil to show Sonic how he felt about being bullied in the corner with a few strikes of his own. They were blocked, but they were damaging to the hedgehog's arms. Thankfully, the bell rang, and nobody had gotten killed. Yet.

"You better watch it, Bro; Knuckles is known for bein' stubborn even when Shadow's beating seven kinds of shit out of him," Manic

warned, "The skull he's got belongs on a bull with six nutsacks."

Sonic snorted, and spit out some blood. "Dude, what fight're you watchin'? Can't you see I'm goin' for the body?" he retorted, "Know what this reminds me of? Since he's red and I'm blue? That toy we used to play with… The red guy and the blue guy who'd punch each other and the one who lost had his head pop up with a big whir and a zipper inderneath?" "Oh yeah!" Manic responded, grinning, "Bop'em Drop'em Sock'em' Pop'em Robots? Somethin' catchy like that!" "Those dudes were robots?" Sonic asked before the bell for Round Four was struck. He stood up, and snapped his neck side to side before lifting his arms. Knuckles did nothing of the sort, just walked fearlessly to the center of the ring to exchange fists and get it on. With the ref's call, the fight continued. Knuckles didn't wait for his opponent's permission; he went for broke with several well-swung hooks that were too numerous to dodge. Luckily, Sonic's plan wasn't to dodge all of them, but to block and withstand the hardest ones. The crowd could hear the echidna's roars of fury every third punch, dishing out two strong jabs before each death blow. The audience was confused as to whether Sonic was getting worn out or just spinning in circles around his red foe. After the eighth consecutive strong hit, the hedgehog shoved the arm away and landed a direct hit to the echidna's jaw, followed by another fast ducking to get in close. He followed through, punching Knuckles twice in his ribs before he backed up to avoid more hits. The crowd approved when the champion went after him with the old one-two, followed by two more hard rights.

Sonic was blocking, but he was taking damage nonetheless. It seemed like he was overpowered, like Knuckles was completely outdoing him, but in truth, there was an inner pain within the echidna's ego that grew in agony with each strike. Sonic wasn't just taking his blows, he was taunting him by using his own frustration to land direct hits. He stopped just long enough to see that the hedgehog was challenging him; a provocative look in his green eyes. This made Knuckles grit his teeth, and deliver one menacing blow after another. At some points, the brute force made his puny

opponent stumble away, and he capitalized with more hits to his defending arms. But Sonic always came back. And he never went down. Three hits from the hedgehog and the round was over. The referee had to get in-between them to put an end to the echidna's storm of punches. Sonic went back to his corner, undeterred. His shoulders and forearms were killing him and his head was pounding, but he was far from beaten.

It was obvious he was in pain and trying to hold it back. Manic mopped his brother's face, "I shouldn't be asking this, Dude, but are you sure you can keep going like this?" he checked, "Looks like it's gettin' ugly in there, and I'm not just talking about the red dude's face."

"You think he's ugly now? Wait 'til after I win this fight…" Sonic told responded, a bit out of breath from being mangled like he was. He cracked his neck again, which hurt more than it helped. "Look at 'im. He can't believe I'm still standin'. He thought he'd win this easy, but he was dead wrong. He's gotta give it everything he's got if he expects to win! And he can't. Now it's time I go in for the kill. Heh; he won't know what hit 'im!"

Manic tilted his head. Sonic looked a pretty bad mess, "Watch your back out there, Bro. Don't stop hittin' 'im! But don't let 'im hit you!" he chimed, "Knux is stubborn. You're probably reminding him of Shadow by now."

Sonic turned to look at Shadow, who still looked like he'd seen a ghost made of seventeen dicks and one large pair of balls. "What's with that bozo, anyway? He looks like he's seen a ghost made up of seventeen-" but the bell rang, and he stood up again.

When they met in the center of the ring, Sonic started Round Five with his most notorious weapon; his mouth. "What's the matter, Fuckles? Are those little love-taps all you've got?" Knuckles growled, and aimed his hardest punch at the snappy hedgehog's head . It was blocked, but sent Sonic halfway across the ring. "Wow, my cell-mate

hits harder than that when we're cuddlin'!" He came back for more, and Knuckles delivered it.

"Who the hell do you think you're talking to?" the echidna roared at his opponent when there was distance between them. "I'll knock your ass DEAD! And do something else to it afterwards!"

Sonic dodged two more hits, and backed away from Knuckles to get more words in. "Big talk! I'm startin' to 'dread' lookin' at your face already! This fight's a big snooze-fest; why not come over here and put me to sleep? Oh, that's right. You've been tryin'!"

This provoked another charge from Knuckles, ending in three of his hardest blows to the snarky hedgehog's head. "I'LL FUCK YOU UP!" he yelled, throwing another two. From the audience's view, Sonic was getting trounced. But there was something else going on in the ring. Something nobody could see due to the echidna's rage, and the hedgehog's being banged up. Knuckles was getting tired…

Manic's fists were clenched with adrenaline. He could see Sonic's tactic, and it was a good one. Just the same though, Sonic was a bloody mess by now. And snarky as he was being, if he wasn't careful, he'd fall into the trap he was laying for Knuckles. He had to be hurting.

But then again, that's the way his brother was. Despite being triplets, he always considered Sonic to be his 'big brother'. The one who would protect him, the one he could look up to. In his eyes, Olgivie Maurice Hedgehog was invincible. That's why it pained him so much to watch him get battered…

"C'mon, Baby! I'm still standin'! Knock me out!" Sonic shouted, getting punched repeatedly for it. "You ain't so bad!" he yelled in succession. He was running around the ring, careful not to let Knuckles pin him against the ropes, or even worse, corner him. Still, he couldn't help noticing the slight delay in the echidna's ability to punch as hard as he could. He was tiring out. And this was the plan from the start. With each consecutive blow, that recovery time

expanded marginally, which the champion covered up with a furious bluff. The round went on, and Sonic managed a quick punch to his gut, followed by another right hook to the face, causing a nosebleed just before the round was over. When he returned to his corner, the hedgehog had a swelling eye and both eyebrows were cut. "Man. That guy sure hits hard for such a wuss, eh Manic?"

Manic chuckled slightly. The crowd was definitely perking up. It seemed clear that Sonic was winning. The question was whether he'd win standing or flat on his back. If Knuckles actually got hold of him now, he'd put the rules to Hell and break a few bones. The red echidna could deal a punch like a freight train if Sonic made the mistake of slowing down long enough for it to hit. And there was a lot of blood, despite the hedgehog's confidence. Overconfidence could see him in trouble too.

The others watching the fight had their own opinions. Amy in particular was worried that Sonic was getting complacent, relying on his speed to last longer than Knuckles' strength. The echidna knew he was never getting out of Prison Island Penitentiary; he had nothing to lose from 'accidentally' breaking his oponent's neck. Sonic didn't seem to be listening to his brother's warnings, as utterly convinced of his own success as Knuckles had been of his. Sonic hadn't exactly gone into the fight in tip-top condition, despite her warning him. She'd hate it if he got killed.

Rouge made some more notes. The fight had been messy, but so far it had also been pretty by-the-book. Still, she wouldn't put it past the inmates competing to break a few rules - and if they did, she was watching Mephiles to see what he did about it.

Privately, the Head Warden was hoping something really, really horrible happened to Sonic. How could one cheerful hedgehog be so much trouble? A good, savage beating was just what he needed to take him down a peg - but if he won he'd be even worse, and he might even have Knuckles' respect. That would be… something he simply couldn't bear. He let himself imagine what would happen if

Sonic, Shadow and Knuckles teamed up, and shuddered. He could practically see his own gravestone.

Sonic looked up toward the stands, spotting Amy's pink hairdo rather easily despite the crowd. He smiled to himself, and shook his head. Sooner or later he'd have to stop worrying her. "Hey Manic. Y'know that chick we used to smoke with back in the day? Purple hair, great singin' voice, bangin' body?"

"Yeah, Mina, right? Can't forget a bod like that. She was smokin' in more ways than one!" Manic checked with a smirk.

"That's her," he replied, "She stopped by for that conjugal I told you and Sonia about. Not only that, she brought me a chocolate bar… Think I might eat it after the fight. I'll save you a piece if I don't end up sharin' it with that steamy doctor." Looking over at Knuckles, he could tell the bell was about to ring by the look in his eyes. He punched his gloves together, and got ready to stand.

"Woah, chocolate…" Manic said dreamily, trying to remember what it tasted like.

The familiar chime they'd been waiting for came, and Sonic put his mouthguard back in. "I'll be back in a Sonic Second!" Standing up, he met Knuckles in the center of the ring, and heard the familiar roar of approval from the crowd when they bumped gloves and started the round. This time, Knuckles went right for the shove toward the corner, not bothering with the lowly jabs to cover up the plan. Having not expected it, Sonic was pushed back, but narrowly escaped being cornered by twirling out of it and nailing the echidna right on his side while he escaped. This got a cheer from half the audience, as the hedgehog had out-manoeuvred his opponent to the point he was almost behind him for a second. The rest of them booed, since he was dancing around like a fairy rather than fighting head-on like a 'man'. Knuckles seemed to be biding his time, waiting for the right moment to strike, attempting to hold in his rage. Any second now, he'd unleash it. And when he did, all Hell would break loose with it. They were in the center of the ring, and Sonic was smirking at him.

"What's the matter, Echidnerd? Ya goin' Pacifist on me or what?" Knuckles didn't respond. He just closed in on Sonic and waited… Waited… For that one prized instant when the smug little bastard before him let his guard down. And when the blue inmate finally decided to go on the attack, the champion blocked an oncoming punch with his shoulder, leaving his opponent open. Bullseye. The crowd seemed to feel the blow, the one superfluous uppercut that slammed into the hedgehog's jaw and knocked the living daylights out of him. His mouthguard even flew out, vanishing amongst the many heads of the crowd. The referee had to push the mighty red echidna away, because Sonic was down, and he had counting to do.

"STAY DOWN!" Knuckles yelled, taunting the collapsed hedgehog while dancing around the ring. "You stay down there, Punk! You wanna toy around with ME? I don't fuck around, God Dammit! I run this bitch!" The referee pushed the echidna further away, demanding that he return to his corner. Knuckles responded by unleashing some fury onto the top turnbuckle, giving it a hard right hook that made the whole arena thump. The crowd was loving it.

"Yo, True Blue!" Manic yelled with desperation from the corner, "Get up, man! Come on, get up!" he yelled into the ring to his brother. If there hadn't been a ref, Knuckles would be busy kicking Sonic to death now.

A number of inmates were counting loudly. From his seat, Shadow was watching the fight intensely, pale as all Hell and one eye twitching. Amy clasped her hands in hope that Sonic could still get up. Mephiles' eyes narrowed, hoping that this was the turning point for the meddling hedgehog that would take him down.

He pressed down on the mat, pushing just enough to get his head lifted off. He shook, spines bristling as he waved the momentary dizziness away. They were at six by the time he came to, and he stood up carefully on his feet by the time they counted nine. Sonic's green eyes seemed completely stern, and he glared at the echidna. "All right, Riding Hood. Do-over." Then he rose his fists. The crowd responded with gusto.

"YES!" Manic punched the air, "You can do it, Sonic!" he shouted to his brother, thumping one fist emphatically against the cage, "Just don't let your guard down, Dude!"

Tails winced from Knuckles' corner, "He's gonna keep on getting up," he murmured to Knuckles, "He will, you know. He won't go down - he's like that…"

The echidna grumbled, and much to Sonic's dismay, sucker-punched the young fox right in the face, knocking him right out with little effort. Then he walked back to the center with a smug look in his eye. "So you want more, huh? Here, have another helping!" The referee had barely called for the round to commence when Knuckles rammed a right fist into Sonic's nose, not bothering getting into position and scouting his opponent first. Sonic hadn't expected it either; he was still woozy from that near knock-out he'd just suffered. Three straight punches later, he was against the ropes, and Knuckles was in full control, pasting fist after fist into the hedgehog's abdomen while he tried desperately to protect his head. For the moment, he seemed helpless. Some people, namely Amy, wished they'd call off the fight. But then something happened. Something that seemed to shift the mindset of both competitors. Knuckles landed a hook to Sonic's side, but it seemed to have an adverse affect. Hardly anyone had been able to see that the hedgehog's elbow was partially in the way, and that Knuckles had inadvertently damaged his own hand on it. He only had a second to react, but Sonic worked well with seconds. He dished in a one-two to the echidna's face, once, twice, three times, 'til he was stepping back and away from the ropes. The hedgehog dove in, going right for the body, landing several right hooks into his foe's side before the bell rang and the referee severed them apart. A lot had happened this round, but it was finally over and both competitors sat for a well-earned rest.

Amy looked at Rouge, who was sitting next to her. The bat raised an eyebrow, "You allow these fights?" she asked.

"It's better for the prisoners to vent in a controlled environment than simply brawl in open areas," Amy replied, "They're fighting over

matters of pride. And it helps some of the inmates to deal with their own aggression, watching a live match. I hate these matches, but I need to be here, as well as some other medical personell, in case of real damage. Men are… awfully physical about keeping track of their macho manly machismo like this…"

Down by the ring, Manic was trying to be positive for Sonic, but also aware that the fight wasn't quite going as his brother had expected it to go, "Keep it up, Sonic," he told him, "You can do this, Bro. And you'd better, because of those cigarettes I got banked on you…"

Sonic, though severely out of breath, couldn't help grinning at his brother's statement. "Cigarettes? Don't you know- That stuff can… Kill you?" He asked, smirking at his brother as the joke had dawned on him. Sonic was tussling with one of the most dangerous men in the country, yet he was giving Health advice. On the other end, Knuckles was shaking his hand, trying to get the blood-flow back. The referee had repeatedly asked him if he was injured, but he lied despite the obvious. If he admitted to it, the fight would be mandatorily cancelled, with Knuckles being disqualified by injury. He couldn't let that happen. Not a chance in Hell.

Manic looked over at Knuckles, "You both look like soggy weed, Bro" he told Sonic, "But Knux ain't gonna give up, so you'd better not either… just remember that, y'know, he's got more to lose from losing than you… so there ain't a chance in Hell of him throwin' in the towel…"

Sonic reached up to pat the side of his brother's face with his sweaty glove before standing up, "Don't wet your jammies just yet, Cupcake, I'll try and land a few more punches this time." With that, he hobbled to the center of the ring, and cracked his neck before Knuckles arrived. The referee seemed reluctant to start this next round, but the crowd couldn't seem to wait.

If Knuckles' hand was hurting, he wasn't showing it. He looked at Sonic for a few seconds, with his guard up, judging how to deal with the problem. Thanks to his 'handicap', it was important that he either

take Sonic out soon - really soon - or give him one. The blue hedgehog had good stamina. Without warning, he moved in with a heavy punch to the upper ribcage. Sonic dodged it. And he kept up that attitude. The blue inmate kept on dodging his punches, but that led to predictable boos and catcalls from the crowd. And he accidentally found himself dodging into a corner again, which was when Knuckles really, really piled on in, landing a single huge punch into Sonic's ribcage that saw half the breath knocked out of him. And against punches this hard, even blocking had a limited save time, as he continued on Sonic's chest. The blue hedgehog just about managed to twist himself out of the corner, and then the situation was nearly reversed, except for one detail - Sonic's punches weren't as hard as Knuckles'. The red echidna could take more from Sonic, than Sonic could from him, even if the challenger was a lot faster. There was a roar of appreciation from the crowd.

"Yeah!" Manic punched the turnbuckle, "Let 'im have it, Bro! Like Sleet and Dingo when you caught 'em beatin' up on Cyrus back in High School!"

Knuckles forced his way forward and out of the corner, despite several hits being blocked. He'd decked the hedgehog down once; he could do it again. Again, he punched Sonic just below the ribcage to knock out his breath, then even as Sonic prepared to dodge again, slammed a right hook as hard as he could into his jaw, forcing Sonic back down to the mat.

Sonic gritted his teeth, remembering how he'd seen Shadow keep on going despite the way any sane person would lay down, and this time pushed himself up more quickly. He could hurt later. But he'd never be able to look another inmate in the eye if he lost now, and would probably be looking a lot further down. He took a deep breath, and made a full three-sixty degree spin, punching Knuckles in the face hard enough so this time the echidna was on the floor, being counted while he backed off, fists up.

The count hit seven when Knuckles was back on his feet and looking really, really angry, but just before he could move on in again, the

bell rang for the round, and he reluctantly backed into his corner, where Tails was shaking dizziness from his head and looking worried. For somebody to win, somebody was going to need to hurt.

"Man, what I wouldn't do for a fat blunt, a pole-dance from Sally Acorn and a chilidog right now…" Sonic commented to his sibling, who awaited him at his corner. "I'm startin' to think that other guy wants to win," he joked, ignoring the pain in his… everywhere.

Manic grinned, although he could see his brother was hurting and hiding it, "You can do it, dude," he told Sonic, punching him lightly on the arm, "You're faster and smarter than Knux. But you won't outlast him if it comes to blows, because he can take more of your punches than you can his. Ya gotta move fast…" he grinned.

"Faster than fast, quicker than quick? Like a speeding bullet, like the speed of sound?" Sonic asked, grinning as he knew the pep-talk was coming.

"Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," Manic agreed, "Don't settle for the old one-two; if you get a hit in, keep landing them. It's the only way you'll do enough damage! Knuckles is landing less hits on you, but he might lay you out with just one more good one!"

"I'm gonna say, two," Sonic retorted, but before his brother could reflect, the bell rang to call for Round Nine. This had to be it! Knuckles looked almost desperately pissed, and wanted to get this shit done. They bumped fists, the crowd cheered, and the referee gave the okay. Instantly, the two fighters went at it. Sonic was aggressive, and Knuckles was impervious. The first two punches from both competitors seemed to land simultaneously, and they were followed up by six rapid blows in succession to the echidna's face, which he lovingly reimbursed with a left hook to the hedgehog's tummy. The crowd seemed rabid; nobody knew what would happen next and they all seemed hungry for more. Unlike the previous rounds, neither fighter was aiming to dominate the other in a corner or against the ropes, they seemed perfectly content staying in the middle of the ring. Sonic was focussed on getting in close and past

his opponent's comfort zone to prevent his long reach from being used, while Knuckles was intent on the opposite, keeping his foe off him and at arm's length so he could capitalize. Sonic blocked Knuckles' best shots, once again wearing him down while taking every opportunity he could to shove his fist in the crescent on the echidna's broad chest. At one point, Sonic even pushed him away, taunting him to come back for more. The champion responded with a treacherous roar that ended in Sonic receiving a left-hook to the side of his face, but it wasn't enough to knock him down. In fact, he used the temporarily open space to his advantage, landing several shots beneath the murderous champion's armpit, where that tender bone was waiting to get snapped. Knuckles couldn't help wailing in pain, but he returned with a right-hook, aiming for the hedgehog's face but landing in his chest, knocking him back against the ropes where he practically slung-shot to a skidding halt on his knees. Knuckles was doubled over, holding onto his side with a menacing look to him. Sonic was gasping for air, and stumbled back to his feet. The crowd was going ape-shit.

"Now we're getting somewhere," Vector commented to Espio from the sidelines, "You might just be right about an ugly draw… they're trying to kill each other in there - but nobody's dead yet."

"Something will snap soon," Espio agreed calmly. The two opponents were pretty evenly matched. They had stopped playing games and were moving in for the kill - both of them.

Knuckles was - for the moment - reduced to one arm, so Sonic had to ignore the lack of air in his chest and risk taking some bait. He came in, and just when the echidna expected a straight jab to his face, he received an uppercut that forced him back upright. The rules weren't getting him anywhere, so the champion did what he did best; he fought dirty. He grabbed hold of Sonic's body and grabbed him in a headlock, punching him several times over the scalp with his left before the hedgehog managed to struggle out. Unfortunately, Knuckles found himself in quite a predicament as he was pushed away; his opponent was behind him, and he received a direct hit

right to the temple before he could twist back into position. Sonic followed through, a jab and a hook right to the echidna's nose. Knuckles shoved him away to wedge some distance, and followed through with a swing to the hedgehog's face that would have shattered his teeth if it hadn't been for the mouthguard. Neither one of them were even blocking anymore; it was all or nothing. A test of will to prove who wanted it most. When the bell rang, their fists were still flying, colliding with each other's faces until the referee ducked between them and fought them apart. The crowd was thunderous.

The crowd was going, as Manic would put it, 'crackers'. They weren't particularly concerned about either combatant fighting fair, or smart. They were here to see blood.

Amy turned to Mephiles, angry fear on her face, "Call off this fight now, Mephiles," she hissed at him, "It's getting way too ugly! Somebody's really going to get hurt!"

Mephiles just smirked at her, "Oh, Doctor, it's not getting ugly. It's just getting interesting. Now don't go around drawing attention to problems that don't exist…" he smirked, patting her thigh lightly, before squeezing it in a warning manner.

Sonic was sitting in his corner, sipping water and spitting. He was sure that Manic was talking to him, but he didn't hear a damned thing. All he could muster was the roar of the crowd, the rapid beating of his heart, and the adrenaline he was feeling. Knuckles felt the same thing. When the bell rang, they charged at each other. They didn't bump fists and the referee didn't care; he just called the round and let them go at it. Knuckles was being careful to guard his right side, where he'd been injured, but was nonetheless careless about blocking any hits. The two swapped blows like they were playing cards, practically taking turns. Knuckles would land two, Sonic would stumble backwards, lunge forward, and land six. Then he'd get shoved away for distance, and the rabid echidna would comply with another two. They were on the eleventh round, the clock was ticking, and they traded blows on and on until finally, Knuckles was either too tired to swing fast enough, or Sonic was too

desperate to keep the game going, and he ducked under the echidna's shoulder and landed two direct hits to the injured side of his chest. This sent Knuckles stumbling sideways, and Sonic gave chase, punching rapidly, so hard he thought his hands would shatter, against the echidna's shoulder, chest, forearms, face, head, anywhere he could land a punch. Knuckles pushed off the rope with his left hand, forcing Sonic to stumble backwards off balance, and he gave chase as well, landing several powerful, albeit left-handed, blows to the hedgehog's face. Sonic never made it to the ropes, he fell backwards and, as Knuckles gave chase, he ended up falling as well. This left them pummelling to the ground with the champion on top. And still they traded blows. The crowd was going wild, and the referee had to pull them apart.

"Ah, man," Manic managed from the sides, and the expression on his face wasn't all that different from that of Tails over in Knuckles' corner. He glanced up towards the Head Warden, who was definitely looking pleased with himself, and then at Sonic. The fight was all very enjoyable for those members of the prison who weren't buddies with either of the fighters, but for those who cared, the mess had gone on too long and he was really starting to worry. This was why people didn't fight Knuckles any more. This was why the echidna was feared throughout the prison. Sonic was finding that out now; Manic just hoped his brother would live to put the knowledge to good use.

On the other hand, this was also why the entire prison was sure to hold Sonic in high regard from this day forth, provided he survived. When the two fighters had been separated and re-stood, the round commenced. There wasn't much time left for it, but a few seconds could go a long way. With Knuckles guarding his right side as he was, he expected Sonic would try and get it open for more shots, rather than go for his left. He was in for a wild surprise. After delivering two tremendous hooks to the hedgehog's face, he felt a gloved fist drill into his left side, just below his armpit, and the tender flesh stood no chance at keeping those bones intact. Knuckles was suddenly deathly afraid that he would lose this fight. Luckily, the bell

rang, and he'd be given a chance to situate himself. He had one more round…

"Uno mas! One more round!" Manic told Sonic, "Whatever you so, don't hold back - Knuckles won't be. One of you's got to go down and he's gonna try and make it you. Please don't die, Bro - I'll catch so much flack for that from Sonia if I have to tell her you got killed in a fight against a prick like Knuckles…"

Sonic was wincing in pain, but there was adrenaline in him that he hadn't felt since before the anklet was put on him, when he could break the sound barrier and dash away while the cops and SWAT teams and National Guard and GUN units tried pathetically to chase him with their fancy vehicles and worthless booby traps. "Listen, tell Shadow- Nnngg," he coughed blood, "Tell Shadow that I'm gonna need a massage when I get back to my cell…" With that, the bell rang for the last round, and the crowd seemed well-received. At this point, neither competitor was angry anymore. All viciousness had been replaced with sheer determination and iron will. The round didn't last long. With the injuries he'd sustained to his ribcage, Knuckles couldn't root any strength behind his arms, and found himself getting mangled by a stalking Sonic the Hedgehog who wouldn't let him breathe. Half a minute into it, the echidna was on the ground. And ten counts later, Sonic stood victorious.

Harley: How'd you like that little Sonic Versus Knuckles, eh? Sonic won! Yay him!

SonicFrank: Go easy on us. I know it's cliche for Sonic to win, but we tried our best to make it believable! It was necessary for the plot. And Knuckles will NOT become a weak character because of this, I promise. Your reviews, especially the constructive ones, make us feel good. So write more of them!

PTSD

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: To 'Drunk Henchmen', we're sorry but no, we'd rather you *didn't* post a chapter elsewhere. It's not like isn't free and anonymous to use, and we'd have to say yes to *everybody* regarding all chapters. Still, anybody is welcome to discuss Prison Island Break anywhere they please, or link back to the fic.

SonicFrank: Now… Some of you wondered what was wrong with Shadow. This chapter you find out. If you find it a little convoluted and confusing, it's *meant* to be. After all, it is in Shadow's head. We hope you like it anyway.

Harley: Though I dare say you'll just be saying, 'Wow!' This chapter is NASTY.

Chapter Thirty-Five: P.T.S.D.

Shadow had paid up to all the inmates who had betted on the outcome of the fight and won. He had made a healthy profit, and two inmates had proven unable of paying up, so he'd had the pleasure of breaking both of the arms of one, and stabbing the other.

He did not, however, feel at all well. Watching Sonic fight Knuckles had dragged him into one of the worst flashbacks he'd ever had. Fortunately nobody had noticed, but he still felt sick. His thoughts wouldn't stay on track. He hardly dared to close his eyes in case he fell asleep - perchance to dream… After the brutal battle he sustained with Knuckles, Sonic had been taken to the infirmary, and would remain there for two days at least. Knuckles was in another

wing's infirmary to keep them from fighting. Tails was probably suffering from bullies, but that wasn't Shadow's concern. The black and red hedgehog had other things to worry about…

"I'm not crazy," he told the cell. His head hurt. It had been steadily getting worse over the last two days. He now felt like somebody was treading on it. He closed the cell door and lay on his bunk, sweating, "Maria… father… help me…" he whispered, desperately trying to get his head straight…

Crazy, sane, there was really very little difference between the two. Insanity was generally much better organized though. He had an idea. It required a lot of crazy to work. But he wasn't crazy… right?

Shadow clutched at his head…

" *Y'know what I love about the Hole..?* " He could hear that voice… that dastardly, wicked voice. Scourge's voice, sounding so clear he might have been in Shadows' own cell, " *It's always so… dark. Which brings light to the… Miniscule people in your head… The ones you never pay attention to. You can see them so clearly here… And they sound* ***delicious*** *, Baby…* "

Shadow shuddered. He was feared across the prison, with only a handful of convicts not afraid, and even then they held a grisly kind of respect for the kind of monster who could survive alone for as long as Shadow had without giving in and joining one of the cliques for protection. But even beasts have standards; Shadow would have wound up face-down in a gutter years ago if he didn't. Scourge however, had no inhibitions at all…

He remembered Hole Number Three. Okay, so maybe he shouldn't have tried to escape. But Solitary was Solitary. You were supposed to be alone. And there was hardly room for one person in a Hole, let alone two. This couldn't be good. Even as the door was unlocked by guards with tasers, he braced himself against the doorway, trying to keep them from forcing him in. But with a quick shock to the spine, he was pushed in rapidly, the door slammed behind him, and him in

almost complete darkness, with only a slit in the door and a slot at floor level, the higher to let passing guards look in on the prisoner and the lower to pass food through to them. And as he slammed a furious fist into the metal door, he felt somebody else in the Hole…

Shadow remembered him breathing. There was a musk to his breath, a deliberate grimace of laughter wedged between each short inhalation. Then he heard him lick his lips. " *Oooo! Haha, mmmmm. Look, Mama! My Happy Meal came with a* ***toy*** *!* " Shadow felt cold, bare fingertips touch his muzzle, " *And I think it has…* ***Buttons*** *…* "

Shadow had jammed an elbow back without hesitating, feeling it make solid contact with somebody's ribcage. It was one thing to get along with other inmates just enough to keep them from whaling on you. It was another to let them touch you. There was a gasp, and he turned, squinting in the very dim light. It was another hedgehog, a green one. And he stank of *everything*, "Keep the fuck away from me," he told the other prisoner sharply, glaring at him.

There was a cough, and even in the low light, Shadow could see that there was also a grin. " *Jolly WOW! It's a brand-new action figure! And it talks! Guess it's time I…* ***break it in*** *!* " Shadow didn't want to remember. There were some parts that terrified him because he couldn't remember them in detail, and others so scarring because the memories were intact. Scourge treated him like a worthless stuffed animal… A plush toy that bled.

Shadow narrowed his eyes, glaring harder at the green hedgehog. The smell of shit, and piss, and cum, was almost visible. Shadow knew that he kept his own slacks fairly clean, even if they got cut up a bit over time, and some blood on them, but Scourge's were filthy and torn up. Now there was a kind of similarity between the blue eyes of Scourge, and his own red eyes. In there, though, he'd seen no likeness. The likeness had increased. But now… then… all he knew was that it was important not to break. You didn't get shoved in Solitary because you were *nice*, "I said no," he growled, not breaking eye contact.

" *And I say… YUM!* " It was hard to piece together. He'd heard of Scourge prior to being thrown in with him, but he had yet to learn how 'persuasive' the psycho was first-hand. The green psycho had a way of inflicting pain with his fingers that the ebony hedgehog had never fathomed; he felt his eyelids getting pulled, the fur on his neck getting torn off while the wall welcomed his head with a few bumps, his spines pushed in to where they snapped and dug into the same flesh they were rooted in. And that voice… That menacing, venomous voice that haunted him at night, almost as much as his memories of Maria.

Fight back. Never, ever, ever make it easy, because if it's easy they'll do it again. If it's hard, they won't be so eager next time. That was what Shadow had learned from the women he'd killed. He managed to twist, punching, clawing and kicking back with a howl of rage, "I bet you tortured little animals for fun when you were a kid!" he snarled, kicking Scourge very accurately in the crotch, "Well guess what; *I did too!* " He bit down on Scourge's grasping hand hard, only letting go when he tasted blood, and not even bothering to spit it out.

Horror had a funny way of making him feel helpless. Throughout his lifetime, Shadow had given countless people something to fear. But those tricks… even the painful ones… didn't seem to work on this green denizen of pure malice. No matter what damage was inflicted, Scourge would never stop laughing, or toying, or talking to someone who wasn't there. Shadow recalled times that he had been pinned against the floor, and against the wall, and against the other wall, and even against the ceiling since the place was so small. But how was it possible that all the memories were jumbled and contorted as if they were one? As if they all took place at the same terrible time? " *Y'know what, Mommy?* " Scourge continued, mocking Shadow as if he weren't a life-form worth talking to, instead an object for his entertainment, " *I think if I fluff it up enough, it'll sing…* "

"Shut up, shut up, shut UP!" Shadow yelled at him, realizing that somehow in this confined space he had been shoved up against the wall on his knees. He kicked out, trying to get out of the corner,

"Keep… the Hell… away from me, you fucking psycho!" he screamed. He tensed up, gathering himself, then slammed himself backward hard, managing to ram Scourge away from him, and onto his back, with Shadow on top briefly.

Scourge reeked so bad of wretched body odor that Shadow could almost feel his eyes burning. As if that wasn't bad enough, the perverse hedgehog also had a thing for eye-gouging, shoving two fingers in Shadow's eyes that very nearly damaged them permanently. " *Ooooh, but Grandma… What big red eyes you have, Baby!* " Shadow felt himself getting back-handed in the face. The recollection of exactly how Scourge managed to get him on his back again was diluted, but he knew it was definitely not by asking nicely.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" Shadow heard himself scream, struggling and kicking and just trying and trying to get the green hedgehog off him and keep him off, "I'm SHADOW ROBOTNIK!" The inmates in the main prison would have decided that he wasn't worth the trouble by now. They seemed to have some sense of pain. Scourge didn't seem to care, no matter where Shadow hit him or how hard. At most he laughed a bit and kept on going. He never bothered to answer Shadow's angry questions.

It was all dreams in his head. All of it… all just dreams… dreams that could become real at any given moment, "This is the Real World," he managed, feeling like his brain was flickering on and off like a light switch, "Out there? That's where they're living the dream. That's where they're dead. This is the Real World… you can tell because it all hurts so much…"

Shadow hadn't known this certain brand of pain until Mephiles had put him in the Hole with Scourge for the first time. By God, the green devil never seemed to sleep. Broken instances of the filthy hedgehog's funk careening over Shadow's body came to his mind in awful tremors, stretching and molding his mind painfully. That voice wouldn't go away. Singing, laughing, humming, cackling… He liked to sing children's songs. That somehow added to the obscene horror…

"I'm not your toy!" Shadow shouted. Hadn't Scourge done children? What was the word? Pedophile. He hung around outside schools and lured kids close with offers of candy and power. Yeah, and the papers had bitched about a whole load of eleven raped women and all those other murders like they thought somebody couldn't do that and they had to open their eyes and look at the real world… Children. Shadow had never bothered with children; they weren't… interesting. They were too easy. And they reminded him of the childhood he hadn't had and he couldn't take it away… There wasn't much innocence left in the world, and they possessed most of it, "STOP SINGING!" he nearly screamed.

" *This is the song that never ends…* " Scourge whispered in a melodious tune, though Shadow couldn't remember if he'd been on his back or his stomach when the disastrous song was poured into his ears. " *Yes, it goes on and on… My hen…* " But one specific moment crashed through him like thunder, the one where Scourge mounted him on all fours and forced the black hedgehog to crawl around like some kind of pony. And he laughed while he did it. And the song wouldn't end… Though the lyrics would change slightly to get more degrading.

Yes, this was the Real World. It wasn't out there. The Real World was in here, where the pain was. So why escape? Sonic was so deluded, thinking there was a world out there that would take him back. Shadow shuddered, feeling the weight on his back. The pain was here, and he'd found through life experience that it was better to be the right hand of the devil, than in his path. Better to bring pain, than risk others turning it on you. And the only way… was to be at the top of the pyramid. If you were at the top, it didn't matter how the other blocks were arranged as long as they were under you.

Scourge was insane. Worse than any of the sick bastards who'd abused Shadow before, when he was young, when he was naive, when he had hope for happiness with Maria… Scourge liked to cuddle, but he didn't do it like other people did. He pulled on fur and twisted the entire time. One specific moment where he pulled on

Shadow's ears so hard, he could barely hear the song anymore, came to mind… By that point, they smelled *exactly* alike…

He'd look at Scourge, whether it was in his head or in the Hole, or maybe both, he wasn't always sure… And in the Hole, how easy it was to sink to his level… his slacks torn up and with him covered in blood and cum and the smell… it always brought him careening back into Hell. And the insanity, never-ending, "That is not me…" he hissed, looking at his slacks, torn up by Scourge's repeated attacks.

" *Awww, how cute… My toy has…* ***Imagination*** *!* " There were so many slaps to the head, punches to the back, scratches to his chest, Shadow almost swore the cuts and the bloody lumps were still there. It was as if he could feel them, even see them trailing across his body as Scourge played with him. And Scourge played rough…

A moment of peace - only granted to bring painful anticipation of the next coming terror. Shadow pressed his head against the wall, pressing one bloody hand to it, leaving a sticky print he could almost see. It wasn't like he'd ever stopped fighting. Yes, knowing he could still fight, even in his head… that was important. Yes… yes, he had the strength for the fight. If you could survive what Scourge could deal out, you could survive anything. Including all those tests Eggman did. He survived those, "I'm not you," he told Scourge, "I'll never be you…"

The cell he normally shared with Sonic was starting to feel just as cold, murky and damp as the Hole was. But sadly, not empty. Scourge had waited 'til it was the coldest it could get before violating his new playmate in more ways than one. And he sang the whole time… The memories were horrendous. Putrid and ugly. They were nightmares without sleep.

Scourge had an imagination. Compared to him, Shadow was nothing. People called Shadow crazy for the way he could always find a weapon… you needed a weapon to defend yourself… for the way he could keep fighting long after anybody else would give up… he had to fight as long as his opponent could, and that could be a

very long time… for the way he was unafraid of anything… you couldn't let your fear take you over… for the way he defended his dignity… But they were all people who had never met Scourge. Now Scourge was crazy. Shadow just did what was sensible, "Stop touching me!" he demanded of Scourge, trying to turn his face away from the lunatic.

But it never stopped. Scourge never stopped either. Day after day would pass and the demon never stopped messing with his head. Even a single night spent with him was like wallowing in the seventh level of Hell. What was worse, the memory never stopped either… It had possessed him. Scourge may as well have been right beside him, brutalizing him all over again with that sinister laugh…

Shadow faced the wall. Scourge had shown him that the light at the end of the tunnel was an oncoming train. Sonic being optimistic about breaking out just reminded him of how happy Scourge was, locked up in his little Hole. Shadow thumped the wall with a fist, "Will you STOP LAUGHING?" he screamed at the voices in his head, "It's not funny! It's not!"

To make matters… belittlingly worse… Scourge never really responded to anything Shadow said. As if his words had no meaning; his threats no weight. His body no soul. He was a flesh Barbie Doll… By the end of it there was shit smeared in his fur.

Shadow screamed again as he was simultaneously pushed and dragged into Hole Number Three. He didn't want to go there again… he wasn't sure how much of his sanity was left from the last time he had been in there. And the looks from other inmates when he came out too… contempt, and worse, pity… But worse than that, was the way Scourge touched him… and the games he would play.

He could still feel the warm clumps of slime falling off the pungent hedgehog's mouth and onto his fur, cooling in the chamber's cold air. He could hear the wicked laugh, the putrid feeling of the tongue, covered in mucous, running over his face. Scourge wouldn't ever

stop playing. Even when Shadow was knocked down to begging, he wouldn't stop…

"Shit!" Shadow turned to the Solitary cell's door. It slammed shut in his face as he heard Scourge approach from behind. Preferring to face the green demon, he turned quickly, his shoulders trying to dig their way into the stone, "Oh… not again…" he moaned, looking into those insane blue eyes.

Already Scourge was up way too close for the pleading hedgehog's comfort. " *Oh YEAH, Baby! Again! Again!* " he felt those crummy, dirty hands grabbing at his thighs. If at all possible, he could feel the germs infesting his body…

It took a second for Shadow's brain to click into gear, then he swung the hardest possible punch he could at Scourge, "KEEP AWAY FROM ME!" he screamed, sweating and trying to keep himself from panicking enough to fight off the green, filthy, stinking, perverted hedgehog.

It was the hardest, most desperate blow he could have mustered, but it had no effect. Scourge's blue eyes flared with psychotic excitement. He pinned Shadow against the stone wall, and forced him to watch, slowly, as he opened his mouth, breathed on him, and ran his tongue over his face. " *Look, Gammy! A choo-choo train!* " he yelled to the lonely cell.

Shadow turned his face away, trying to shove Scourge away from him as the other hedgehog pushed him around 'playfully', "Get off, dammit!" he snarled, "Just… stop!" He tried not to breathe through his nose. He knew lengthy time in Solitary didn't leave anybody smelling daisy-fresh, but even for that Scourge smelled terrible.

He moved like some kind of demon, or phantom, or ghost, never coming from a single direction that made any sense. Shadow could never seem to trace his movements until it was too late. " *The choo-choo train runs along the tracks…* " Scourge spoke out, tripping

Shadow playfully to get him on all fours. " *And goes chugga chugga* ***chugga*** *!* " he continued with a gleeful smile.

In that dark, confined space, Shadow was tripped. He cursed, frantically trying to get to his feet - he'd stand and stay awake all day and night if it could keep Scourge from touching him. But it changed nothing. Scourge wasn't the kind of person you could reason with… That's right, because you are *so* reasonable. *Shut the fuck up…* Shadow thought. Every touch made him want to throw up in his mouth, "Shut up, just shut the fuck up!" he screamed at Scourge as he tried to get up in time.

Scourge didn't play nice. He played a whole lot, too much for Shadow to handle, but none of it was pleasant. " *The choo-choo train runs along the tracks!* " he repeated, mounting Shadow and forcing him to crawl forward. " *Choooo choooooo!* "

"Get… off… me!" Shadow tried to buck Scourge off, or roll onto his back, but Scourge just dug in his heels and started tugging at his prison slacks, "I hate you, God," he snarled after trying to fight it off, "You got that, you all-fucking-powerful sonuva bitch? I… HATE… you!" He dragged himself forward a little way, gritting his teeth in rage.

" *WHEEEEEE!* " Scourge's wail of victory echoed throughout the chamber, " *Make it go faster, Gammy! Make it go faster!* " Shadow felt him reach around, to grab at the crawling hedgehog's face and pull on his cheeks. And to top things off, he bounced up and down, pushing agonizing weight on Shadow's back.

"No… NO!" Shadow slumped forward in flat refusal, lying face down, "I will not just take this shit from a crazy bastard like you, Scourge! I'm not your goddamn toy!" The worst part of it was that being the one inmate most frequently pushed in with Scourge, the psychopath probably did consider him his toy. He closed his eyes tightly, trying to shut it all out.

Shadow knew it was a big mistake to fight back against Scourge. It always, ALWAYS, made things worse. And when Scourge punched him in the back of the head and spun him around by the quills, pulling some out before flinging him into the bars, he knew things were about to get agonizing. " *GAMMY! This train is **BROKEN** !* " he yelled out like a whining child, throwing angry fists in a flurry of a tantrum.

It happened too fast for Shadow to put up a proper fight. Scourge was as fast as Sonic in such things. He could only try to block and shout without words in his anger and fear, before finding his voice, "I'm not broken, I'm not fucking broken!" God, now he was talking back to the babbling lunatic. Talking with Scourge in an attempt to divert his attention was part of why people thought he was so freaked out now. Even though Scourge made a horrible amount of sense, if you looked at things from the right direction…

It was the most belittling, humiliating and violating thing Shadow had ever gone through. But beyond all the flurried fighting, whining and childish outcries, Scourge was going to rape him. Shadow didn't know when exactly, but it would happen. And there wasn't a damned thing he could do about it.

It was days like these, bad days, really bad days, when Shadow wondered if maybe he deserved this for fucking and killing those women. That, or he wished he'd fucked more of them before being caught. He managed to struggle away from Scourge, by jamming an elbow into his jaw, but of course there was nowhere to run to. Instead he pushed himself into a corner as far as he could, wishing he had a square back to go in deeper, and trying to suppress the rising fear.

Scourge had a maniacal way to interpret his numerous violent acts of dominance as parts of his 'playtime'. When Shadow had fallen on his side, he was 'off-track'. When he was struggling to get back up, he was 'having engine troubles'. And when he was frantically trying to get away as the green hedgehog got in position, he was 'pumping the brakes'. Scourge also liked to 'shine' him up, by rubbing his

saliva on him. In one particular case, he needed 'bumper ointment'. That was when he was pissed on. The memory of 'waxing' was on its way, but Shadow blocked the recollection away. *He didn't cum on me… He didn't cum on me!*

Shadow stood up as fast as he could - lying still was an invitation for pain. He grabbed hold of his own quills and pulled on them furiously. He'd backed himself into a corner and he was livid. How easy it must be, he thought, to be a little bitch like Prower and just lie down and take it… of course Prower didn't exactly lie down and take it, and he'd never be put in with Scourge because he was a good little bitch… God but it would be so easy to snap and not fight back against anything ever again.

Scourge was everywhere. There wasn't a spot in the whole prison, where Shadow didn't feel him staring, laughing at, or touching him. He was so bad that the ebony hedgehog heard him in his head; he'd become a voice among all the others; one that drowned out all except Maria. Dominating, terrifying, relentless. The rape was unnecessary, but he did it anyway. And the humiliation never ceased. If Shadow could vomit out his own heart he would have.

Anybody would be a better cellie than Scourge. Knuckles. Sonic. *Mephiles* . Shadow pulled on his quills again, "Please just leave me alone…" he begged Scourge. Then, realizing that once again the green psychopath had him sinking to begging for mercy, he literally threw up on the cell floor. On average, it probably made the confined, dirty space cleaner.

It certainly didn't make Shadow cleaner, though. Scourge's sick games were no-holds-barred, even resorting to rubbing his playmate's face in a pool of his own vomit. And he found it hilarious. Hell, he topped it off by holding Shadow's arms behind him, forcing his head, chest and stomach into the vile substance while he fucked him. " *WOO-WOOOO! All aboard the chugga-train, BABY!* "

Shadow started to scream. Any other person would be begging and crying now, but as Scourge yanked his pants down and his grasping

hands tore open the black and red hedgehog's jacket at the front, baring his chest, Shadow just screamed, at Scourge, at Mephiles, at God and at the world which he hated and which hated back at him in turn. Sometimes he'd black out, not just from pain but from the hate and rage that overflowed in him. He twisted and tried to punch Scourge again.

But Scourge seemed just fine. As Shadow's memory had recalled earlier, nothing was 'nice' about the way this green psychotic menace played. He wasn't just rough, he was the shredding type. And there would be a lot of pain, bleeding, tearing and agony before he finally came. Which just made things all the worse for Shadow…

"Quit with the games!" he screamed at Scourge, desperate for validation of his own existence as he was shoved up against a wall on his knees. Scourge hardly ever said anything to him; it was all wild babbling to himself. Of course, Shadow knew what that was like. He'd had plenty of engaging conversations with voices in his head that… were definitely there… not seeing them didn't mean they weren't there… He started to claw at the stone wall, his fingernails starting to bleed.

As if things weren't horrendous enough, Scourge wasn't satisfied with raping him once… Oh no, he'd do it, then start the game all over from the very beginning, sometimes switching themes. At best, Shadow could be a 'handsome hooker'. At worst, he could be a 'puppy'. It didn't matter, though, because the end was the same. And the green hedgehog would have the last laugh every time. He'd get the only laughs… Shadow certainly never giggled.

With his shirt hanging open and his pants around his knees, as well as the pain from Scourge, the cloying dankness of Solitary was closing in on him. He hated cramped space, and despite Scourge pawing roughly at him, he felt cold. Even when cold, he was sweating, "Stop… stop…" he begged the psychotic hedgehog; the only person in the world Shadow really feared.

The broken, stained striped hedgehog had no idea how he did it, but Scourge never seemed to sleep. Worse than that, he never let Shadow sleep either. He wouldn't stop playing… The game never ended! Whether he was mounted on Shadow's back, beating him senseless, raping him or just ruffling his fur, the menace never ceased. Exhaustion was part of the recipe for torture.

Shadow wondered if maybe Scourge had just gotten into the habit of staying awake for about a week, and then crashing for a whole day. Or if he only did it when he had a visitor. When he was in with Scourge, he felt like he didn't exist. Like he had lost control. Like he was helpless. He hated feeling that way. His entire body wanted him to just give in and let Scourge get on with it. He gritted his teeth, trying to stay conscious and maintain his sanity at the same time. It wasn't easy while he was feeling this dirty.

"DEAD! You are fucking DEAD, Scourge!" Shadow screamed at him, "You are DEAD, got that? Dead right now! Inside! You miserable fuck!" Scourge was finishing round one and moving on to whatever he had in mind for Shadow's next torture. Shadow tried to look at him, but shoved up against the wall as he was, he couldn't turn properly, "DEAD!" he screamed again, shuddering with every touch.

A very solid threat that would have any other inmate cowering. But Scourge was different. He was… Oblivious, immune, unspoken. He seemed to take Shadow's words as a laughing stock, a joke from a worthless jester. And then he raped him some more. Shadow could still remember the rashes he got; small cuts inflicted by his tormentor's unkempt nails which were then infected by his filth. He was itchy, and burning all over.

Shadow groaned, curling up on the floor, his eyes tightly shut as Scourge fucked him, pushed him around, and made bad jokes, "Bastard…" he hissed, shaking…

Anybody in the wing would have been shaken by Shadow, screaming at nothing. Those few who glanced into his cell saw the black and red hedgehog lying grazed, bruised and shouting and

yelling nonsense on the floor, his jacket hanging open, a puddle of vomit on one bunk, and his body shaking like a crack addict going cold turkey. Nobody went in to check on him though, or even to try to take advantage. Mostly because the last person who had come within ten feet of Shadow when he'd been hallucinating like this had their skull smeared all over the wall…

Even when his mind wasn't in the same place as his body, Shadow was a long way from harmless. None of it was real. But it felt, looked, sounded, smelled real, to him.

" *I sure do love my toys…* " Scourge's words haunted him everywhere he went…

Harley: If you think some of the rape wasn't as graphic as some other chapters, there's a reason for that. It's called repression, because obviously Shadow doesn't really *want* to remember being raped, eh, SonicFrank?

SonicFrank: Scourge at his worst! Which, in this fic, is his best.

Harley: How was it? Review!

Kisses and Morphine

Prison Island Break Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

---

Harley: Some of you have been waiting for this-

SonicFrank: SHUT UP, Harley! Stop spoiling the audience! Just read and enjoy! And get your 'touching' hands ready. ;)

Chapter Thirty-Six: Kisses and Morphine

Thanks to the lots and lots of Morphine, Sonic wasn't feeling any pain. But that didn't mean he wasn't all jacked up, and being high didn't cure exhaustion. He chose to stay awake, though, as the victorious hedgehog couldn't close his eyes without seeing Knuckles the Echidna punishing him with fists that made him feel like the audience was stoning him to death. He heard Amy come in for the night shift, more than likely to check on him since the guards had reported his lack of sleep.

"Still keeping yourself awake, huh?" Amy asked him as she checked a few monitors. There were plenty of inmates who didn't like to sleep, or slept badly. Sonic being one of them was not particularly special, "You'll heal faster and better if you sleep, you know," she told him, "Now, does it hurt when I do this?" she poked his ribcage lightly while looking at an X-ray of a broken rib.

Sonic gave her a smirk, eyes wide open despite the dark circles around them. "Nah, all the juice you've got me on's makin' me feel real handsome. You think this is bad? You oughtta see the other guy's fists."

"Yes, I went to take a look at him a few hours ago," Amy smiled dryly, "And I saw the fight too. You must be very proud, Mister Hedgehog."

"Yeah, I saw you up there…" he responded, shifting a bit in his hospital bed. He had been handcuffed to its post, so his only choice was to lay on his back. "Broke my heart a bit that the only pretty girl in the audience wasn't cheerin' me on. Do you have the hots for Knuckles or what?"

"Of course not," Amy replied, "He's gay anyway. And besides, I just wish you and other inmates could manage to solve your conflicts without violence. I'm a pacifist, you see. I won't lift a hand to commit an act of violence, or condone it."

"Don't tell me that if you were attacked by one of the crazies in this prison, you'd just lie down and let 'em slice you," Sonic looked disbelieving.

Amy smiled wryly, "If it came to it, Sonic, that's exactly what I'd do."

"Guess I'll have to do the fighting for both of us… That why you've been so down lately?" he asked, raising both arms up to stretch them, but only one of them made it. The other was restricted to the bedpost.

Amy looked down, "Being a pacifist isn't always easy," she admitted, "Sometimes people do take advantage of my own beliefs, and interpret my strengths as weakness…" she looked suddenly ashamed.

"So what'd Mephiles do this time?" Sonic asked, having gathered a long time ago that the only being on the entire island that Amy had to answer to was the Head Warden himself. Since she practically ran this wing all on her own. "Did he put the moves on you like most bad bosses do, or did he just violate your privacy?"

Amy's cringe told Sonic all he needed to know. Even when it was followed up with the blatant lie, "I did it of my own free will." The drugged hedgehog knew exactly what that meant in a prison; 'I did it of my own free will because if I hadn't I'd have really caught Hell'.

The blue inmate found himself stuck in one of those rare moments in his life where his quick wit had nothing to dish out. He had to take his time, and think about what he'd say next. "What can I do to help you?" was all he came up with.

Amy looked uncomfortable, "Not much," she admitted, a truly miserable look on her face, "Mephiles even took pictures of it all, so now he has proof. It's my word against lots of filthy photographs. I could lose my job. It may sound unlikely to you, but I like working here."

"Of course you like your gig," Sonic commented, "It's the kind of gal you are. Being a humble doctor for us Prison Posies is a mondo risk, everything about it reeks of danger, but it fulfils you 'cause you know how much it benefits dicks like me," he tried to sit up, but then remembered he couldn't. "Pictures can be found… destroyed…"

"But memories can't," Amy looked about as happy as somebody who'd just found half a worm in their apple, "It's sweet that you want to help though…" she put a hand on Sonic's forehead, running her fingers through his quills as she checked for his temperature.

"It's… what I do," he replied. There was a very brief moment, however minimal, where he closed his eyes and leaned his head toward her hand, relishing in the feeling of her touch. He stopped just in time to not seem reluctant to let it end, but also made the mistake of opening his eyes. This meant their gazes met. "I'm in prison for it…" he told her, clearing his throat, "I'll figure something out… But for what it's worth I'm sorry…"

"Don't be," Amy told him, "You weren't the one who hurt me. And there was nothing you could have done in any care. And worst of all, now that Mephiles knows I won't tell on him, he might do it again… because he's sick in the head. He's got the worst kind of sickness too - the kind that doesn't show."

Sonic looked down, away from her eyes that were as green as his own. "Guys like him aren't *men* . They're cowards; the kind chickens

pick on. And they prowl on girls like you, the ones who're too nice, too good, too precious to fight back…" Suddenly he didn't feel like he'd been beaten to a bloody pulp. He felt more like Amy should've been the one on the bed, getting tenderly cared for by a compassionate doctor. "So what's the game plan?"

Amy looked distant, as if she might cry at any moment, "I don't know," she admitted, "Technically I need to destroy those photographs, but I have no idea where they are. And besides, this prison is full of people who… dealt with abuse the wrong way."

"Yeah, it is. But that doesn't make it right," Sonic responded, looking over the pink hedgehog with great sorrow in his eyes, "Doesn't make it excusable either… It's times like these that call for rebellion. Scum like Mephiles deserve it."

"If you're talking about rioting… I can't possibly condone that. Not even if it was the only way to help me," Amy shook her head, "People will get hurt. Killed, even."

He shook his head, albeit softly. He had a unique expression to him. Like he genuinely cared, unlike any other inmate she had known. Sometimes it was hard to remember that Sonic was off-limits. "Nah, not a riot. But if Meph can break the rules, then so can we…"

"You're sweet… I mean with wanting to help and all…" Amy looked a little happier, stroking Sonic's cheek lightly, "Honestly though, that's the problem. Sure, he's broken the rules. But that doesn't give me the right to stoop to his level." Something was happening. Something she couldn't explain. They were having a moment.

Sonic smiled up at her, albeit reluctantly. "I can tell you why he did it… You're the hottest nurse I've ever seen, and the prettiest one to boot. And you might be the nicest girl I've met in general…" he cleared his throat, gently, "He just wants power over you. Even if you don't want to get back at 'im directly, you can still prove how little control he has over you. To yourself…"

The nurse looked ready to protest again; ready to put her ethics ahead of her own desires. But then her eyes met Sonic's. Slowly, carefully, she leaned down and touched her lips to his gently. It felt good, to say the least. Good like poisonous fire spreading throughout her body like an addictive drug.

Amy wasn't like any other woman the charming hedgehog had courted; her soft lips made his body freeze still. He kissed back, but it seemed careful and reluctant. He was letting her lead.

She was much more tender than any of the wild babes Sonic had been with. Like a doctor should be. But that didn't make the moment any less hot as her hands stroked his cheeks gently. Technically she was in a position where she could force him to do whatever she wanted, but he knew instinctively she wouldn't make him do anything, even as the kiss grew more intimate.

She both heard and felt him try to move his arms, but only one of his rough, bruised hands made it to the side of her soft face, grazing it with gentle fingertips as he deepened the kiss by suckling gently on the lips she had gifted him. To her delight, he was a very good kisser.

Amy continued came to the stunning realization that she was effectively making out with Sonic, still bent over her patient, brushing her fingers through his blue quills as her tongue slid out and licked across his lips, prying them open gently before slipping inside to meet his own, her eyes closing in pleasure as she did so. After a short while of this, she broke the kiss and pulled back a little, her heart pounding, "Mephiles might be in charge of my job right now, but he isn't in charge of my heart," she told Sonic.

"Nobody is," he told her, a bit flustered and taken aback by her actions. But that didn't mean he didn't like them. A lot. "Your beating heart, or the rest of you," he responded, eyes practically begging for another taste of her lips.

Amy read him very well. She leaned forward and kissed him again, still softly, but deeper than before, one hand stroking his cheek, the

other trailing over his prison slacks, over his shoulders and chest.

She felt his free hand travel lightly up the left side of her back, touching her with daring fingertips that were hesitant so as not to push her away. The hand rested on her shoulder, while he deepened her kiss with a skilled tongue that dabbed along her moist lips.

Sonic felt Amy smile into the kiss. Then, slowly so as to be sure that he had time to protest, and also in an almost teasing manner, she began to unzip his orange shirt, trailing her fingers over his bruised, solid chest.

The way the two hedgehogs were tenderly making out, fondling each other's tongues and genuinely exploiting the obvious allure that they had for each other was intense. Amy's kiss had proven once and for all that there was a definite spark between them, and her actions were giving Sonic the astounding idea that she had further intentions than a sensuous lip-lock. He didn't protest, but he did suck in a gush of air in surprise. When their kiss broke, he looked up at her with flushed cheeks. "Feelin' rebellious, Doc Blossom..?" he asked with a slight, casual smirk.

Amy blushed, "Well, what we've just done is ethically wrong," she told Sonic, "You see, you're supposed to be my patient, and… well, it involves a lot of dull explanations including a detailed hypothesis of the dozens of ways I might take advantage of you or the hundreds of ways this could go horribly wrong and… oh, ***yes*** !" she cut herself short, diving in for another kiss, her hand still moving over his strong chest.

She was greeted by something that involved Sonic's lips and tongue, but it wasn't a kiss. It was something else entirely. His lips were devouring hers, tongues wrestling. She felt his hand trailing along her back again, this time in the opposite direction. Rather than her shoulder, it ended up on her firm rear… His teeth even clenched her bottom lip, gnawing gently when she tried pulling away. She was in charge, but he was loving it.

"Hmmm… careful, Sonic," Amy smiled naughtily, pulling away just a little bit, "Don't bite the hand that feeds you… or the lips, for that matter…" She kissed him again, stroking his side, her hands running down to his hips and squeezing lightly. Then she ran it briefly over his crotch. Sonic was hard already. Of course, she'd seen numerous inmates stiff in her presence, but this time it was different. This time she *wanted* him aroused.

When she looked him in the eye, she saw he was totally game. In fact, he was willing to break the rules. "I can't help myself. I always fight back when I'm being… taken advantage of…" Sonic grinned at her, a flash of daring desire in his eyes. They both knew the only thing she was taking advantage of was his desire to have her, if just for one night.

Amy smiled again, and this time slipped her hand very slowly into the waistband of Sonic's orange pants, "Take advantage of this," she told him softly, before starting to ease his pants down, showing his boxers, which his hard cock was straining against the fabric of.

The aroused doctor couldn't tell if it was an act to further his show of helplessness, or if he actually forgot he was restrained, but Sonic tried reaching over to grab her body by the hips, but the motion was cut off by his handcuffed right wrist. Amy witnessed his whole body shudder at her teasing advances, the grin wiping itself off the charming inmate's face as he cringed in sensual pleasure. Amy being in charge, having full control, was arousing in ways he'd never known. He was defenceless to her actions.

Amy didn't pull his pants all the way off. Only down to his ankles, keeping him from moving his legs around a lot. She was a prison doctor after all, and she knew the tricks, both simple and complex, that the bullies used to keep targets in line. She didn't like thinking of herself as the predator or Sonic as a victim, but the circumstances were more than slightly different, especially considering that she was climbing onto the hospital bed - and on top of him.

She was being so mean. She was making things hard for him, and not just his erect cock. He couldn't pull her forward; he needed both hands for that. He couldn't undress her; he needed both hands for that. He couldn't get on top of her; he needed both hands for that as well. Sonic was completely at her mercy, the gently restrained slave of Amy Rose. She was still fully clothed, knowing he'd chop his own arm off if it meant getting to see her undressed. "Amy… Stop it…" he whispered softly with flushed cheeks, though the burning desire in his eyes told her it was just an act.

"What do you want to stop?" Amy asked him, her hips pressing lightly against his boxers, "Do you want me to stop? Or do you want to stop wanting this so much?" she teased gently, already knowing the answer.

His left hand; the only one he had to work with, took a firm hold of her thigh, sliding up and past her skirt while his eyes had a begging glimmer to them. Sonic couldn't bring himself to answer; his breathing was way off normal, and his erection was grand. He wanted her so bad it was almost torture that he couldn't take her at his own will.

Amy kissed him again briefly, not protesting at his touch. It wasn't just that she was the one in control. Despite the fact that he was a murderer and a thief, Sonic was being a lot more considerate than any guy she'd ever been with. Or maybe that was due to him being cuffed down. Kneeling on top of him, she sat up and began to unbutton her top. It was a uniform, after all, and not a dress-up costume. And Sonic rapidly discovered that it didn't do her body anything like enough justice.

The blue hedgehog considered himself an enthusiast when it came to women. He'd known from the start that the curvy doctor who was straddling his aroused, restrained form had a hidden sexual side to herself, but he never fathomed it'd be this damned direct. If his hand weren't already busy groping lightly at the side of her pink buttock, he'd have reached up to grab one of her small, promising breasts through her bra. "I've never read it, but I'm gonna take a wild guess

and say… Meph wouldn't like this one bit…" She felt his fingers loop around the edge of her thong while he smirked up at her, enticing her to go forth.

"Huh. He doesn't care about me," Amy stated, "I could be gang-raped and he wouldn't care. He just likes controlling people…" she dropped her shirt aside, and kicked off her shoes. The sound of her boss's name enticed her desire to rebel against him, and she leaned forward, now only half-dressed, and kissed Sonic once more. She could hear him groaning with desire now. She loved the sound of that, and goaded more of it, rubbing her hips against his boxers again.

She could feel his rigid hardness beneath her, just begging for attention as it rubbed between her thighs, pressing more and more groans out of him. "Dude thinks you're his property…" Sonic whispered when she broke her kiss, his one hand creeping its way between the back of her panties. Amy doubted he could reach his goal from this angle, but the more she worked her hips on him, the closer he got, and she learned that she'd underestimated him when she felt his fingers swab at her lower lips from behind. He was being so gentle it was almost unbearable. "But you aren't. He can't tell you what to do. You're your own babe. And you should take what you want…"

Amy nodded, trembling from the feel of Sonic's fingers stroking at her soaking wet pussy as she shuffled forward and pushed off her skirt. She felt his hand glide across the side of her body, from her lower thigh all the way up to her chest, and she loved the gasped at the attention. The next clothing choice for removal was her bra, which she removed slowly, unsnapping it behind her back and pulling her arms away from it with a teasing smile. She was normally insecure, but Sonic had a way of making her feel sexy. And now all that was left between them was her thong and Sonic's boxers. Thoroughly enjoying herself, Amy left both for the moment, and let her weight rest on Sonic, rubbing her hips against his, hot and

flushed as she wrapped her arms around him, kissing him deeply as he moaned.

Gosh, Amy Rose was gorgeous. If the rest of the prison body had known that beneath the professional Doctor uniform awaited a flawless pink figure that just begged for caressing, she'd have needed a squad of personal bodyguards. This time he kissed her as he kissed other women; with the lips of a lover. The way Sonic ran his hand down her spine, followed the natural curve of her body, slid his clever fingers along the outer walls of her slit and knew exactly where her clit was informed her that he was good at what they were doing. She even felt him work his hips against hers. "Amy…" he started, pleading green eyes gazing into hers.

The room was filled with their soft moans and short gasps of air. "Nnnngh…" Amy gazed down at him, and there was a trace, just a twinge of uncertainty in her eyes, that what she was doing wasn't entirely right. But even a highly trained doctor with experience can be over-ruled by her hormones. She pulled off her gloves, and then pushed her fingers into Sonic's boxers, dragging them down to his knees and finally freeing his hard, long cock, "Sonic…" she moaned softly. There was a look she gave him, when his length was free and in her sight. A hungry expression of carnal desire, with passionate lust…

She heard him inhale deeply, twitching as the infirmary's cold air suddenly engulfed his warm member. "Nnngh… Amy…" His cock was as pleading as the look in his eyes. And finally she felt him finger her, relishing in her tightness. "Amy, I…" But he couldn't finish.

"Wait…" Amy told him, even though she was panting slightly and her heart pounding, before getting off him and heading toward one of her many cabinets. "We'll need this…" Sonic was straining slightly now; the room felt cold without the doctor's warmth. She held up an unopened rubber, tearing at the aluminum wrapping with her teeth.

Sonic couldn't help smirking, watching the sexy nurse stand before him in just her thong. And in a hospital room, too! "Better safe than

sorry, eh Doc?" He asked, proving he had no quarrels with her choice. At least now he'd get to see her put it on him. Which meant she had to hold his shaft in her hand… Amy couldn't help grinning a little when she wrapped her left hand around her patient's width, feeling him shudder at her touch. She repaid the treatment he gave to her moist slit by smoothing her fingers along the shaft, from the base all the way to the impressive tip. Sonic was trembling; she had what he'd call a 'Doctor's Touch'. She almost giggled, and began stretching the condom over Sonic's cock, her warm tongue following closey behind the unfolding rubber as it stretched down his organ. The blue hedgehog was delighted. The rubber was the rough, cheap kind, and he winced as she rolled it onto his length. But being a doctor, she knew the right way to do it, leaving just a little bit of empty space at the tip for when the massive orgasm he had building up finally arrived. But that was a long ways away. He was caught off-guard, to say the least. Amy was always so honest and straight-forward about everything she'd said and done to him as his assigned doctor. But as a lover, she seemed to get an enlivening thrill from teasing him. Watching her run her tongue down his length as it was covered and playfully take him in her warm mouth once the safety of the condom was ensured did just that; goad him urgently into wanting more. She didn't take his full length, or even swirl her tongue around it. Just engulfed a good portion of it, looked up at him with playful eyes, and moved her head in slow, uneven circles. Hell, she even chuckled a bit, only sucking on her way back up, where she released it with a 'pop'. "Still want me to stop, Mister Hedgehog?" She asked, crawling back over to him with slow, prowling hands.

Sonic's fists were shaking with desire. Amy had used her mouth on him, but her treatment wasn't even close to being a blowjob. No, she only gave him half the pleasure; a margin of the act so as to leave him craving more. "Stop? You ain't even started! All you've been doin' is turnin' my crank, and you do that just by bein' gorgeous…" Amy's blush was visible even in the dim blue light of the infirmary, "Thanks, Sonic," she managed, then managed to continue, "You… you're kind of… you're pretty sexy… really hot… you know, for an inmate who's… totally off-limits…" Then she shifted and pulled her

thong down, kicking it aside with the rest of her clothes. This made her fully naked, and she shared Sonic's grin as her blush dissappeared, replaced by a strong sense of self-confidence.

"Heh, I'd wear a kimono and some knee-high socks if it meant gettin' a piece o' you…" he told her with a soft smirk, once again referencing the tight condom that hugged his cock. "You oughtta consider lettin' me free, for the time bein'… I'd make it worth your while…"

"Pfft. Nice try," Amy looked smug, "But I think I'm beginning to enjoy having you all cuffed down…" Sonic felt her grab his cock, shifting herself over it. "I like being in charge… You're mine, Sonic Hedgehog…" She bit on her lip, and carefully pushed herself down on his long, hard cock with a long intake of breath.

Despite having something else to say, Sonic was cut-off by the immense pleasure she was giving him by allowing him inside her. His eyes shut tight, feeling her moist tightness clamp around him even with the barricading condom on. When he opened his eyes, he saw her flustered face, filled with ecstasy. She had a great frame, a flat stomach, great breasts, great knees. Great everything. It was then that he realized how lucky he was to be handcuffed and ridden by someone like her… "Amy… you're tight!" he told her, eyes glowing with pleasure.

"I… nnngh… don't go around much…" Amy admitted, her green eyes shining. She was so wet now, and so hot… and so very, very glad she had allowed herself to do this. Panting slightly as she sank all the way down onto him repeatedly, she began to buck her hips, leaning forward for a moment to wrap her arms around him and kiss him passionately. Oh, it felt so good…

He found the whole thing so sexy, having her naked form above him like this, stradling him and loving every minute of it. Amy was pretty enough that her face alone could have gotten her far, but with a body like she had to go with it, she could have easily been a celebrity. But she wanted more. She loved healing the hurt… Sonic understood

her. And he felt for her. His free hand coursed over her body, taking in every grope and feel over any parts he had access to. "Oh… Amy!" he called out to her softly, not bucking his hips just yet… he loved her doing the driving…

Panting, Amy sat up and increased her speed and force, planting her hands on his chest for leverage, pressing herself down hard. Very hard. Sonic became glad of the rubber, because it meant that being less sensitive, he could last longer. Amy groaned, loving how stimulated she felt, and the hightened reactions she was getting from her partner. "S-Sonic…" she gasped out.

It was almost cute, how inexperienced she was at being in command. Sonic doubted that the pink hedgehog above him had had many lovers, but he could tell she was especially unused to being on top like she was. Her movements were sloppy, uneven, and slightly uncoordinated. But it felt damn good all the same; her being unaccustomed only made this moment with her all the more precious. He felt blessed to have her. That's why when he bucked his hips, he made sure to do it sparingly, so as to get her used to the idea. "Amy…" He could feel her inner walls hugging him, still adjusting to his girth.

You're fucking your patient. Your patient is an unrepentant murderer, a terrorist and a robber. Fully consensual or not, you are taking advantage of your position as his doctor. This is a terrible act of misconduct you're committing… The thoughts flashed through Amy's head, but were given very little heed as she kept working her thighs, flushed and hot, her body moving faster as she gasped for breath, moving her hips faster against him, and crying out with each downward thrust.

Sonic tried his best not to indulge in his own inner thoughts. Ones like, *You're getting fucked by the hot prison doctor that everyone wants; you're the man!* or *What a slut… But damn she's sexy,* because he really was being genuine with her. He did care, and this moment with her wasn't something he was keen on gloating about, however much of a personal victory it may have been. He decided

right then and there that he wouldn't tell a soul about what was taking place, not even Manic, for Amy's sake. Her reputation was on the rocks as it was, with Mephiles… He shut his eyes, and tried to clear his thoughts, focussing on the feeling of Amy's tight inner walls wrapped snuggly around his cock as she bounced on his length, the cries she was giving furthering him toward climax. "Amy… Amy!" he called out, assuring her that he was loving it.

Somehow, the forbidden nature of what she was doing, of what they were doing, made the whole thing even hotter, even sexier for Amy. Everything reminded her of it - the bed, the surroundings, the equipment… if she was caught, she'd get into so much trouble that short of calling Sonic out on rape she'd never, ever get away with it. She wouldn't just be fired; she'd probably lose her medical license too. And yet she was so wet and hot… "Sonic… SO-NIC!" she shouted out, sweating, her breaths rasping, as she herself came, hot and tight on top of him.

Sonic used his free arm to pull her in for another kiss. The fencing rubber prevented him from feeling her orgasm, but the way she was trembling and screaming in pleasure made him aware. He hadn't cum yet, but he didn't need to. Just being enough for Amy to achieve full pleasure was enough for him. He groaned hotly into her mouth, smiling into their kiss.

Still orgasming, Amy held onto the hot kiss, listening to Sonic's groans, pumping herself against him, bringing her body closer so that only for the brief seconds while she lifted her hips for another push were they apart. While one hand groped at the fur on his chest, the other pushed up into his blue quills, holding onto them tightly.

Sonic's hand was on her head, buried in her soft quills as he held her tenderly for their kiss. Being inside her, even with a condom, felt emaculent. He didn't get anything close to enough sex since he'd become a convict. Amy was delved so deep in ecstasy that her tongue barely had the will to fight back, letting his grow dominant. It was probably over, so he was tasting her for as long as he could, running his hand down her spine to grab hold of her rear.

Amy was certain of one thing as she moaned her pleasures out - that after this, nothing was ever going to be the same again in this prison. Giving in to her urges, indulging with Sonic this way, had changed everything. She didn't know if they'd ever be able to do this again… so she savoured every moment of it now, with Sonic deep inside her, and taking charge even when cuffed and explicitly in her care.

He broke the kiss when her soft moans died down, holding her close and smiling up at her with handsome green eyes. "Who says you gotta be bad to break the rules? You just did, and you're still good…"

Huffing, still deeply aroused, Amy's face lit up as she hoped what Sonic said could be true and she continued to rock slowly against him.

"Uncuff me?" Sonic asked her, smiling up at her with hopeful eyes. "Pretty please? I won't hurt you… cross my heart…"

Amy looked very uncertain, but finally, reluctantly pulled her hips back, feeling Sonic leave her body with a low groan, and climbed off him, still entirely naked. She picked up the key to the cuffs, and unlocked the prisoner's handcuffs carefully, taking a careful step back.

The next few moments were almost a blur. Sonic was careful not to jerk his free hand away too quickly, in case of scaring her. He rubbed at his now-free wrist, sitting up for the first time that night and peering at her with powerful eyes. It took just the right amount of hesitance as he stood up, still fully erect, but by the end of it, Amy was wanting him more than ever as he slowly but surely backed her into a wall, one careful step at a time. "Do I have the doctor's consent..?" Sonic asked, halting just a step away from having her pinned and helpless.

"I… I…" Amy leaned away from the inmate, suddenly feeling much more nervous, "I couldn't stop you," she told Sonic. It was true; on her own Amy didn't have a chance of keeping someone as strong and superior as the criminal before her eyes from overpowering her.

Her cheeks were burning red with a combination of embarrassment, humiliation, fear, and her strong desire to be taken by him. "Yes," she croaked out, her throat dry.

Sonic's eyes were stern and ultimately dominant, peering into hers with such strength that made her cower. "Yes, what..?" he asked, leaning his head in just close enough that his lips brushed against hers.

"Yes, you have my…" She choked, "Consent…" Amy whispered, swallowing.

Sonic didn't kiss her, as she expected. She instead felt his lips press warmly against her right shoulder, skipping their way up to the side of her neck, which he nibbled on with great risk while his hands planted themselves firmly on the sides of her feminine figure. "Consent to do what?" he asked, whispering into her ear just low enough that his hot breath made her tingle.

"To… nnnngh… have sex with me," Amy moaned very softly, shivering in front of him. This was oh so wrong… but it felt so right…

The moment he grabbed her breast, she knew he was going to be good. When he grabbed the other and squeezed them together, she knew he'd be great. But it was when he teased her with another false-alarm kiss and ran his tongue over both nipples simultaneously, she knew he'd be fantastic. The tables were turned; she was suddenly *his* prisoner, his hands groping at every inch of her flesh. She was allowing him to have his way with her, and he'd make sure she wouldn't regret it one bit.

Amy moaned softly as Sonic licked her, then louder as his hands were moving rapidly over her body, "S-Sonic…" she gasped out, pushing her hands up into his blue quills and running her fingers through them.

This doctor was so sexy. In a different way than Mina and most women Sonic had been with before; she was a real nurse. So

professional and yet so caring, soft to the very touch. He couldn't be too rough or he'd hurt her, but it somehow added to her appeal. His big, rough hands had a gentle way of praising her curves; commending and applauding her gentle tone. It made her feel extremely attractive. Beautiful, almost, with the look of admiration he was giving her. He took a knee suddenly, and began kissing his way down her stomach. *Oh,* how Amy loved his lips…

Amy gasped, blushing. Part of her was regretting uncuffing Sonic deeply. She should have known he'd do this - in fact she'd anticipated it - but it just felt so good. And despite his teasing and newfound position of dominance, he was being very gentle with her. She gasped, eyes closed as he licked at her again. *God*, she'd be ***so*** fired if this got out… but that was part of the thrill.

She found herself gasping for air, deeply flushed in result of his lucid advances. His licks weren't the fulfilling type; they were passive and stinging with anticipation. Flicking over her exposed clit, running warmly over her lower lips. And she was being modest; her legs only barely open. He fixed that by lifting her right one up by the knee, and placing her foot atop his shoulder. Now he had access; and she felt the difference when his tongue swirled inside her.

"Oh! OH!" Amy was already incredibly hot inside… Sonic was making this even better as he delved his tongue into her, and she spread her knees wider to give him better access to her depths, squirming eagerly, her body sweating. But it wasn't enough now. She began to buck her hips forward, rubbing her back up against the wall as she did so, and reaching down to stroke her hands through the quills on his head.

She could almost feel his lips form a smile against her opening, retracting his tongue and licking his way up her stomach as he stood up. Their eyes met, shimmering brightly on opposing sides. His right hand, which stood on her hip, began sliding down her leg to lift it off the floor. "You're so cute, Amy…" he whispered with a warm, genuine smile. Almost teasing her. Sonic loved seeing her this way.

"Heh… I bet you say that to all the pink hedgehog doctors you have sex with…" Amy chuckled as her patient carefully lifted her up, wrapping her arms around his shoulders and running her tongue over her lips. She could feel her body trembling slightly against him - and despite how slowly he was taking this, she could feel that he was incredibly eager too, however cool and suave he pretended to be.

Holding her up like this, with her arms wrapped around him and a big smile on her face, made him feel like they were even closer now than they had been on the hospital bed. "All right, I admit… You're about to take my Hot Doctor Against A Wall virginity," She suddenly felt his throbbing erection against her as he worked it into the right direction with his hand, "And I wouldn't want anyone else to have it but you." Even with the condom on, he could feel the immense warmth of her insides when he found the right position. His hand left his cock and slid right up her back, caressing her. "Promise you won't get all obsessive and fan-girlish? Start followin' me around with a giant hammer? It tends to happen when I'm in control…"

"Mmmm…" Amy sucked in a deep breath, feeling Sonic's cock hovering at her entrance, "Ooooh… I don't think I will…" she pressed her breasts up against his chest, "I'm not a little girl, after all…" she trailed a finger down his cheek, "Just… don't hold back on me…"

Sonic took that as his cue. He couldn't wait any longer anyway. His feet went on tip-toes, his hips thrust up, his long cock penetrated, all in one quick motion. Wincing in pleasure, he laid his chin on her shoulder and pushed the rest of the way into her, revelling in the warm tightness and grunting in immense pleasure.

"Augh…" Amy moaned, bucking her body down onto the hard muscle impaling her for the second time that night. Breathing quickly in arousal, she leaned forward and licked Sonic's ear lightly, feeling him sink deeper into her as she did so, until their hips met. Her hands ran down his back and groped, firmly but gently at the strong muscles, as her lips sucked on his neck.

Amy could feel his hot breath against the crook of her neck as he gasped in pleasure, strong hands roving over her delicate flesh while he humped her. Her body was lifted off the ground, held up by the strong, painless grip he had on her. "Ngh… Huh!" It was new to her. Not sex, but the rhythm and technique he was using when he gave it to her. The way he pushed with his hips, lowered out of her, and let her slide back down on him before dragging her up again, was bringing immeasurable pleasure. "Tight… !" he throated to her.

"Ooooh… AH!" Amy gasped out as the blue inmate continued to pull her against him, rubbing inside of her as she held onto his quills to help support her own body, "Nnngh… so… thick…" she huffed, her breath hot on his neck as they pressed up against each other. She took in a deep breath, kissing more at his neck, her lips moving over his bare shoulders.

She felt his body react in tiny spasms of pleasure as she pressed her mouth on his sore muscles and suckled lightly on them. Sonic was keen on returning favours, and he did so by grabbing hold of her left breast, fondling carefully to squeeze a moan out of her. "God, Amy… !" he called out, though it was low and meant only for her ear. She was so tight around him it almost hurt to pummel his way into her, but he loved it…

"Oh… Sonic… Oooooh…" Amy groaned again as he sped up inside of her, and she rubbed firmly at his hot shoulders even as she kissed at him, "Oh!" she gasped out, wrapping her legs firmly around his waist. The heat of his cock could be felt even through the protection she had him wearing.

Amy was so lost in a field of pleasure that she hadn't noticed how much Sonic had gradually sped up until the wall against her back got hot with the friction. "Amy… Uhh…" He pulled his head back, just enough to look her in the eyes. Both pairs were rippling with pleasure and a mutual plead for more of it. Then he kissed her again, hard enough to be hungry but mindful enough to be passionate. It didn't stop his moans.

The doctor returned the kiss eagerly, running gentle, healing hands over Sonic's cheeks and face, rubbing harder not only against the wall, but also against him as he pumped his way into her rapidly, making her burn hotter inside. She was pinned, and if Sonic had wanted to he could have thrown her down to the floor and fucked her senseless as he pleased like the criminal he was, easily suppressing any cries for help she might make, but that was part of what really increased the thrilling danger of it all, a deeply erotic feeling in its own right that she had never experienced before.

His kiss got harder, with a tongue that practically engulfed hers, taking more of her taste. Sonic was buried deep inside her when he stopped at the height of his thrust, and broke the kiss to lift her up higher. A thin line of saliva fell and broke between them as he looked up at her. "You… told me not to hold back… right?" He asked, holding her up against the wall with his green eyes gazing up at her for approval.

"Uh-huh…" Amy groaned, writhing in pleasure against the wall and breathing rapidly as she spread her legs wider.

He held their gaze for just a moment longer, before attacking her breasts with a mouth and tongue that were almost savage with hunger for them. That wasn't what made her scream in pleasure though; it was the way he held her up against the wall and started fucking her hard and fast, pumping his cock in and out of her with merciless speed as he held her up still. Her body wasn't moving; just taking the dick, his pelvis slapping against her with every forward thrust. She felt him groaning against her breasts…

"Nngh! Oh!" Amy was trying to keep down her cries of pleasure, but Sonic's breath was hot and his movements were fast, and she was so aroused as he groped at her while she rubbed her hands against his body, that it barely hurt at all. She tried to buck her body forwards, to drive herself faster against him and go deeper as their hips met again and again, crying out erratically as she did so.

Sonic switched breasts, and ran his hands slowly down her body 'til he was holding her up by her hips. His moans grew louder against her mounds, matching his muffled grunts of pleasure with her soft cries. He was moving so fast, he had to be close. When his mouth was free of her breasts, he confirmed it, looking up at her with pleading, pressured eyes. "Amy… I'm gonna… Nggg… !"

"I… so… hot…" Amy gasped out, shaking, "Please… just… soon…"

She found herself dropped; and for a moment she thought she'd fall to the floor, but he caught her just in time to resume their original position, holding her up with their faces level, his cock encased deep within her inner walls. "Are you close…?" he asked, holding the position for a moment. No way was he going to cum without finishing her off first. He had too much pride in his performances for that.

Amy sucked in a breath as she was again dropped on Sonic's thick, hot cock, "Oh… real… close…" she panted, rocking herself on him, "Oh my…" she squirmed again, and the movement put more pressure on the hard muscle inside of her, rubbing in her more.

Sonic smiled lightly at her, covered in sweat from their heat. She felt his hot breath against the front of her neck while his forehead pressed to hers, starting to take her in slow, passionate thrusts that drew deep-rooted grunts out of him.

Amy kissed him again, passionately, even though she was groaning into each thrust, her tongue searching around inside his mouth as he delved deeply into her. With one final, trembling groan, she sucked in a deep breath, and cried out, even with her lips pressed firmly against Sonic's, and came, her vagina so tight around his cock that it was almost like a glove. Her inner walls trembling, hot and tight, she orgasmed for him for the second time that night.

Sonic held her tight while she came, pushing his tongue against hers. He was loving it, and held himself inside her while she released. He was close as well, but having the girl cum before him, especially multiple times, was a talent he held dear to himself…

"Uh… oh… AH!" Amy cried out repeatedly, huffing frantically as she tried to keep her breath and rocked against the blue hedgehog, her hips still moving rapidly against his.

Amy was squirming like a child having a tantrum; like she was sitting on the electric chair. It was very arousing, and almost cute. Sonic smiled to himself, and pressed his forehead on the wall above her shoulder. "Man… You don't come easy…" He replied, smiling at his little joke.

"Ooooh… It's… been a while…" Amy gasped. It certainly had been a long while since an orgasm had come with this much pleasure as well. She couldn't help herself as her vagina clasped around his cock, and she kissed over his shoulders again

She felt his hold on her scale up and down between tight and gentle, as if his nerves were bouncing. His body did more than quiver, it jerked when she felt his cock pulsate inside her. The rubber he was wearing only marginally hid the sensations she felt as he came inside her, grunting hard into her shoulder.

Amy shivered in delight at the feeling, still breathing hard against Sonic's neck, licking at it slowly as she moaned, her hands still rubbing at him.

His hands all but devoured her flesh, craving her feminine curves. Sonic's orgasm lasted a long time, throbbing hard against her inner walls. He held her in place, grinding his hips into hers to push in as deep as he could. "Amy…" he whispered, nibbling on the top of her shoulder…

"Ooooh… Sonic…" Amy returned, her voice a soft groan as her hot walls pressed against his cock, and she licked his ear, her hands moving tenderly again over his still aching body, stroking at the sore places - and there were plenty of them. Her body writhed again in pleasure as she continued to press her hips to his.

His orgasm subsided slowly, and only when it was completely gone did he carefully lower her legs to the floor one at a time. She was standing on her own two feet, but his embrace didn't go anywhere. "Amy… You were… Bodacious…" he told her, in-between pants. "Ain't used that word in years…"

"Sonic… You were… very…" Amy stroked Sonic's face gently, "Very… good," she settled on, still breathing rather quickly as she touched him lightly. She gave another low moan as he slid out of her, clearly reluctantly, "Very good," she repeated. She had entered into this to feel better about herself after the way Mephiles had shredded her dignity, and she did, even after Sonic had been dominant over her.

Strong, gentle hands held her face, thumbing loose strands of quills away from her face. "I don't wanna, but I gotta be a good little patient and get back on my bed so the sexy doctor can cuff me and let me watch her get dressed to get me horny all over again…" He stepped away, backwards. The further away he got, the more of her he could see. And she was very arousing in the nude.

"There's a good boy," Amy blushed, smiling. As Sonic lay down on the hospital bed, picked up the fallen handcuffs and re-secured secured his right hand to the bedpost. Then she carefully removed his condom and worked his boxers and trousers back on for him. He was currently lying without his jacket, watching as Amy wiped herself off with a tissue, and dressed again in her uniform shyly.

"Mmmm. It takes one hell of a woman to be just as sexy puttin' her clothes back on as she was takin' 'em off…" he commented, sighing blissfully while enjoying the show. "I'm a lucky guy, you know that? Almost too lucky… But nobody'll know how lucky, 'cause I'm not a squealer." He was being reassuring. It took a certain kind of guy to be reassuring and very sexy at the same time. A hero-type. Amy couldn't help wondering if his records were completely accurate.

"Hmmm… well, you're probably aware it's not like anybody would believe you if you did," Amy told him, "Or I might just claim that you

raped me. More's the pity…" she gave a wry little smile as she threw the filled condom into a bin that would be emptied the following, "You… you're a good man, Sonic Hedgehog. Despite your files."

"And you, Doc Blossom, are a naughty girl despite yours," she saw his eyes run over her, as if he still found her undeniably sexy even after she'd just given him all there was to give, "And nobody could own you. You drive your own roads, in charge of your own actions. Don't forget it, or you'll end up in a cage. Like me."

"Hmmm…" Amy returned to his bedside and laid a gentle hand on his head, "Thank you," she said finally, "Now… rest. You must be exhausted…"

He lifted his free hand, the index finger pointed up. "On one condition," he told her with a charming, albeit genuine smile. "One last kiss. You give 'em real good…"

Amy considered denying him, but considered that since it was unlikely that he'd get any more sex for a very long time, and he *had* been gentle and careful with her, just as he had said he would be. She relented, bending forward and kissing him deeply on the lips, her hands running through his quills.

The kiss didn't last long, but he enjoyed it. When it was over, he held her hand for a moment, and looked up at her. "Y'know, Amy… I'm an escape artist," he patted the hand he'd been holding with his opposite hand, "But that doesn't make me a monster." Something was wrong, but she couldn't figure out what. Then Amy's eyes went wide. Sonic had somehow escaped from the cuffs. "But that doesn't make me a monster."

SonicFrank: This fic's really picking up, eh? And to think, some earlier reviews claimed the progression was non-existent. Bite your tongues!

Harley: Let us know how we did here, eh? We edited this chapter most out of all of them. Had about four different drafts, if I remember right.

SonicFrank: Let us know, readers! We're doing this all for you!

Menage et Trois

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: Wow, it's been a while. But no, we are NOT done with the story. We have big plans. Some major-big plans; some will make you cry a bit, and others will make you go "The fuck?" so we can't tell you them because you'd stop us.

SonicFrank: And quit begging us not to give up on the story! We'd never abandon you guys! =D

Chapter Thirty-Seven: Menage-et-Trois

A nerve-racking morning awaited Silver when he awoke. It had been a few days since the deal with Vector, and the white inmate had yet to latch onto any information that would sustain his livelihood. Since he heard Sonic had been released from the infirmary and was back among the prison population, the amber-eyed hedgehog thought it best to seek him out, and take whatever gossip he could get. He managed to catch the blue, infamous prisoner headed back to his cell. Several inmates cheered and applauded as he passed by, and Silver watched him wave earnestly. It was as if Sonic's big victory over the biggest resident bully in the country's most notorious correction facility was a thing of the past to him; like he was over and done with it. He decided it best to join the blue hedgehog rather than try being sneaky.

Jogging up behind him, he tapped his friend's shoulder and walked beside him, hands nervously in his pockets. "Hey there, Sonic… You sure held in there the other day. It was inspirational! You're a testament of true strength."

Sonic placed a playful arm around Silver's slim shoulders. "Thanks for the support! It's like my friend always said; I have power like mountains, and I run like the wind. But most importantly; I have strength from within! Join me in a little hedgehog menage-et-trois with Shadow? Got some stuff I wanna talk about with you anyway."

"Sure… I'm always up for a chat about fate…" Silver's eyes were bloodshot. He'd been spending the majority of most nights praying. Both for his safety, for strength, and for his Holy Father's forgiveness… He was being so deceitful it disgusted him.

When they reached Sonic's cell, the blue hedgehog was a little surprised to see Shadow in there. He'd have expected the black and red psycho to be out and about. Except Shadow was lying on his bunk and staring at the ceiling. He looked awful, like he'd been sick in a fight. His jacket was hanging open loosely, showing the thick, white fur on his chest, and there were places on his body with deep fingernail marks. Since nobody in the prison was insane enough to fight Shadow - apart from Sonic - the blue hedgehog's only other conclusion was that the resident psycho had done this to himself. He turned red, listless eyes on Sonic, "What the fuck are you doing in here, Faker?" he growled.

"Whoa! Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, first you're layin' there in bed with your jammies open and lookin' all sexy for my return, and now you're hintin' that I'm unwelcome? I'm gettin' mixed signals from ya, Gorgeous." Something was definitely wrong, but Sonic couldn't put his spine on it, "Try to be civil; I brought company."

"Tell it to go eat cock," Shadow didn't even look at Silver.

Silver stepped in just as Sonic sat on his bunk, and gave Shadow a very awkward hi, along with a wave that just spelled out fear. The last time he'd been this close to Shadow, he thought he'd seen Hell's fire flash before his eyes. And then he'd awoken without pants on.

Sonic raised an eyebrow, before laying back on his bunk. "I could go for a chilidog myself! Wish I had some to offer!"

Shadow rubbed his face. He remembered screaming a lot in the last forty-eight hours or so. He hadn't actually been in with Scourge; there'd be a lot more than a few scratches if that was the case. So he must have imagined it. Thank God for small mercies. Shame it had all been very real in the past, "Let me tell you the three most important words, Faker," he growled at Sonic, "Why don't you…" he turned baleful eyes on Silver, "And if it isn't God's own little leg-humper," he sneered, "Are you here to give me some more moral guidance straight from God's own asshole, Preacher?"

"I don't believe in God… anymore…" Silver stood frail, with his eyes lowered to the ground. Inside, he had gasped at his words. What had he just done? Forsaken Jesus Christ just as Judas had; and he felt awful about it. As if whatever remaining strength he had left was sucked out of him, of his own accord. He'd have to do a lot more praying tonight…

Shadow smiled nastily, "Why not? You think he doesn't exist because bad shit is happening?"

Sonic lifted his head to face the both of them. "All right, come on. Chill out, dudes. We're all hedgehogs here, and we're all in this together," Silver was looking worse than when Espio beat the hell out of him. "Let's try and focus the ol' attention span on what we've got ahead of us. Shadow," he started, "We need the key to get these ankle-busters off. Where is it? How do we get it?"

Shadow sat up, not bothering to close his jacket, "Head of Security, probably. The little creep with all the cameras and tapes. Of course, he answers to Mephiles. Everybody does. But he mainly brown-noses the faggot Director."

"I've seen that guy…" Silver spoke up, trying to pitch in as little as he could, "Nack pointed him out to me. He's a short human with a long nose. Practically bald."

"Yes… but did you know he's Doctor Eggman's nephew?" Shadow narrowed his eyes.

Sonic punched his fist, "I've got a spine to pick with that fat chunk of butter. But let's look on the bright side; now we know whose dick we have to suck to get that key."

For a moment, Silver thought he was serious! Then he saw the look on Sonic's thinking face, and sighed in relief. "So… how do we get close to him?"

Shadow was still looking at Silver, "Why don't you sit down, Preacher?" he suggested, "Sit down next to the other bitch in the cell…" he gestured at Sonic. Silver hesitated, "Sit DOWN!" he screamed suddenly.

Silver seemed frantic with fear, and did what he was told. Though he sat on the floor, rather than on Sonic's bunk like Shadow had expected.

"Ahem!" Sonic raised his voice, glaring at Shadow with disapproval, "The key, Mister Rogers? The key! Quit titty-attacking on the small-fries and focus on the key to getting the fucking key! You want outta this scum-hole or not?"

Shadow frowned, but let it go. This time, "Who says we need to be nice to Snively?" he smirked again, "He's… a coward. I could get those keys out of him in less than thirty seconds. If I could get to him. He never comes into the main prison without major robotic backup, and he doesn't do that much either, the gutless little puke."

Sitting against the cell's bars, Silver was hugging his knees, and rose his hand for a moment when he had an idea. "Maybe we could-"

But Sonic pounded his fist to his palm, a full-fledged plan forming in his head. "It'll have to be an inside job. We're gonna need Amy. And I know just what we gotta offer up to strike a deal with 'er. We're gonna need Deuce, too." He looked up, suddenly, as if realizing something. "Where is he, anyway? Ain't he supposed to be my slave or some shit? I've got the lumps to prove it!"

Shadow looked at him impassively. He still looked terrible, "Well, Fuckles is still in a different infirmary, and Prower isn't hanging out of your back pocket… so I'm going to put my money on 'being ass-fucked'. Or maybe just having the shit kicked out of him like he usually does. I wouldn't know; I've been in here for two days straight…"

The green-eyed hedgehog was seriously starting to wonder about Shadow's current state. He'd never been in top-form in the mental health department, but something seemed particularly off today. "Silver, go find Miles Prower and bring 'im to me, will ya? I'd do it myself, but… I think Shadow's missed me, and we could use a few snuggle-moments. You know who he is, right? Short fox with a permanent limp and two fluffy ass-pillows?"

"And tell them Sonic wants him…" Shadow added, "Whoever he's with… otherwise they'll get you to join in."

"Sure, I'll be back. Can't promise I'll find him, though. He might be hiding…" Silver felt worthless; like there was nothing he could contribute to the iconic Olgivie Maurice Hedgehog's plan except betrayal and a shot at spoiling it. If only he had his powers, then he could help for sure. He left the cell, leaving the two other hedgehogs alone.

The black-and-red prisoner gritted his teeth and rubbed his face again, leaning against the wall.

"Penny for your thoughts?" Sonic asked, lifting a foot to the top of his bunk to rest his arm on.

Shadow took off a glove and examined one hand briefly. There was blood under his fingernails, "It's none of your business, Faker," he replied, "I just had a couple of bad days." *Yes, a couple of bad days spent screaming at voices in your head*, he thought. He wasn't entirely sure how much yelling he'd done out loud, either. He looked pale. He'd been sick at some point, and too out of it to eat much;

he'd only swung back in enough to realise he was hungry this morning.

Sonic shook his head, smirking. "Well, don't you at least owe me an apology?"

"Owe you?" Shadow sneered, "I don't owe you shit. And even if I did, I still wouldn't apologise to you. For anything."

Shrugging his shoulders, the blue hedgehog laid back again. He still had Amy on his mind, and Shadow would have to work real hard to spoil his mood right now, "Heh. Well, the way I see it, you owe me two. I'd apologize if my best bud were in the biggest fight of his young career and I had the nuts to bet against him; how disheartening! And then I'd apologize for not having confidence in you after you won. But hey, that's just me! You're the shy type, so you hide your feelings. Heh."

"Really?" Shadow snapped, "Well why don't you bring your face a little closer to my fist and say that?" he suggested, holding up his clenched hand, "Besides, after you won, I made a healthy profit because of all the idiots who bet against you. So they should be apologising to you for not having confidence. Some of them will be explaining themselves to my shivs for not paying up. Besides, you clearly don't need my confidence in you to win."

Sonic would surely have had something witty to toss back at his cell-mate, but before he could, the familiar forms of Silver the Hedgehog and more importantly, Miles Prower, stepped into the cell. "Found 'im!" Silver contested.

Tails swallowed. He looked bad - although astonishingly, not as bad as Shadow. Normally he wouldn't be caught in the same room as the psychopath, but Sonic was here… and that was a start. He had quite the number of bruises though… and he was indeed limping, "S-Sonic?" he asked, looking at the blue hedgehog.

Despite the kitsune's condition, Sonic gave him a wide grin. "Heya, Deuce! Quite a shift you've found yourself in, eh? Switchin' pockets must be a real bummer!" He stood up off his bunk, and offered a hand for the kid to shake. "Welcome to the team. Here's to freedom." There was a welcoming look to his eyes. The blue inmate had won Tails over. In all technical terms, he was his bitch now…

Tails took his friend's hand and shook it frantically. Sonic could feel him shaking slightly as he did so, "How… how can I help?" he asked.

Shadow snickered, "Like the prison bitch could help anybody to any more than some ass," he told Tails nastily, "You scream like a fag."

"Weren't you screaming all day yesterday?" Tails asked him. The fox yelped as Shadow clenched his fists and began to stand, and dodged behind Sonic quickly.

"Chill, chill, Roomie!" Sonic told Shadow with raised, submissive hands. "This whole 'teamwork' thing is new to you, isn't it?" he asked, "Looks like that threesome was a good idea after all. You could use a few pointers in sharing!"

"Threesome…?" Silver asked, wondering if it meant what he thought it did.

"Yeah, three-way conjugal. Might be the first in history! But I'm not sure. She's a grade-A hottie, too…" the blue hedgehog explained.

"And the blue bozo will probably spoil all the fun," Shadow added, crossing his arms over his chest and glaring at Tails, "If that bitch weren't your property, Sonic, so help me I'd smear his face all over the wall. What I do in my cell is none of his fucking business…"

Tails cringed visibly behind Sonic. Shadow didn't look happy at all, but the thing he was most angry about, was anybody talking about how bad he'd been over the last couple of days.

Sonic turned to Tails, acknowledging the truth behind Shadow's words. "Y'hear that? For once, I agree with the Grim Hedgehog," he told his friend, "Unless you're willin' to stick 'em up and take him on face to face, don't go insultin' the resident angry bird and be a chicken yourself. Now check it, Deuce. You know about… gettin' computers sick, right?"

"Sure," Tails nodded, "But it's been a while, and I've never used the ones they have here in the prison. The guards have orders to not let me have any access to any computers."

"I ain't talkin' about the ones in the library that get the train run on 'em by the resident dweebs, lil' Bro. I'm talkin' about the one only Mephiles himself gets to use. I need you to… do your thing. Whatever Star Trek crap you gotta do to gut that thing dry; every piece of info on there needs to be gone. We're settin' the office on fire, too."

Silver's eyes went big. "Set the office on fire? Why? That'll only anger him and get all our privileges taken away!"

Tails grinned, "Hey, how do you think I started a riot back in the medium security prison? By swinging an auto-dialler around?"

"A fire?" Shadow smirked, "Is that all?"

"Atta boy, Deuce! Glad to have you on the Lollipop Guild!" A thought to have one of his girlfriends provide Tails with a conjugal crept into his mind, but was wiped away by Shadow's comment. "Yeah," Sonic answered, "Unless you have a better idea in that warped dome of yours."

"Hey, you're relying on me to start the whole thing off," Shadow chuckled, "Rookies start fires… I burn this God-damn hellhole down."

Sonic raised an eyebrow, and grinned. "Tails. Can you make the thing explode?"

Tails shrugged, "Maybe… but I'd need more than matches for an explosion."

"Any ideas, gang?" The leading blue hedgehog asked the small group of them.

"Heh… I know Bean can provide any explosion you want," Shadow pointed out, "He's got a gift for it. But he's crazy - and be glad that he is."

Tails nodded, "He can make armed explosives blow up at will… except he's so crazy he doesn't do it unless he feels like it."

Silver watched Sonic sit back down and think some more. He didn't like where this was going. He'd have a lot to report to Vector, and hoped to the God he'd just forsaken that he wouldn't get caught squealing…

Still standing, Shadow turned his head to look at Silver, and the white hedgehog got the horrible feeling that those wild red eyes were boring right through him. He approached the downcast Silver, crouching down to his level, "And don't you worry about God, Preacher," he told the hedgehog, "You ever want to talk to him… well, just come straight to me, and we'll go together… because I've got nothing better to do…"

There were way too many heavy, pondering eyes on his body as Silver the Hedgehog walked the unfamiliar corridors toward the Mob Boss's cell. There were a few inmates whom he feared would actually harass him on the way there, but he got lucky. He hoped nobody on the 'escape team' would catch wind of this…

At this particular moment, Vector was playing Poker with Espio in their cell. Nobody called the Mob Boss a Cell Mouse when he wanted to stay in his cell. In any case, much of the prison was still coiled tight after the match between Sonic and Knuckles. Just about anything could go down now… or nothing at all. It all hinged on

exactly what happened once both Sonic and Knuckles were back out of the infirmary.

Vector's back was facing the cell door, practically blocking it with his large mass. Espio's gaze averted, momentarily, to the amber-eyed, trembling hedgehog who made his way into it without the courtesy of knocking first. Silver was so scared his legs were wobbling. The chameleon wouldn't be surprised if he pissed himself. "Boss. A rude guest approaches. Shall I teach him some manners?"

"Hmmm…" Vector adjusted his cards, not turning around, "Maggot prisoners don't enter my room without knocking," he said, "What they do is, they stand outside and wait until I call 'em in."

"Oh…" Silver choked, looking around to notice there were many stares, as if he'd just attempted the unheard of. First he had to deal with Shadow, and now this. His days were progressively getting worse. "I'm… Sorry. I was unaware…" he stepped back, and stood pathetically by the cell door, not knowing what to do. Then he nervously gave the steel door three consecutive knocks.

About two minutes passed, while Vector casually ventured another packet of crisps on his hand against Espio's hand, before he eventually spoke, "Come in, Silver," he said simply, not looking at the hedgehog.

Silver took a deep breath, and walked in. "I have some informa-"

"That's close enough," Espio interrupted, not taking his eyes off his cards for a second, "Remain four paces away from the Boss. Any closer and I'll assume treason."

Silver stopped, unsure if he was too close or not. He wasn't attacked yet. A quick, silent prayer was muttered. "I have information… About Sonic and the escape…"

"That's nice," Vector told him. From the way he was sitting, Silver guessed the crocodile was interested, but he couldn't tell fully, "Is it

anything I don't already know? I hate it when insects like you tell me things I already know, and don't have anything new to say…"

"Well, I'm not sure," The hedgehog admitted meekly, "I was hoping I could just… give you a verbal list and if I mention anything you don't know, or have interest in, you can just ask for… Expansion…"

Espio was being quiet, but Silver could feel the impending danger of being in the same room as him…

"It's a start," Vector agreed, "So… why don't you open your mouth and let something useful come out?"

"Well, for starters, Sonic wants to use Doctor Amy Rose Blossom to get the key for the ankle-cuff he's been forced to wear…" He paused for just a second, in case the crocodile had something to say.

"Hmmm…" Vector considered that. Doctor Blossom didn't have the key to Shadow's cuff, so she wouldn't have the key to Sonic's either. Which begged the question of just how Sonic planned to use her. Amy was no fool… Of course, she was a woman. He knew how he'd go about it - or have Espio go about it, anyway.

"The inmate they call Tails is now Sonic's property, and he plans to use him for some computer-related business. Something that doesn't involve the public access variety, but the one in Head Warden Mephiles' office…" Silver was beginning to feel stupid. Really stupid. The information seemed solid when he received it, but now that it was coming out, it seemed so… flaccid. As if Vector couldn't use it at all.

"Everybody knows Miles Prower is Sonic's property now… technically," Vector replied. Prower is what they call a 'computer genius', which was why he was never allowed on them. The kid had used computers to start a riot in his last prison, and nearly escaped too… but he hadn't had the backup, "What's he going to do with Mephiles' computer?" he asked Silver.

"… make it sick, is what Sonic said. Something about gutting it? And possibly blowing it up…" Silver cleared his throat, stalling to gather more things to say. "And setting the office on fire for no reason other than to anger Mephiles…"

Espio looked right back at the large croc for a moment, before looking back down at his cards, "Boss, the spy is providing open-ended information. His job is to provide facts you can use, not keep you guessing what the odds are."

Silver sucked in a nervous gush of air. "That's all they said! Shadow wouldn't let me ask too many questions… But there's more…"

"Spies who don't provide specifics either don't know anything, which makes them useless… or they're holding back," Vector stated. He shook his head, "You had better not be holding back on me, Silver."

"I'm not!" the hedgehog shouted, taking a few steps back in utmost terror. "I swear, I'm not! But Shadow Robotnik would get… twisted, and angry and violent every time I tried to ask a questions. I couldn't get any more than what they said! But I do have more…"

"Pshaw… Shadow's always twisted, angry and violent," Vector didn't look at Silver. He didn't even turn around. He just kept playing his game, as if nothing the hedgehog was saying held any importance at all. "That's nothing new. And stop moving around. Get on your knees, and stay there. And tell me something I don't know. So far, you've told me nothing I couldn't learn by listening to the prison gossips."

Silver cursed under his breath. Had he not been humiliated enough? Still, the look that Espio wasn't giving him but knew would come with dire consequences got him down on one knee, then on both. The floor was cold. "Well, Sonic has been granted a conjugal… And Shadow is being granted the same one…"

"Who with?" Vector asked coldly.

"They didn't say! But it could easily be the same girl who paid visits to both hedgehogs before!" Silver felt his demise on its way. "I'll find out for sure tomorrow, I swear it! But I can't ask too many questions at once or they'll suspect something… I need time, Boss!"

"Who gets suspicious about somebody asking about their lady visitor?" Vector asked calmly, finally placing his cards face down on the table and turning to face Silver, "Find out. You'll learn more from Shadow than you will from Sonic, so find out from him. And learn when it's happening, too. Find out exactly what Sonic wants Prower to do with Mephiles' computers. And find out before lights out tomorrow, or…" he held up a sharp knife, "You'll find that I can give open ended information on how Espio should use this."

Silver gulped. "Yes, Boss…" Get information out of Shadow? How the hell would he be able to pull that off? "One more thing, Boss… Sonic suggested using Bean to… make bombs…"

"Did he say he would use Bean?" Vector asked.

"He said he might… I reckon he's not sure he can trust the duck yet…" Silver had his eyes glued to the ground…

"Just because somebody can't trust someone doesn't mean they won't use them," Vector replied, now looking down at Silver, "Look up at me," he ordered the hedgehog. He did, though he seemed greatly tempted to look back down, "Keep looking…" Vector ordered him, and Silver had to look into those dangerous, unblinking reptilian eyes, "So far, you've been adrift in the sheltered harbour of my patience. But the tide is turning. Remember, you're only in one piece because you're… slightly useful. I do have other spies. If you can't find out what I want to know, somebody else can. But it's easier this way. Got that? Don't outlive your usefulness."

"Y-Yes, Boss…" Silver choked out. He thought he felt helpless when Shadow Robotnik was beating the hell out of him, or when he was almost raped by Knuckles. But now he just felt pathetic. "I… might have to spend some time in the infirmary… After I talk to Shadow…"

"Know this, injured or not, if you don't get my information to me by tomorrow night, you won't need to spend time in the infirmary ever again. Ever," Vector warned him.

Espio laid a card down. "Know this also, Hedgehog; if I have to do go out of my way to fulfil your obligations in your place, I won't just kill you. I'll make you watch as I carve your intestines out of your stomach. And then I'll make you eat them."

Silver gulped. "Yes… I understand…" This was the work of the devil. He'd never been so spiritually broken…

"Shadow will be in the Chapel at some point tomorrow," Vector turned back to the table, "He always goes there after he has one of his… bad days. And so far you're the only person he's allowed to be in there with him. There's quiet. Solitude. It's the perfect place to get answers. But if I have to teach you how to do your job, Espio will cut your toes off one by one."

Harley: See? Story not finished yet. Review!

Spy Class

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: Well, aren't we a proud class of Sonic Fags? Despite the lack of updates, our reviews are only getting better!

SonicFrank: No kiddin'. We wanna thank our readers for all their support! That's right, we mean you; the person who's reading this right now!

Harley: We also want to let you know we're not done. Oh no, PIB will never be cancelled! It WILL be finished. And we're working on it big time.

Chapter Thirty-Eight: Spy Class

It was about an hour before the designated lunchtime on Prison Island, and Shadow felt a lot better today. So much better that he was up and about. A few insignificant nobodies in the cafeteria had been arrogant enough to draw attention to him being away for a couple of days. So he'd stabbed them in the kneecaps with his fork. That had definitely reminded everybody who was not to be messed with. Of course he might need to crack a couple of skulls later in the recreation room but it was all to the cause. He had tidied himself up, washed himself down, and his quills were slicked back again, back into their kinked position. But he still needed some time to think; really think.

"Where've you been Shadow?" an unwise human asked him as he passed the God Squad on his way to the chapel.

Shadow grabbed him by a handful of hair, pulling him down, "*Fucking your mother*," he growled, just before he slammed the person face-first into the wall.

The human was, almost luckily for him, alone. With nobody to back him up, he put little effort into fighting back, and took off as soon as the psychotic hedgehog gave him the chance. Despite having obvious weaknesses and an inability to break Sonic, Shadow Robotnik still set the prison standard for people not to be fucked with. Even the God Squad left him be when he made his way to the chapel.

He trailed his way there, not noisily, but with the usual prowl that indicated he was just waiting and itching to assert himself. Legends lost their powers if they weren't enforced. But among the general prison population it had already spread that Shadow was back and packing heat. He entered the Chapel coldly, looking around. The current inhabitants were quiet enough, but he hated being surrounded, "Get out," he told them. There was an itchy kind of hesitancy, and hedgehog strode right up to the Alpha of the Squad - Ixis Naugus. He grabbed the large ex-sorcerer by the slacks, "Out!" he ordered, "You're allowed in this house when I say so! Got it? Or do I need to remind you? Don't make me drag you out and hurt you outside…"

Manic the Hedgehog was among the God Squad, standing by and watching with great interest as the dark hedgehog asserted his control. Having the prestigious role of Janitor, it was always up to him to clean up everyone else's messes. In this case, it was up to him to prevent one, "Dude, chill out. We were just leaving anyway," he told Shadow with a hard stare. Manic couldn't fight with Shadow and didn't outrank him in prison structure, but he did hold some unique cards up his sleeve that even the psychotic hedgehog didn't enjoy being played, "Let's go." Then he grabbed his leader, and allowed him to lead the God Squad out of the chapel.

"Alone at last…" Shadow relaxed again, at least as much as he ever did, watching them leave, nodding slightly. Manic could be a

difficulty, but he still knew that he'd lose his janitorial position if Shadow felt it necessary to break both his arms. Of course, him being Sonic's brother complicated that a little, but it was something the dark hedgehog would do. Only when they had gone did Shadow turn his back on the doors, and look up at the large cross. After a few seconds, he walked into the pews, somewhere in the middle. Not at the back, not at the front. He knelt quietly in front of the one person he felt had given him more problems than the entire prison population put together, and pulled out his picture of Maria, staring at it silently for several minutes, before he spoke quietly, "Maria…"

He had been in there for a good ten minutes at least. Silver could tell when he arrived at the chapel's doors, because there was a small flock of inmates who had come to pray but were reduced to huddling beside the entrance. He took a deep breath, and clenched his fists. Somehow, using Shadow to deceive Sonic inside the prison chapel seemed to eat at him more than anything. But it was either this, or end up in Hell real early for not doing it. Despite the many warning glances, he stepped through the doors, and spotted the dark inmate just several aisles away.

Shadow didn't hear him come in. It made Silver wonder why the black and red hedgehog even cared whether anybody else was in there if he didn't notice them. Shadow just stared intently at his photograph, "I should have been there… it was like… like… you know, those days. I know it didn't really happen, because it didn't happen, but you did happen, and it's stuff like not being there… I wasn't here right yesterday, so I suffer for it and I wasn't there for you so I suffer for it… but why should you suffer? It's not fair!"

"It hardly ever is," Silver commented daringly, though there was an element of fear to his voice that would hopefully steer Shadow away from tearing his flesh. "A dear good friend of mine is in prison for a murder she didn't commit. And I wasn't there to testify for her…"

"You… huh?" Shadow whipped around, "You again! This is my place, got that? But no, you haven't because it's everybody's place and you just like listening in on other people's private conversations don't

you?" he stood up and pointed angrily at the cross, "He killed Maria so I'd be passed around by Social, then a bunch of people so he could send me to Hell! Well here I am, you bastard!" he snarled at the cross, "I'm here to punish the other bastards who get put here and the bastards in charge who deserve to die even more! And watch over her! I'm in Hell just like you wanted and you know what? It's overrated!" he turned back to Silver, "There's not much candy and you know what else? I keep running out of hearts to stab, too! That bastard up there decided I had to suffer. So he killed my sister… she was the only person who ever truly loved me!"

Silver was taken aback at the rant. He felt genuinely sorry for Shadow, but dared not show it. Not after what'd been done to him the last time he admitted pitying him. Sympathy was punishable by death on Prison Island. "Maybe… Things are changing?" Silver suggested, "Maybe you've suffered enough, and that's why you're getting a conjugal visit with that girl… What's her name again? I've heard she's really pretty…"

"She's just another insignificant whore of a woman," Shadow snarled, "Some… B-list singer friend of Sonic's. Trust him to know a slut that well. Gets her kicks from visiting murderers… Mina. Mina Mongoose. That bitch is just coming in to fuck a real, live rapist… except she's too gutless to do it for real so the blue blockhead is coming along… fucking cunt. I cut open whores like her for breakfast. Then make clothes out of their skin. She's nothing like Maria…" he sat down, watching Silver and folding his arms, "What are you doing in here anyway, Preacher? I thought you renounced God. Obviously he wasn't doing enough for you… or maybe too much?"

Silver took a deep breath, looking away from Shadow and at the large cross. So far, he had gathered one piece of crucial information that would prevent Vector from having Espio feed him his own guts. Now he had to cleverly make his way to another golden nugget. "I'm… conflicted about it," he admitted, "It's hard to decide nowadays. Sometimes I feel like he's forgotten me. Other times I feel

I've disappointed him… This place really is the worst of the worst. Thankfully, you and I are getting out of here…"

"Ha!" Shadow sneered, "Yeah, right… Sonic Says, 'get the keys'. What the hell is the point in getting them if he won't tell me how he's gonna get over the ocean? Fuck that, we're never getting out of here," he cracked his neck to one side slowly, "You can get past the guards, the doors, the fences, the jungle, but if you can't swim that sea, you can't get out. If he wants a riot, I'll give him one… then the Almighty Fucktard will know what's it's all about."

"Maybe you should have more confidence in him. Or just ask…" Silver suggested, though with much caution. "He's managed to do the unthinkable a few times now… Like getting that conjugal for you… When do you think it'll happen? I mean, when it does, you'll be thankful, right?"

"I have to be 'nice' to get it," Shadow scowled, "Well, this is as nice as I get now. *Nice*," he spat the word, "I'm already sick of it. And there's another two weeks of it to go. And to be nice to Sonic? I'll rip his fucking ears off."

At this point, Silver was starting to grasp that the dark hedgehog sometimes said things he didn't actually believe, but helped to maintain his position as a psychotic monster that everyone feared, "I could get us over the ocean…" he told Shadow, a nervous twinge to his voice, "If I had my powers…"

"So could I, if I had mine," Shadow told him with a smirk, "If I had my powers, I could rip your fucking chest open and pull your heart out with my bare hands. Teleport across the ocean. Or I could just teleport myself into the infirmary and bend that fuckable doctor over her desk and teach her a lesson in how the world won't appreciate her honest work. But I *don't* have them, do I?"

"Well, what would you need to have them?" Silver asked, not ignoring but not daring to challenge the predatory hedgehog's words about destroying him.

Shadow narrowed his eyes, glaring at Silver, "My Chaos Emerald," he spat, standing up and pacing angrily, "I can feel it! Taunting me… right here on this island!" he punched a wall savagely, denting the cheap plaster. He resisted the urge to curse and rub his sore fist, "You wouldn't see a couple of shocks bringing me down… no way would that be enough. You think I'm scary like this? Get me a Chaos Emerald and I'll tear the world a new rectum!" he growled.

"A Chaos Emerald…" Silver repeated, thinking out loud. "We should try and get one as soon as we get past the prison! That way you can teleport us all to safety! When do you think we'll make our first move?"

Shadow smirked, "Our first move…" he said sourly, "It won't happen, Preacher. Oh, it will, but it won't. Sonic can't push me around. Thinks he can snap his fingers and BAM! He gets himself a nice, tidy riot? It'll be a riot… heh… showing him how fucking wrong he is…"

"You're gonna spoil the riot?" Silver asked, his voice shaking just at the thought of asking the psychotic inmate a question.

"It will spoil itself," Shadow smirked, "It's that Doctor Blossom," he paused, his expression flickering, "I *want* her," he growled, sounding *exactly* like a child in a supermarket demanding candy.

Silver winced, his imagination filling in the meaning of that. He didn't like the pictures. In fact they made him feel nearly sick, but in front of Shadow he didn't dare to say it. He thought hard, "We're going to have to band together during the riot though; somebody might get hurt if we don't. It'll be our chance to get out. Depending on when it is…"

"What's the point in banding together if it won't get us anywhere?" Shadow ranted on, "In a riot, everybody goes nuts. Unless you're like me, and you know what you're doing. Besides, without me, Sonic knows it'd be under control within five hours. They wouldn't even need to send for G.U.N. Am I not being co-operative? Well *excuse me* for stabbing a few people…"

"So, first you'll have your conjugal in a fortnight, and then we're having a riot…" Silver told him, thinking out loud. "And then we'll have Tails mess with Mephiles' computer…" He looked over at Shadow. "Do you think there's anything I can help with? I feel kind of… useless, compared to you…"

"Well compared to me, you *are* fucking useless," Shadow replied. He chuckled, "Of course, if that riot lasted over a week… you wouldn't get your shots, would you?" he cracked his knuckles meticulously, one after the other, "All that needs to be done is really smashing up the infirmary… all of them, actually. Now I don't *need* your help… but it might come in handy…" he stared into the distance.

Silver took a deep breath. He felt like he was juggling lit dynamite, talking to Shadow like this. "Helping can be a rewarding experience, sometimes… Like when Sonic helped me… Maybe you should try it?" He braced himself.

Shadow snapped out of a delightful daydream involving fucking Doctor Blossom up against a wall while she cried, "What? What's that supposed to mean? Help you with what?" he asked nastily, "And why should I bother?" he added.

"I didn't mean help *me* exactly…" Silver confessed, getting off his seat to take a step back, away from the easily-enraged psychopath he was daring to mess with. "I meant… help people in general! Defend the weak… Establish dominance that way! Like Sonic, only… you. And not him…"

"Defend the weak…" Shadow ran his tongue over his lips slowly, "Is that your God talking again, Preacher?"

"You've killed lots of people, Shadow," Silver swallowed, "How can you do all that *and* believe in God?"

Shadow narrowed his eyes, "When I was six, my sister was smeared all over the windscreen of the car I was being taken away in by the Social Services who were supposed to *protect* us. Then I was

handed around Fosters like some kind of chew toy for ten years… Children starve in the slums; lawyers grow fat in their *mansions* . Crack addicts die as whores; drug dealers live to turn *eighty* . Felons leech off taxes, and the homeless *freeze* in the *streets* . Don't tell me you're going to sit there and tell me that's all *bad luck?* " he spoke mockingly, "You insult my intelligence, Preacher… I *absolutely* believeGod exists. There's no other way the world could be *this* bad without him."

Silver's gaze was dragged to Shadow's burning red eyes. The words had been spoken calmly enough, but there was a twisted, malevolent edge to them. He couldn't answer the statement, and Shadow knew it.

Shadow paced towards Silver slowly, "Sonic thought he earned the right to give me orders because he thinks himself my keeper. What do you think gives *you* that right?" he asked coldly, clenching his fists.

"I don't have it…" Silver responded, closing his eyes and bracing for the inevitable beating, "Sonic doesn't, either! He's not your keeper; nobody is! You make your own choices; I'm just suggesting you gain power a different way… It works for him; maybe it can work for you too! People who help people are helped…"

"My experience of helping people is a little different from yours, Preacher," Shadow told him, icy fire in his eyes, "There was a time… a time…" he shuddered, "I would have given *anything* for some help. For one person to protect me from monsters. And do you know who showed up in the nick of time, and gave me a cosy blanket and a warm meal and taught me to believe in myself?" his eyes shone.

"Uh… Jesus?" Silver suggested, leaning back a little.

" *NOBODY!* " Shadow yelled, lunging forward to stare into Silver's amber eyes, pain in his own expression.

Silver paled, looking into Shadow's crimson pupils with great fear, "What… *happened* to you?"

"Nobody ever came when *I* screamed," Shadow bristled, skirting the question, "Nobody sympathised with me when *I* did what had to be done," he grabbed Silver by his neck, lifting him right off the ground with one hand, " Why should I help you, knowing there's nothing you can do for me?" he screamed.

"Because… Because…" Silver choked, clutching at Shadow's squeezing grip, "Because if you help people like me, you'll be praised… And they'll help you in return, whenever you ask! In a heartbeat!"

"Sure you will, sure you will," Shadow growled, "Do you think I've never helped people before?" he shook Silver roughly, "One of the little scum I helped out… I kicked a couple of faggots off him in the showers, and you know what? He ratted me out to the pigs! He ruined my whole Parole Plan B… and I wound up in Solitary… But I wasn't alone… And he's dead now."

"Okay! Okay!" the white hedgehog gasped out, amber eyes squeezed in fear, "I won't suggest it ever again! Just please, don't hurt me! You almost killed me the last time!"

"Yes… you remember that…" Shadow dropped Silver again, "You see, punks like Prower… they want help, and the only thing they have to give is back-door access, and I'll be damned if I need that…" he snarled, "And you, Preacher… well, I don't want that, and right now it's all you've got. But the riot is something else… if I can trust you…"

"Of course you can. I'm too afraid of you to think of double-cross…" It was partially true. The problem was, he was just as afraid of Vector. Or was it Espio? He couldn't see the difference.

Shadow glared at him, looking at the fear in Silver's eyes. But you couldn't go on just fear, "If you go against me… well, I don't fuck men

because I'm not a fag. But once Knuckles is done with you, I'll stick a broom-pole up your ass," he snarled, backing Silver up against the wall, "And you know what? That's not a colourful metaphor. Espio says all that shit about cutting people open and making them eat their own intestines, all to look purple and tough, but I keep my promises to the letter…"

"I don't doubt you," Silver told him, and he didn't, hoping to God that sucking up to Shadow would prevent the psychopath from splitting his skull open, "And I plan on escaping with you and Sonic! If we're going to do this, we'll require confidence in one another! Just please… Believe me when I say we have a fighting chance to get out of here. If I could get my powers back, I could levitate all of us over the ocean! Guaranteed!"

"Heh…" Shadow nodded, although what it was he agreed with, Silver couldn't tell, "Then when it starts, I'm going to hope you are with me, to pay a visit to the infirmary. And we'll take my route. That's where your problems kicked off, right? Well that's where I'm headed, and you'll come along with me. You do that with me, and you'll be in a condition to do that. Up until then, you're not mine, but if you're around me, you'll be safe-ish. Because you're a waste of my time. As long as you remain respectful. Do you understand?"

Silver bowed his head, and nodded. "I… I understand. And I won't let you down…" He felt sick. He finally had a kind of camaraderie with the most dangerous psycho in the prison, and what was he going to do? Betray him, to the most dangerously powerful sane person in the prison. How had he become so low…?

"Then I'm done here," Shadow looked up at the cross over the altar, "Got that, you Fucktard? You want to stop me, then you're gonna have to put a lightning bolt through my skull, but you won't, because you don't care!" he growled, before pocketing his photograph and stomping his way out of the Chapel, leaving Silver behind.

Less than thirty seconds after he was gone, the God Squad filtered back in. They stared at the ashen-faced hedgehog, as if to ask

themselves why he was still in there when Shadow had kicked all others out. And why his brain had not been removed from his skull.

Regardless, Silver remained in there. Kneeling. Praying…

SonicFrank: So, how was that? Keep those reviews coming!

Harley: Pretty soon, a character you guys keep praising us for is getting his/her own chapter. Can anyone guess who it is?

SonicFrank: And on that note, who do you guys think needs more elaboration and deserves his/her own chapter? This should be fun!

Lollipop Guild

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: The long-awaited plan comes together somewhat this chapter.

S.F.: And there's lots of yummy dialogue!

Chapter Thirty-Nine: Lollipop Guild

Knuckles the Echidna was absent from the population, spending a day longer in the infirmary than Sonic did. That meant Miles Prower had a cell all to himself, for the time being. Surely, being stuck with Knuckles while he didn't belong to him anymore would be… complicated. Having expressed this to Sonic, the blue hedgehog kept an eye out for the echidna's release from doctors' care. While having lunch with Tails and Silver, he spotted the red predator stepping into the cafeteria. Things between them would surely be tense. Sonic wanted to fix that.

Knuckles still felt extremely sore from the match, in more ways than one. Two broken ribs would do that to a guy. However, he had to respect anybody who could get through a fight with him and still stand, let alone win. His reputation would need some fine-tuning, which could prove difficult. Headed to the line, he shoved his way in near the front. When another inmate was foolish enough to complain, he was sent to the back of the queue by getting knocked flat on his back. After that, nobody behind him was dumb enough to contest the echidna's right to cut in line.

Tails seemed extremely nervous. Sonic just smirked. A part of him was glad Knuckles hadn't been butt-hurt about losing. He'd need the echidna at his strongest if his plan were to succeed. Not wanting to disrupt the breakfast-line procedure, he waited until his target was seated before grabbing his tray and heading over to him. "Wait here, guys. I gotta hand out a few flyers…"

Knuckles sat himself down, looking around for one of his kids to call over - he had authority over a massive number of them, despite usually sticking with one at a time. And a lot of them were very, very loyal to him. Before he could do so though, Sonic arrived at his table, and there was an instant stare-down. "What do you want, Freak?" he asked Sonic rudely. He was not especially happy to see the hedgehog after the fight they'd had.

"How's about a place to sit, for starters?" Sonic asked, considering Knuckles had surrounded himself by people he picked on constantly.

"Well since you asked so nice," Knuckles knocked a mook off his seat, purely as one of his many displays of dominance. The inmate didn't protest, "Sit down," he told Sonic, before he started eating. He was still sore, and his ribs were giving him Hell, but he had demanded to be released from the infirmary as soon as possible. Just like Shadow, too long spent out of the loop would eat away at his position of power.

Sonic took a seat in front of him, smirking. "What a great host! Pullin' up a chair for your handsome guest!" There wasn't much left on the tray he'd brought with him, so he started peeling an orange. Lots of prisoners did it as a past-time, but not many actually ate the fruit. "You did a real number on me, y'know that? Four days and I still have a major headache. Might be a migraine, but I dunno what the difference is. My knuckles still hurt, too. Heh."

"Yeah, I leave that impression on people," Knuckles appeared almost calm. He was however surrounded by smaller inmates, and he couldn't look weak, "So… enjoying your prize, Blue?"

"Heck yeah I am, nobody's messed with me since I stepped outta the infirmary," Sonic told him, smirking, "And I think Shadow's the only one who would, save for Vector and his purple pal. Havin' Tails around again is pretty neat, too. You and I had a deal.… I'm not gonna have to worry about you goin' back on your word, am I?"

Knuckles cracked his neck thoughtfully, "No, that's called… respect," he said finally, "You respect me, I respect you. Of course it's not my fault if Prower misses me…" he pointed out.

"Well, that'd be an entirely different sit-rep altogether," the hedgehog reflected, "And I also trust you won't… threaten, or bully him, into telling me he did. But hey, we fought, we got that shit over with, now we've gained respect, as you put it. Let's keep it that way. Who knows? Maybe we can help each other out some time…" There was a look in his green eyes. And a subtle grin on his lips.

"Maybe… If I ever need your help," Knuckles added, "I think you'll need my help first though," he told Sonic, "You always get on people's nerves with that fucked-up smile of yours."

"Maybe I wanna smile about gettin' on the Head Warden's nerves…" Sonic pointed out, grinning smugly. "Maybe I wanna get back at Bark and Storm for what they did to that boy we both fought so hard for…"

"Yeah… Mephiles is a fucktarded creep… and Bark and Storm oughtta be put in their place more often," Knuckles agreed with him on that at least, "They used to be fun, but now they're getting ahead of 'emselves…"

"Then we have another deal…" Sonic told him, offering his hand for a shake. This one motion made the majority of the population in the cafeteria freeze, watching in awe.

Knuckles was aware of the stares, "You need my help to bust a few skulls, then?" he asked, a slow smile crossing over his face, "You know I'll take something from you, right Blue?" he asked, but he didn't wait for an answer, "We'll play this one out then," he said

finally, taking Sonic's hand in an almost crushing grip, and shaking slowly.

"That depends on what it is. If I say no, and you still want it, well… Guess we'll just have to throw down again. And a match like that was good enough to have twice," Sonic responded, shaking his hand.

"You got lucky… next time, I'll beat you all the way down," Knuckles released his grip with a small smile, fully aware of the cafeteria staring.

"Can't expect anything less from you, Champ." With that, he stood up, and picked his tray up. "Care to join my little guild of… Aspiring individuals?" he offered the echidna, gesturing toward the table he had come from.

Knuckles scanned the table, "See? You like having little punks follow you around just as much as me," he stood up calmly.

"Actually, I like to give 'em the choice," the blue inmate replied, walking to the table, "The way I see it, ain't nobody weak. Put Tails in front of a computer or give Preacher here the book of Mormon and you'll see some powerful stuff," he addressed the group, "Now, Gentlemen. Let's talk…"

Shadow walked with his usual prowl and his usual glare into the bathroom. He hated the idea that he had in some way been 'summoned', but even if he didn't think Sonic's plan - whatever it was - was much more than the scumbag blue hedgehog talking out of his ass, he did want to be in on it. He hated not knowing about important things. Hated not being in control. He looked around the bathroom at the diverse group. Two God-Squad members, a fish, a bitch, a jock, and a bleeding-heart. And himself. No matter how much he hated Sonic, he couldn't ignore the fact that the wild blue fucktard was pretty damn good at getting people to work together - or even stand together in the same room without trying to tear each other's balls off, "Well, Sonic," and when he spoke the name, it seemed the word

became synonymous with the term 'goat-fucker', "Are you going to finally tell me your grand schemes for Parole, or am I going to have to show you what happens to people who don't?" he pulled a fork out of one pocket.

"Shadow-man, he's just trying to keep the cops out of it," Manic told him, although he was watching the fork in Shadow's hand pretty closely. Shadow just glared at him silently.

Sonic was resting his elbows on his knees. "You're late," he told Shadow, looking up at him with a fearless grin. "It's very rude, and inconsiderate, making us all wait on you in a shitty place like this. But if you came all this way for a crappy threat, well, I'll just get up and turn this meeting into a slug-fest myself!"

Silver gasped. He really hoped they wouldn't fight. Not now. This was too important. Vector would kill him if he left this place with nothing. "Wait, c'mon, you guys! We're all friends here! We need to stick together, end all this violence…"

Knuckles grumbled out loud, glaring at Shadow. "I'm not fucking around, asshole. You better sit down and shut the fuck up or if Sonic doesn't take you out, I'll be on you like a Rottweiller on a Poodle, ya got that? I want out this motherfucker and I'll tear your God-damn throat out if you fuck this up!"

Shadow turned to look at Knuckles, and held up his fork, "Try it, *fag…"* he hissed. Without looking, he stabbed the fork towards Tails' head, and the kitsune had to duck quickly with a yelp, to avoid losing an eyeball. When Shadow let go of the fork, it was embedded a good two inches in the cheap plaster of the bathroom wall.

Knuckles was about to intervene, but held his breath for the moment. Tails was Sonic's responsibility now. It was his job to defend him, not the echidna's.

"Hey, Preacher's right, mates," Nack spoke up sharply, "We can kill each other later… right now we gotta plan to hear out… and it'd

better be worth it, Slugger," he told Sonic, "You ain't gonna keep us in the dirt, are ya?"

Sonic cracked his neck, and stood up off his toilet, ignoring the weasel. And everyone else, for that matter, except Shadow. He stepped up to stand face to face with the dark hedgehog, nose to nose, eye to eye. And he meant business. "Do you wanna hear what the fuck I have to say or not?" he asked, glaring sternly.

Silver sighed, "This is never going to work, you guys. You're all too violent, territorial, brutal…"

Several members of the team rolled their eyes at this obvious statement. Shadow didn't even give him the dignity of a response, still glaring unblinkingly at Sonic. Eventually he spoke again, "I only want to hear what you've got to say, if it isn't coming out of your ass, blue-boy…" he told Sonic darkly.

"Then hear this, Slime Ball," Sonic shot back, just as intensely, "You ever point a sharp object at my pal over there again, I'm gonna have you suckin' your own nutsack. Now sit down, and behave yourself like we both agreed so we can get some vagina and escape this fucking rat-hole you call a home. Agreed?"

Knuckles yawned. "I'm getting bored. Either start swingin' or start talkin'; either way I'm walkin' out with a grin."

Shadow gritted his teeth, but decided not to speak back this time, since he'd try to kill Sonic on the spot if he did go another verbal round. Not that he minded, but right now he wanted to hear what the hedgehog had to say, and sat on a toilet. He decided to listen, and maybe make Sonic eat his own cock on the way out of the shitters.

"Okay S-man," Manic spoke, striking a match against the wall and lighting up a cigarette, "We're all listening now, bro."

"Outstanding!" Sonic shouted out, seemingly careless to the fact he nearly got into another brutal battle with his cellmate. He sat down

on a toilet between Shadow and Tails, with the other three inmates sitting across from him. "First I wanna thank you all for joining me here in this marvelous office provided by the joint system; there's not a chance in heck anyone feels any pressure in an open environment such as this. The chairs are crappy but hey, can't win 'em all, right?"

Silver was confused. It was bewildering to him, how Sonic the Hedgehog could find time to joke around in a situation like this. He had two of the prison's most feared predators in his presence, eagerly awaiting an explanation, and he was calm and relaxed as if he were in Church. He sighed, heart pounding in fear that something could go wrong and he'd be attacked. The prison was traumatizing him…

Knuckles, on the other hand, was shaking his head with a smirk. Despite having large distaste for him, there was something he admired about the blue hedgehog's fearless attitude. If both he and Shadow couldn't strike horror into him, then he may as well be respected. He felt no shame in 'following' him out of here.

Nack wrinkled his long nose at the stink of Manic's cigarette. The green hedgehog didn't just smoke regular cigarettes or a bit of weed; he even smoked the roll-ups made from the ends of cigarettes he collected from other people's cells, and the remains of those. This one was basically tar wrapped in paper, "Yeah, the office could use a remodel… get to the point, Mate," he told Sonic, "This ain't a private party. Even with Shadow hanging in here somebody's gonna need to come in and take a crap sooner or later."

Tails nodded, shuffling slightly, feeling nervous in the presence of all the stronger jocks of the prison, "Um, yeah, Sonic," he agreed, "We, um… don't want the, um, the cops to notice… if they haven't already…"

"Yeah yeah, hold your mares, Gentlemen. First thing's first. There ain't a single swingin' shlong in here who has no role. Anyone who thinks they can just follow me out and leave the dirty work to everyone else has another thing comin'," Sonic told the others.

Manic's cigarette was actually helping him; the place smelled foul otherwise. "We're gonna have a riot so we need to stick together and focus on the plan. That means everybody, eye on the target. Anyone who ain't willin' to put some work in, raise your hand so I can have Knuckles here persuade you otherwise." He was specifically talking to the lower-ranked individuals. Tails, Silver, and to a point, Nack. None of them moved. "Atta boys. Let's go Team Sonic!"

"I prefer the name 'Team Dark'," Shadow pointed out.

"What about 'Team Merc'?" Nack asked.

"I'd go for 'Team Underground'," Manic commented with a smirk.

"How about 'Team Dark Sonic Merc Underground Super-Jesus-Squadron'?" Silver joked quickly, to try and keep the peace.

"Doesn't matter," Sonic pointed out after a moment, "Anybody not want to put the work in? Because you know, it don't work that way, does it Knux?"

The idea of pounding some sense into his teammates greatly appealed to the echidna, and he liked the way Sonic spoke of him. "So is that my task? Beating some work ethic into these boys?" he asked the hedgehog, grinning. Silver winced at the thought.

"If it was your only role, the team wouldn't need me," Shadow said dryly, even though he already knew his part was more than that.

"I ain't gettin' what Preacher's part is yet," Nack added, looking at his small, weak, naive cellie with some contempt.

"That's cuz you ain't seen what he can do when he's not on the pill, Bucky," Sonic told Nack with a grin. "This ain't no one-stop pony. It's gonna take us all at least a week to get through the jungle, cause' we'll have to do it tactfully, carefully, and quietly. By that time, Bogey-Chest'll be all nice and powered up to provide us with some pretty swell mind-tricks." He turned to Shadow, and gave him a smirk he

was sure the maniac would appreciate in a moment. "Which is why I need this riot of yours to be like Marti Gras. Fuck that, mixed with the number we're countin' on Deuce to dish out on the lockdown's security systems…" he paused for a moment, to think of how to put this, "If the Marti Gras fucked New Years Eve doggy-style on a treetop, this riot'll be what falls the fuck down from the leaves. I'm talkin' chaos and pandemonium havin' an orgy with disarray and turmoil while entropy's the fucking gimp who's holdin' the camera." By now, he had everyone grinning, except for Silver. "Any questions about that?" He was asking Shadow in particular, though the tone of his voice made it clear that everyone was welcome to chime in.

"Sonic, are you, um… sure about that?" Tails asked weakly. He had huddled under his bunk for two days straight during one of Shadow's riots, and that one wasn't even considered the 'cream' of the crop by longer term convicts, "Sorry…" he whispered when Shadow cast a swift glare at him.

"No questions," Shadow told Sonic, "Of course, if it's going to work out like you want it, the rest of you worthless fucks are going to have to chip in when you get your cues… not running off to piss yourselves in your cells like a bunch of little punks. Anybody can start a food-fight, but I'll see to it you get a solid emergency… they'll be calling for the GUN teams within five hours. And by then… it'll be too late," he smirked.

"That's what I'm talkin' about, Baby!" Sonic chimed in, pointing agreeably at Shadow with a grin and a wink. "We want this riot so bad, they won't even notice we're missin' for at least the first day, but preferably three. But more'n that, you've gotten further than any other runner. We're gonna need you outside if we're gettin' through the jungle."

"There's some crazy-ass shit to get past there," Shadow agreed, "Some heavy-duty wildlife, let alone all the robots running around. And it rains *all the fucking time* . That's why they call it a rainforest."

Knuckles cracked his neck. "You still haven't answered my question, Blue. Is my only job to maintain values in the team or what? I really hope you have some shit for me to break in mind."

Sonic cleared his throat. "Ladies, ladies! Let's not all jump in at once. Knux, you're starting with Tails. During the riot, I need you two to weasel your way…" he caught a glimpse of Nack's glare, "My bad. I need you two lads to shimmy your way into the security office. Red, you may have to break some doors down. And bust some skulls. But do what you gotta do to keep the kid safe and get him in there, because he's the cream filling in this birthday cake, Baby." He reached over and ruffled the hair on Tails's head, "I dunno how these things work. The only ounce of nerd in me is my kinky obsession with hot librarians. And teachers with long rulers. And school-girl outfits. And internet porn… But anyway, I need you to work your magic, lil' Bro. I'm talkin' every geek, limp dick and bozo on the entire East Coast bein' called over here to try and place a method to the madness only to end up havin' seizures from all the sparks. Really jack things up. If you can cut the power, that'd be splendid too. Think you can handle that?"

Knuckles was grinning. "Sounds like my kinda job. I'm gonna aim right for their necks; watch 'em choke to death while they suffocate from shattered windpipes!"

Silver was still horridly unsure about all this. He kept his mouth shut when his role was mentioned, because he didn't want to be honest. If he were, he'd have mentioned how he'd refuse to let predators like Knuckles and Shadow off the island if he had the choice. There was a lump in his throat and it was starting to hurt.

Tails nodded to Sonic, strangely glad he was being teamed up with Knuckles because he'd personally experienced how good the echidna was at being a guardian. "Now that, I can do," he spoke, feeling more confident now that he was getting to work with a computer again, "I'll disable cell locks - that way, even if the cops start catching runners or fighters, they'll have no place to put us! And then I can take out the fences - there's at least seven, four of them

electrified. Five right outside the prison, and more the further out you get. But we're still gonna need a way out of the slam…"

"Y'know how they say there's no such thing as a locked door, cause' there's always a way for it to get picked?" Sonic asked Tails, though the group was in question. "I'm lucky enough to have a twin who can bust me outta jail, even from the inside! Ain't that right, Manic?" The blue hedgehog asked his brother, turning to him with a smirk.

Knuckles raised an eyebrow. "The janitor's a lock-pick?"

"Ya never said nothing about picking locks, Manic," Nack stated, "I heard about you swipin' little stuff from the fish though…"

Manic smiled with false modesty, "Dudes and Dudettes, the locks in this joint are pathetic," he told the team, "I could bust through 'em with my eyes closed and standing on my head. But I couldn't keep goin' on my own."

"Heh, that's why you'll stick with me, so I can pick the lock I need you to pick. I'm gonna head into ol' warden Phantom Eyes's office and set the bitch on fire. I'm talkin' serious loss of precious info on every prisoner up in this popsicle stand; and with Tails muckin' up all the computers, they won't have anything backed up. Once we're out, I can have Deuce hack the government's database. I'm talkin' a complete internet sweep. Gentlemen, this little fox," he placed a hand on the kitsune's shoulder, "Might be the most important member on this team. Because once we're out, he alone has the credentials to eradicate us from existence. We'll be home-free. For good. New names, new identities, we'll get new nutsacks with different sperm if we have to. But this kid's gonna help us stay invisible. Got it?"

Knuckles patted Tails on the knee from across. "Aw! I'm so proud. My little boy's puttin' his big guy tie on. Looks like you'll be under my protection again. This time, I'll be keepin' your health in mind." The echidna was grinning. That was a good thing.

Shadow, Nack and Manic nodded doubtfully. The kitsune was legendary for his computer skills, but that was the point - in here none of them had ever been given the chance to witness those abilities. But Tails looked happy again, even with Knuckles touching him.

"That leaves Mister Spy over here," Sonic addressed, turning to Nack. "What, you think I ain't read up on you, Fang the Sniper? You're a freakin' mercenary, with a big rep for takin' out government officials from far, far away." He wasn't patronizing the weasel, just letting him know that he was up to date. "I'm gonna need you to put your Sniper Cap on, cause' you're gonna steal one of the guards' rifles, scrounge up some serious ammunition, and find yourself a nice, high place to perch yourself up on while Manic and I get through the fences. You'll need to cover us, and everyone else when we make our way out the back door and into the woods. Deuce is gonna have to give you some air-lift when it's time to get you down. So pick the best guard tower and do your thing. Got it?"

Silver spoke without thinking. "You mean we're going to be killing enlisted guardians of society in order to get out of here?" He immediately regretted what he just said, sulking and avoiding eye contact with the staring convicts.

Manic looked over at Silver, who looked uncomfortable, "Dude, you look tense," he drawled, offering the white hedgehog his cigarette. Silver took it reluctantly. It would be insulting to turn down such a generous offer. He nearly choked on the foul taste.

"Look, mate. Do you really think we're gonna get outta here without killin' anybody?" Nack asked him sarcastically. He began to crack each one of his fingers rather horribly in turn, "If not… well, you just better quit the team right now…"

"Actually, you better not," Knuckles pitched in, punching a padded fist into his palm. "You know too much to just forfeit. I'd change your mind real quick if you decided on it."

Sonic was also shaking his head. "Just close your eyes and pretend you see unicorns 'til we get into the jungle. That's when we'll need you to be all Psychic and whatnot." Silver kept himself from correcting Sonic and telling him it was telekinesis, and the blue hedgehog cleared his throat, "The plan ain't perfect just yet, Dudes. But that's the gist of it for now. Any questions, complaints, bitches, gripes, moans before we leave this dump?"

"Yes, I've got one," Shadow spoke up, "After we've done the improbable… how are we going to do the impossible? You know, getting over the sea? I got all the way to the beaches when I made my run. Got past the locks and bars, the fences and cameras, the guards and the jungle, but that endless expanse of ocean stumped me."

"Serious? I'm still workin' on that, guys. Just give me a little more time, and I'll have it figured out." Sonic reassured the group. "Thing about that, is we're gonna need a Plan B in case Plan A goes corrupt, and a Plan C if Plan B gets outstretched. Even a Plan D, in case three of 'em get torn." He turned to Silver. "So far, you're plan E. If we've got no other way, we're gonna need you to roll your sleeves up and brain us the fuck out. At least far enough for us to sabotage or stow away on some kind of ferry or liner or boat or cargo ship. But that's just plan E. The worst case scenario. Ka-peesh?"

Shadow stood up, "You are… an *idiot*," he told Sonic, for lack of a better word.

"The word you're thinking of is 'genius'," Sonic told him with a smirk.

"The word I'm *thinking* of, I don't use in the presence of *infants*," Shadow spat back at him, waving his hand at the other inmates.

"Your point being?" Sonic asked him.

"You pal us all up, drag us into your half-assed plot for freedom… and you don't even have a way off the Island?" his tone was rising rapidly, "Oh no, oh *NO!* " he snarled, "I am NOT hanging around on a

beach, waiting for a boat that doesn't exist! Not again! You… you are nothing! Nothing but a fucking *waste of cock!"* he screamed at the blue hedgehog. The psychotic convict was seconds away from going totally loco on everybody in that room. Tails, Manic and then Silver all pulled a hasty duck and cover. Nack jumped up from his toilet and backed away from the dark hedgehog.

Sonic raised an eyebrow, but nonetheless remained calm. "I never said I ain't got any plans, Motor-Mouth," he stood up, and faced the dark hedgehog once more. "I have several in the works, but none of 'em are set in stone yet. These things take time; they take precision. If you had more o' that, you might've actually escaped instead o' gettin' holed up with Scourge!"

Knuckles winced, though his grin never left his face. Sonic was hitting really hard, now. He might just be lucky enough to witness a fight between the two first-hand. Silver was already backing out of the room with Nack.

" *Don't you even*…" Shadow nearly choked on his rage, "YOU TWO!" he screamed at Silver and Nack, pointing at them, "You're going NOWHERE! You're going to stay and *watch* while I KILL THIS INSIDUOUS, IDIOSYNCRATIC FUCKTARD!" Then he jumped at Sonic, a crude shiv made out of a sharpened pencil sliding out from his sleeve as he did so.

The blue hedgehog had been prepared for this from the start. He knew better than to think Shadow would take verbal abuse like that, especially in public, without dealing out a swift and probably fatal repercussion, so he had specifically chosen the toilet seat with the loosest hinges.

Before Shadow could reach him, Sonic broke off the toilet seat at high speed and slammed it against his head, the seat hitting the dark prisoner's skull so hard that it cracked. Everyone winced, and the enraged hedgehog was brought down to his knees, dazed and staggering. Sonic took this as his cue to lift the seat above his head and repeat the blow, shattering solid weapon and leaving a cut on

his forehead that was bleeding heavily. "Take a SEAT!" he yelled, just as the round ivory broke into several fragments. Speed anklet or not, like Shadow he had found he could still move his arms as fast as he desired. As Shadow slumped to the cold tile floor, clutching his bloody injury and mildly concussed, Sonic turned around and smiled, "Good meeting, guys. Let's do this again real soon!"

Harley: Ouch. Yes, you read it. Sonic hit Shadow twice. This is a prison, after all.

SonicFrank: And he made a pun! Read and Review! Your reviews are getting better and better as the story progresses, you guys.

Harley: Yeah. The more you guys tell us about what you think, the better we'll be able to deliver an amazing story for everyone to enjoy!

SonicFrank: Just remember that Harley and I have a plan. And that plan is to keep you guys on the edges of your seats. We don't want you having any clue about what's going to happen next; that's what makes reading this story so riveting in the first place!

Harley: Now review!

Primum Nil Nocere

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Harley: And something abso-freaking-lutely fantastic happens this chapter. The plot moves on!

SonicFrank: Harley's thought up some truly horrible things for the future by now. Horrible, horrible things happen to everybody. Sometimes it's karma.

Harley: And sometimes the universe just wants to take a dump on you.

Chapter Forty: Primum Nil Nocere

Doctor Blossom was cleaning up in the infirmary when the door knocked sharply and a warden walked in, leading a rather dazed-looking Shadow Robotnik. There was blood all over the hedgehog's face, dripping from a gash across his forehead which he was clutching at with both hands, due to being handcuffed. She looked around him, assuming that at least one other person would have been brought in with him, but unusually for Shadow, he was alone, "What happened this time?" she asked the warden, sounding exasperated.

"One black and red hedgehog; he *says* he banged his head on a toilet seat," the warden replied with a humourless smile, "You think you can handle him, Doc?"

Amy nodded thoughtfully as she looked over Shadow. There was a lot of blood on his face, and the cut would need stitches, but

ultimately head wounds always looked worse than they really were, "He'll be fine in about an hour," she told the warden simply, "Shadow… lie down on the bed and I'll fix up that cut in a flash," she told the black-and-red hedgehog.

The cursing inmate muttered something angry and rude, but when the warden poked him between the shoulder-blades with his baton, he seemed to decide it would be easier to comply for a change. The two staff members promptly cuffed him to the bed. There were patients whom Amy trusted enough to act civilly around her, but in this place there were not many of them. And Shadow was not one of the few.

The hedgehog was, aside from dizzy and extremely disoriented, trembling with rage. His furry chest was heaving, his breath out of sync and overly tight. "I'll fucking *kill him*… !" he told nobody, staring diagonally down at the floor rather than at Amy. "That stupid motherfucker must have lost his God-damn mind; I'll… tear his ears off and stuff them down the bleeding holes! I'll rip out his heart and shove it through a meat grinder!" The doctor could tell, just from his pupils, that he wasn't all right in the head. Moreso than usual.

Amy looked over at the warden. Shadow was restrained, and currently not in great physical condition. As usual when that happened, he was in excellent ranting condition, "You can go for now," she told him, "I'm sure other inmates are banging their heads on toilet seats even as we speak. This shouldn't take any longer than an hour." The young warden nodded and walked out, and Amy bent over Shadow to look into his eyes. The blood almost made his eyes camouflage, "Shadow, can you hear me?" she asked him, dampening a clean cloth with antiseptics.

It was a fortunate fact that the psychotic hedgehog had been restrained, because the very moment the guard left the premises and Amy let herself get too close, he predictably tried to lunge at her. The cuffs only barely withheld him from clashing his forehead onto hers. "You *dare* present enough complacency to be alone with *ME*,

Shadow U.L. Robotnik? I'll fuck you like a two-cent whore and fucking mutilate you like one, too!" he yelled at her, breathing hard.

Amy jumped back for a moment, "I guess that answers *that* question," she replied after a few seconds, "I'm going to clean the blood off your face now, Shadow. *Please* try to relax; there's no threat in here." Of course, there *was* a threat in here; namely it was Shadow himself. But Amy had always done her best to simply accept that fact, rather than fight it or worse, pretend it didn't exist, "This may sting a little," she told him, tentatively applying the cool cloth to his forehead and wiping away the blood.

It took a few cold, nerve-wracking moments of complete silence for Amy to realize that for now she was in the clear. Shadow didn't even wince to the unpleasant sting of the antiseptics. He was looking in her direction, but he didn't seem to be looking at *her*, "He's *insane*…" he started, talking as if she weren't there, "Does he really assume he can just… get away with this? That I won't slit his fucking gall bladder open and make him drink his own stomach acids for what he's done? That stupid, worthless, cum-sucking psychopath!"

Amy paused for a moment, deciding to refrain from correcting Shadow on the fact that he himself was a psychopath - he always reacted badly to that, "Who?" she asked gently as she continued to wash the crimson stain off his face, "Who had the gall to attack you?" She was fairly sure of the answer, but there was always the possibility of a gang-up or an ambush.

"Who the fuck do you *think?* " Shadow snapped back at her, gritting his teeth. He was putting so much pressure into his bite that it actually strained his facial muscles and caused more bleeding; he was in a state of almost delirious rage, "That shit-licking asshole of a fake hedgehog, Sonic! He hit me over the head with a FUCKING TOILET SEAT! I'll kill him… I'll KILL HIM!" He was set off again, lunging forward and pulling hard on his restraints. This didn't help with the bleeding one bit.

"Shadow, you can't fight anybody while you're in this state," Amy winced, "You've lost a lot of blood from that cut; you'll be fine but I really don't want to put you under right now. Try and relax for the moment…" she washed out the cloth and picked up another one. It occurred to her that this was the first time she had actually treated Shadow with nobody else in the room. Usually if he got injured, he managed to bring other people in with him. She'd seen him after he'd been in with Scourge once but then there had been her and Doctor Quack working to save his life, and he hadn't spoken. She didn't want to get bitten, but she rested a warm hand on his furry chest, pushing him back down firmly, "Please stop struggling," she pleaded gently.

Shadow eyed her with crimson eyes that burned with the desire to murder and violate, "If you think you can calm me down after the immense insult that has been inflicted upon me, you're a fool. I won't rest until that scum-guzzling fuckbag is air-lifted away in six different garbage bags!" He did, however, seem to be lying still at last. His breathing was slowing down to a more even pace.

"Cool it, mister Angry," Amy joked with him, "Sonic isn't going anywhere, and for the moment, neither are you. I don't think you should go and fight him… but I'm no shrink; I guess I can't convince you, and I certainly can't force you. I just think you shouldn't…" she started to wipe his face again, "You're going to be fine. It's just a few stitches…" Of course, it wasn't about the stitches, she knew. It was about the disrespect, "Don't fight the cuffs; they'll hurt your wrists," she added, when she saw him pulling at his restraints again.

"What's the matter?" Some of Amy's words must have gotten through, because the striped hedgehog was smirking wickedly at her. "Are you afraid of being overworked once I'm finished with him?"

"I don't want either of you to get hurt any more than you already are," Amy replied, "As a contrast to you, Shadow, the less I see of you both, the happier I am," she smiled at him cautiously. Shadow had a dangerous kind of charm to him, when he wasn't consumed with

rage. Not unlike Sonic's, in fact, "I have no doubt you can hurt him badly, but he'll fight back and you'll probably be hurt too…"

"After what I do to him, any damage I take will come as a welcome souvenir," Shadow gritted his teeth for a moment, "I'm NOT crazy!" he snapped suddenly, jerking in his restraints again.

"I didn't say you were crazy, Shadow," Amy replied as she mopped up the blood that was also coming from Shadow's nose.

"You were *thinking* it," he hissed at her. She swallowed, and he looked around, before smirking up at her, suddenly 'friendly' again, "Speaking of which, being all alone with me so willingly makes *me* think you might have… un-Doctorly intentions."

Amy blushed slightly at the suggestion, "Shadow, I would *never* take advantage of one of my patients, whether they were vulnerable or not…" she wasn't entirely sure that this was true after the orgasmic sex she'd had with Sonic, but she hadn't meant for that to happen and she certainly hadn't forced him to do anything. "I just thought that it would be easier for you to calm down without a warden hanging over your shoulder. You're perfectly safe from me," she half-joked, trying to insert some humour into what suddenly felt like an unexpectedly awkward situation.

"What makes you think *I* feel in any danger?" the cuffed hedgehog growled ominously. It was as clear as ever that the only reason he wasn't all over her was the cuffs that held him down to the bed. "It doesn't matter… This entire prison is corrupt from the inside out. It wouldn't make any sense if you didn't break the rules, too… if only to survive…"

"Just because everybody else is doing it, doesn't mean I should sink to their level," Amy had pretty much finished wiping Shadow's face clean by now, and she smiled, "Hey, look, there *is* a hedgehog under all that blood!" She rolled up his sleeve and started to take his blood pressure, "My greatest concern right now is for your physical well-being, Shadow."

"If that were the truth you're be rolling up more than just my sleeves," he responded with a smirk. "Tell me, Doctor. How long do you expect your streak of luck to last?" the cuffed inmate asked, seemingly out of nowhere but with great velocity in his thoughts. He was going somewhere with this…

Amy backed away slightly, hands in the air, "Calm down, Shadow," she told him, the seemingly innocent comment feeling much more dangerous than the words themselves indicated, "I'm not going to hurt you, so maybe you should just live and let live, huh? I'm just here to help." She knew Shadow could sense her fear, but she was countering not with aggression, but by making herself even less threatening.

He turned his head to her, and smirked, having gone from completely enraged to comfortably calm in a matter of minutes. "You may be a woman, and you may be nice, but you can't expect me to think you're *stupid* . All logic points to it being only a matter of time before some kind of… *accident* takes place, that leads to the savages in this penitentiary getting their hands on you…" She was about to speak, but he cut her off. "This correctional facility is *only* the incarceration point of the most dangerous felons on the planet… The only sensible deduction is that you WANT such an accident to take place… And that you might enjoy it if it took place at the hands of specific inmates. Or maybe it's just one…"

It's like trying to steer a freeway… the thought cropped up in Amy's mind. No wonder Doctor Blaze drank so much coffee, "It's humanitarian work, is what it is, Shadow," she shook her head. It would be way too easy to play Shadow's game and laugh off his advances as a kind of joke. In fact, that was probably what he was aiming for. She actively had to bite back the conflicting desires to run for cover, or pat him on the head like a puppy, "I didn't come here because I wanted to be attacked… Not even by you."

It was like Shadow had a sixth sense for inner discomfort, and he fed off it like a leech, sucking it out of her very skin. "Then by all means, stitch me up. Lord knows I'd do the same for you…" He turned his

head to look up toward the ceiling, breaking eye contact with Amy so she could get on with mending his wound. "So will you leave after it happens?"

"It *won't* happen," Amy told him firmly, picking up a needle and surgical thread. In a way though, it already had, if not exactly by an inmate. Not that it made being scrutinised by Shadow any easier. And there were some massive risks involved, but what else was she supposed to say? "I'm not leaving, because…" she stopped, uncertain of how to continue without lying or enraging Shadow, "Well, hold still while I put in your stitches…"

"As you command," Shadow responded with a smirk, and though it was pointed in the direction of the ceiling, she knew it was meant for her, "You should save some of those threads, though. Because if the convict who gets his hands on you happens to be me - and it *will* be me, I promise you - you may require it to mend your own cunt back into a circle. You'll need to put your ovaries back in place, too…"

Amy sighed as she put in a tacking stitch on Shadow's forehead. It was a long cut, "If you're so convinced I'm attracted to your danger, why would you need to force me to do anything?"

"Because I *like* it that way," Shadow replied simply. He ran his tongue over his lips, "And judging by your nonsensical excuse for being here, I'm led to assume you must like it that way, also… I'll be sure to enlighten you as to why you shouldn't…"

Shadow's breathing was starting to get funny again - and this time it had nothing to do with his physical condition or anger at Sonic. Still unnerved, Amy completed her tacking stitches, and moved on to the neater stitching, "Well Shadow, I can assure you that even if you or any inmate did manage to get your hands on me, I wouldn't leave. Because that would suggest that your anger and vulgarity could make me want to stop helping people like you. Somebody has to. Otherwise nobody would."

"Don't you think there's a good reason for that?" he asked, barely showing any reaction to the stinging procedure, "If the masses aren't crazy enough to want to help the worst of the worst, there are only three logical assumptions. The first is that you're completely insane. The second is that you're a fucking idiot. And the third is that you *want* to be victimized… You must be one sick, perverted bitch underneath all those beautiful smiles, Doctor Blossom. I'll just have to find out how twisted you can be…"

Amy looked upset at his words. It was easy for Shadow to see, because she was bent over him stitching, "Actually, I'd rather believe in the inherent goodness of all people, Shadow," she replied, "Inside every bad person, there's a good person trying to break free. So I try to lead by example, so that I can help the bad people see that it's no shame to let out any of their inner goodness."

"Oh, I agree, there is lots of good in me," Shadow responded, smirking up at her mature chest. Without really thinking, he yanked at his restraints again, "Much more of it than there is in you. That's why I have no pity for stupid people who put themselves in precarious situations such as yours… I'm going to show you why it's a bad idea. And when I do, I guarantee you'll leave this place. *If* you live to walk away."

"Well, you're not the only one with a belief system, you know," Amy reminded him. She cut off the end of the surgical thread, "I want to help people, Shadow," she took hold of his wrist, "Why are you the only person in this prison who has a problem with that?"

"Because I'm the only person in this prison who honestly cares for you." His red eyes shone strangely in the light as he eyed her up like a hungry predator hawk eyed a helpless mouse. "And I have it in for you more than anyone else…"

Confusion flickered in the doctor's emerald green eyes, "I… don't understand," she said awkwardly. That was very different to how Blaze talked to him, pretending she did understand when Shadow

knew she didn't, "Why do you want to hurt me if you care about me?" she asked Shadow.

Shadow smirked, "Because it's the only way you'll come to understand. The only way you'll learn. Stop being so fucking oblivious. Rise to living as a smart girl rather than sink to dying an imbecilic ignoramus. Besides…" he smirked wider, "It'll only hurt if you choose to perceive it as pain… There's a thin line between agony and pleasure, Doctor… as thin as a shadow's width, they do say…"

"And did you 'care' about all those other people you killed, Shadow?" Amy asked him, hardly realising that she was still holding on to his wrist. The dark hedgehog really was a fascinating psychopath.

"Not even the slightest," he admitted, raising his eyes to look into hers. For the briefest of moments there was no malice to them, only honest compassion. It was as if he genuinely believed what he was saying. His voice lowered again, "But you're something *special*… You're another case altogether…"

Despite her attempts to fight the feeling off, Amy found herself flattered, "What makes me so different from them?" she asked him, her hand moving to curl around his unconsciously as she looked into his crimson eyes.

"You really are good, and honest, and pure. And I *love* you for it."

Amy stared at the dark hedgehog in her care, a steady blush rising to her cheeks, and she felt her heart skip a beat for no reason she could place. She tried to remind herself that Shadow had just been given a solid crack across the head with a toilet seat and was liable to be saying lots of dumb things right now, but she couldn't help herself feeling deeply touched by that statement. She placed her warm hand on Shadow's pale cheek, "I'm no better than you, Shadow," she told him softly.

Shadow's expression flickered, then hardened again. He didn't want Amy looking too deeply into his soul. It occurred to him that the doctor had *never* actually called him a bad person, despite all the times she'd treated him, whether dragged in with another few inmates he'd injured or after he'd been forced to spend time with Scourge and had been brought out coughing up blood. She'd admonished him for fighting, discouraged all the times he threatened her and other inmates, told him that his behaviour wasn't right… but she'd never actually called him a *monster*, the way practically everybody else in the prison had. Or they just thought it, because they were too damn gutless to speak their minds…

There was a slight pause, but Shadow finally spoke his truth. "When I take you… I won't hold back," he promised her, "I'll violate your body and mind in every way possible, so that you'll be educated enough to leave this hellhole and find work at a daycare center, or a homeless shelter or even one of those disgusting homes people dump their elderly parents into. That is, if your will to live is strong enough to survive the glorious sodomy I'll inflict upon you…" He looked away, and pulled on his restraints, irritated again, "Now go away. You're not much use at this point if there are no distractions I can use to look up your skirt. Send me back to my nice, cosy cell now and I'll send Sonic up here in six different picnic baskets before quitting time. Maybe then you can get some sleep after what I just told you…"

"Well, you're good to go back to your cell anyway," Amy told Shadow. She pulled back again, shaking her head, and headed to the intercom, "Okay, this is Doctor Blossom here… I've got Shadow Robotnik; he's good to go back to the prison population… I'll need a warden to escort him…" she told whoever was on the other end, before looking back at the serial rapist. His expression was almost exactly like one would see on a sullen child. Possibly one who was being scolded for torturing small animals, "Shadow, I'm not leaving this prison. Even if you manage to follow through on your threats one day, I'm still going to stay…"

Shadow almost laughed, just barely holding himself back. Even so, Amy still saw the small chuckle that escaped his lips, though, "I know you will…" he answered without the slightest hint of sarcasm, "Because you're just that strong, aren't you? Strong enough to look me in the eyes after what I'll have done to you…" He shook his head. "And they say *I'm* crazy…"

SonicFrank: Wait… what did we just see? Was that the start of a Love Triangle!

Harley: Ha! Go ahead, dearest readers! Fight over this in your reviews! SonAmy or ShadAmy? Which will prevail?

SonicFrank: If either prevail at all. A Love Triangle may not even exist. This fic could go anywhere! Hell, Amy might die, for all you know!

Hate Like Love

Prison Island Break

Co-Written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: We got reports that our previous chapter was too short. We'll remedy that with this one.

Harley: It's always darkest before the dawn. But we promise you; the dawn is coming.

Chapter Forty-One: Hate Like Love

In his cell, which was currently unlocked, Vector the Crocodile was quietly and calmly reading a novel. It was already around half the prison population that Sonic the Hedgehog had sent Shadow Robotnik to the infirmary, if only for a short time. Naturally, the Mob Boss was the first to know, and it would surely mean a guaranteed fight to the finish when Shadow recovered. Silver had knocked politely on the bars of the cell door about five minutes prior. For his sake, the battered hedgehog had better have something good to report, because if he didn't, Vector would need to have Espio kill him, or at the very least cripple him for life. This white-quilled hedgehog was trembling slightly just outside the cell. He put his book aside carefully, "Come in, Silver," he ordered the white inmate, smiling in a 'friendly' manner.

The amber eyes of Silver the Hedgehog looked frightened, searching the small room for the Bob Boss's bodyguard. He spotted Espio on his bunk, napping. Curiously, the chameleon had only a slight tint of purple to him, as if camouflaging with the white bedsheets came second nature when his guard was down. "G-good evening, Vector…" the trembling inmate managed.

Just then, Espio's eyes flashed open with a hateful glare. "You'll address the Boss as just that. Understood?" There was enough warning to the chameleon's voice to turn him red on impulse.

Silver gulped. "Right… Boss, I have some great stuff to share…"

"That's a change," Vector smiled, "But it had better be good…" It didn't have to be new information; it could just be the confirmation of less certain assumptions. But if you told a shaking informant that they hadn't brought you enough information, they were bound to scrounge up some more, "A little deeper than 'Sonic wants to escape for sure' this time. Or you might find that all is left of you is what's needed for identification…"

The white hedgehog had to rub his hands together for a moment to regain his composure. He was faking warming them, but was actually mouthing a quick prayer. "Sonic gathered us up for the first meeting today in the toilets and laid out the plan bit by bit… He told us everything except how we're to cross the ocean when we get to the beach…" There was a knot in his throat that'd be quicker to burn than to untie. He could almost feel his oath to Christianity slapping him in the face.

"Fun…" Vector told Silver as he watched the young hedgehog shaking in his prison-issue boots, "So… tell me everything. Starting with who's in on the plan. And what their part in the plan is?" After all, nobody who was serious about escaping would include somebody who wasn't important. In any plan, whether a break for freedom or a simple plot to raise Hell, every person needed to pull their share of the weight. Dead weight would be left behind in the dust. Probably dead.

"Well, Vector, there's…"

The white hedgehog was cut off by a stinging lash from Espio's tongue that marked his face with a red line of pain. "If I have to inform you one more time to address the Boss with respect, I'll make you eat your own arm!"

Silver fell to his knees, rubbing his face in pain. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to-" he looked up, and saw how little remorse the two mobsters had for him. All this over a bag of chips.. "Well, Boss… There's Sonic, there's me, there's Knuckles the Echidna, Shadow Robotnik, er-… what's that fox's name again? Lyle Powers or something…? The one with two tails!" He was speaking quickly, as if to avoid another lashing with a constant flow of information. "My cell-mate, Nack, and Sonic's brother, the green janitor…"

"Quite the ensemble Sonic's gathered," Vector noted the names. Many of them were powerful authority figures not to be messed with, "Okay… what's each of their parts in the escape? And I know they've all got parts…"

"Well, Boss, mine is to provide a shield with my Telekinetic Abilities…" He saw the look of disbelief in their faces. "Y-you can find it in the papers… I really do have them…" he cleared his throat, and pressed on, "Shadow is to form some type of prison riot. One that's supposed to last a few days, at least… And he's gotten further than anybody before so he'll be good when we're out of the main prison… Knuckles and Powers are supposed to breech their way into the security room and shut everything down. Sonic's going to escort his brother to pick some locks, and…" he was beginning to realize how stupid this all sounded, and how little he actually knew about how things would go down. He looked to the floor, and spoke solemnly. "Nack is going to hijack one of the guard towers and cover us while we escape… Powers is supposed to airlift him down safely once we're out…"

Vector closed his eyes in thought. He knew all of the inmates named could carry out their assigned jobs. They all had the individual abilities to accomplish their parts. Miles Prower could certainly shut down any security system he pleased, but without backup he'd get killed trying. Nack's reputation as a sniper hadn't been tested in some time but it was still legendary. The information that Manic could pick locks was new to him, but he didn't let it show. He pictured the riot in his mind. A successful riot could produce a diversion. It

seemed Sonic was keeping his plans to escape the island close to his chest - making himself effectively invaluable to the rest of the team. Smart. But keeping parts of a plan to yourself was also risky, "It could work… if they work together," he said quietly. His reptilian eyes snapped open, "Any dissent in the group?" he asked sharply.

"Yes…" He caught Espio's glare, and felt it wasn't too different from the one Jesus would give him had he been face-to-face with him, "Boss… Shadow Robotnik was very displeased with Sonic's lack of ideas for how to cross the sea… He even tried attacking him. But he was hit on the head with a toilet seat, and I think Knuckles would have stopped him regardless…"

Knuckles stop Shadow? He hasn't before… Vector thought, "So Shadow's heart isn't in the plan?" he asked, looking for more information.

"It doesn't seem he's at all dedicated to it, Boss…" Silver shut his eyes tight. He felt like crying, being used for information like this… "It wouldn't surprise me if he were just in it for the riot…"

The distraction was key - if that went wrong, effectively all else was moot. Vector preferred to stay in his cell during a riot, since Shadow wasn't the only person in the prison who would set somebody on fire just to watch them burn. The plan was risky enough even with everybody ganging together. But it was sound. His eyes snapped open and he glared at Silver, who was sniffling pathetically, "Open your eyes and look at me!" he told the hedgehog sharply, "What about the screws? Any of them know about it? Or even suspect?"

Silver's eyes shot up to the crocodile's direction, staring with great fear. "I- Boss, I'm not sure what you-"

Silver's impending broken arm for his impetuousness towards Vector was momentarily staved off by the unexpected reappearance of Shadow Robotnik. The white hedgehog had to silence himself in a hurry, in fear of being caught snitching. But he needn't have worried. Shadow just walked right past the cell as if he wasn't there at all. The

freshly stitched up psychopath was paying no attention to him or to anybody else - except Sonic, whom he was zeroing in on like a laser-guided missile.

Even as Silver watched, the black and red hedgehog forced the scowl off his face, and put on a friendly smile as he strode confidently up to his cell-mate, who was being followed very closely by Miles Prower, "Sonic," he grinned at his blue cellie unexpectedly, "It's good to see you again so soon… girlfriend…" He'd never called Sonic that before; it would have suggested he was going to sink to the wisecracking hedgehog's level and start becoming all 'pally' and 'weak'.

If the blue hedgehog hadn't expected his cell mate to want retribution, he'd be an idiot. But he kept his swagger, smirking confidently and crossing his arms. Still, he made the clever choice to step casually in front of Tails, whom he had a responsibility to protect. "Hey there, Handsome! I expected ya sooner! The Doc must take well to toilet humor!"

Shadow was just barely trying to hide just how angry he was. He kept his smile, which looked extremely fake, "Yes, I'll thank her for stitching me up so nicely later. And repeatedly," he slapped his left hand on Sonic's shoulder in a 'friendly' fashion, "You really got one over on me that time, Faker!"

"Yup, right over your head, eh Johnny?" Sonic asked back, sending two playful punches to the dark hedgehog's chest. "They don't call it a 'rest room' for nothin'! No wonder you knocked out!" The whole wing had gone quiet. Everyone was staring. But Sonic wasn't scared. Amazing as it was, to everyone, he wasn't scared.

"Down, but not out," Shadow corrected him sharply, his facade dropping for a moment, "But it will definitely play out differently next time, I'm sure!" he grinned sharply. The unusual movement strained his facial muscles somewhat.

"The psychopath is going to kill the blue hedgehog, Boss," Espio murmured to Vector, just in case the crocodile hadn't already grasped it. There was a widening space around the two hedgehogs. Shadow was never friendly unless he was about to do something sudden and violent. He was one of those people who classed the idea of a truce as an opportunity to rearm himself.

"Well then I better not hit rewind, eh?" Sonic shot back, unfazed by the obvious danger that was before him. Tails took a few steps back. From somewhere behind Shadow, Knuckles had emerged in the wing, watching on with curiosity.

"I agree entirely - in fact, let's fast-forward," Shadow's smile became thin, "For example, to your exact moment of death…" With his hand behind Sonic's back, a scalpel he had lifted from the infirmary on his way out almost magically appeared from his sleeve, and he calmly moved to stab Sonic in the spine.

"Sonic, look out!" Tails shrieked at the sight of the shiv, just before Shadow slammed his elbow into the kitsune's jaw, knocking him right back.

Tails' interruption had given Sonic just enough time to dodge the stab, then sigh and scratch his head. "See, now you've gone ahead and made another booboo. I can handle you tryin' to rub me out; you've tried before and frankly, you suck. But peckin' my boy like that? Now you've got a fight on your head!" With that, the blue hedgehog put his angry face on, and went for Shadow with a knee to the gut.

Shadow flinched in pain, but he wasn't about to hesitate with that blow. He stabbed the shiv towards Sonic, the smile replaced with a snarl only a mad dog could love, and he was moving as fast as Sonic had when he had slammed the toilet seat into Shadow's head.

He'd have been stupid to think Shadow wouldn't want retribution for what he had done to him, and so Olgivie came prepared. The blue hedgehog had spent quite a few spins around the sun in prison, and

had mastered the art of contraband long before the first go-around was over. Having pulled out a shiv of his own; a shaved toothbrush with a sharp point whittled into its end, Sonic blocked the psychopath's attempt to kill him and gave him a left-hook to the face. It had all gone so fast that to the other inmates, it was a blur. "What's the matter, Lou? Can't handle a few bathroom jokes?"

"Fuck yourself, you pathetic waste of cock!" Shadow yelled. His scalpel was clutched tightly in his left hand, making it difficult for Sonic to block him. He ran forward again, colliding into his opponent with enough force to bring him to the ground with the psycho on top. He was making a spirited attempt to kick him, stab him, throttle him and smear his skull all over the floor, all at once.

Sonic had his teeth gritted. Shadow was a South Paw and there was a famous, effective jinx that came with it. But after so many fights with the same crazy hedgehog, he'd started getting the hang of it. "EW! Quit touching me, you faggot!" he yelled out loud, for everyone to hear. "I've told you a million times, I don't swing that way you FUCKING QUEER!" Shadow knew exactly what he was doing. Humiliating him; putting him in a situation where he had to choose between continuing his attack and being called a fairy for it, or stopping while he was ahead and skipping out on his prideful revenge.

Shadow chose the former, "YOU KNOW YOU LOVE IT!" he screamed at Sonic, "You just LOVE being subjugated by me! If you didn't, you wouldn't keep shooting your damn mouth off! You're enough to drive a guy crazy! I'm gonna cut off your cock and shove it right up your ass because like hell am I catching the Package offa you!" he yelled. Now he was accusing Sonic of having STDs. He was still trying to drive the scalpel into Sonic's lung as they grappled.

Though still struggling, Sonic nodded in acknowledgement. "Yup, gotta give ya that one. Nice come-back!… talking about back… GET BACK!" he yelled, shifting his body to a position where he could roll back and kick Shadow off of him, right onto his back. The blue

inmate tried following up with a tackle, but Shadow dodged, with Sonic flying right into an unsuspecting someone's open cell…

The blue hedgehog skidded past a shocked Silver, Espio and then Vector, colliding heavily with the desk of drawers on top of which was a large display of the croc's power and influence. There was the sound of breaking glass. Glass was pretty hard to get hold of in prison - or at least, keep hold of - thanks to its tendency to be broken and incorporated into weapons. Looking up, Sonic could see that Vector was really pissed off.

"Espio, kill him!" he yelled at the chameleon, pointing at Sonic, "Kill 'em both!" he pointed towards Shadow, who was already stamping towards Sonic again, the shiv clutched tightly in his fist, "And don't get my cell dirty!"

It was less than fifteen minutes later, and Shadow and Espio were now in the infirmary. Sonic was being kept well away from both of them in Doctor Quack's Emergency Room, currently nursing a slam to the head and a solid boot to his crotch after being kicked at high speed by Shadow, as well as quite a few cuts from Espio. Now it was just the ninja and the psychopath. Espio had Shadow's scalpel lodged some way into his right arm. And Shadow's prison slacks had practically been shredded by the chameleon's long, whip-like tongue, leaving several long, shallow cuts on his body. Both were restrained to their bunks. And both had refused painkillers.

"I hate to say 'I told you so'," Doctor Amy Rose Blossom came up between their beds, keeping a sharp eye on both of them, "But… oh, never mind…" she shook her head at Shadow, who looked sullen, "Never mind," she repeated, "Espio, I'm going to take care of your arm now," she told the chameleon, and snapped a rubber glove to her wrist.

Espio was, for the most part, quiet. She'd gotten him to speak in the past, by asking him questions that absolutely required answers. His responses were always short. So short, that she found it difficult to

memorize the sound of his voice. She'd also be lucky if she could get the slim chameleon to look at her for more than a few passing seconds. No response meant he either approved or didn't care. If he had any objections, she would know it.

Amy just sighed. She made sure while she removed the scalpel from Espio's arm that she didn't damage it further - and that she didn't turn her back on Shadow either. After cleaning off the injury, she threaded a needle. Despite the fact that all of his files were available to her to read, she always got the feeling that the chameleon knew a lot more about her than she did about him, "Don't move your arm," she told him as she stitched it up. There wasn't much to say, really, "And please, please try not to get into more trouble, at least before the cut has healed up…"

He only turned to look at her briefly, a strong hint of warning in his eyes. Or was it mockery? Shadow was extremely dangerous and notorious for his comments, but at least his dialogue made him charming, in a manner of speaking. Espio was not. His silence made him nothing less than deadly. The reports in his files proved it.

Amy shook her head as she worked, deciding not to say any more to the purple reptile before her. He didn't end up in the infirmary much - even less so than Shadow in fact, because he was less prone to getting into fights. But there were no winners in a melee that included Shadow, "You'll be fine," she said finally, just to break the silence, "Just keep it clean, then come back in a week and I'll have those stitches taken out. You'll even be fine to go back to your cell by lights-out…" she moved over to Shadow, looking at him. He was covered in light cuts and while they were mostly too shallow to need stitches, they needed to be cleaned, and she was going to need to strip him to his shorts. Also the cut on his forehead had opened up again. Anybody who fought with Espio got a lot of cuts. And she wouldn't have worried, if it hadn't been for what Shadow had said to her about an hour before, "And now it's time to clean you up, Mister Robotnik," she told him, opening his jacket quickly. He was smirking slightly, as if he could see right into her head.

Being mute came with a stunning kind of power. Power only the silent understood. Most everyone in the prison got the majority of their information by word of mouth, but Espio had long ago found a superior method; observation. The silent were easy to ignore, and thus had an element of invisibility to them. Being a chameleon, he was naturally damn good at making everyone around him feel like he was not there. In doing so, he was gathering information on a constant basis. Useful, pointless, intriguing… The gentle nurse's awkward demeanor, and Shadow Robotnik's lack of discontent were proving very informative when meshed together.

"I don't know…" Amy looked at Shadow's slacks. They were too shredded and messy to put back on him. He was going to need fresh ones. She mopped up the blood, "I gave you a little bit of good advice," she continued, "And you and those like you still ignore perfectly sensible orders to stay your hand. You didn't win, you just… oh, never mind…" She looked into Shadow's wild red eyes briefly, then broke the eye contact. It was true what they said about staring into the abyss; if you gazed too long into it, it would start to watch you right back.

The black and red hedgehog's fists clenched, and the smirk he'd been holding twisted into a choleric glower. She was right; Sonic hadn't been brought in dissected into several pieces just right for a roast. Just a few bumps and cuts, no worse off than him, "The impudent fuck is blessed that I got interrupted by that wretched brown-tonguing slave you call a patient. If that subservient asshole had kept his muzzle in his master's rectum where it belongs rather than interfering in my fucking business, the blue scumbag would be laying here with all four limbs in a picnic basket." Shadow looked at Amy, and then eyed Espio on the other side of the infirmary, who was looking away from him, "Don't you know it's unsanitary to keep garbage on a bed meant for *people* to rest on?"

Amy rubbed her forehead with two fingers, "Right now I'm trying to clean up one mess at a time, Shadow," she dampened a cloth with antiseptics and cleaned up a particularly long cut that left a red stain

on Shadow's white chest fur, "There's no need to insult other inmates in here. Especially since it doesn't impress me."

There was no reaction from Espio. Not a misplaced breath, not a single twitch. Shadow shrugged, and returned his attention to the nurse. The nurse he had promised to rape viciously in order to save her soul from the other monsters in this place, "You do a phenomenal job pretending the things I told you haven't been boring their way through your head since I left this afternoon…" The way he paused after his sentences added so much diabolical strength to his dialogue. "I like playing Make-Believe too. Sometimes I close my eyes and pretend my hard pillow is that firm ass of yours. I'll be plumping it up soon enough…"

Amy winced slightly, "Well, you're not going to get that chance so when you get back to your cell, you can play make believe there. Not in here," she washed off a cut on his leg, "Besides, you know I'm just here to help people. Even when they are people like you."

"People like me don't deserve your help. And you shouldn't have the desire to provide us with it. It's not *normal*," Shadow told her, crimson eyes staring into the side of her face while she worked. He was so damned fixated, he barely felt the pain, "I'll teach you this, or kill you trying…"

Amy sucked in a deep breath and met Shadow's eyes again as she worked, her hands very careful. Shadow was good at not showing pain, and as a doctor it was her job to spot it, "You'll not kill anybody in here, Shadow," she told him, "You make it very difficult for me to treat you - first you say that you like me, and then you threaten my life."

"I never said a damn thing about *liking* you," the striped hedgehog corrected her sharply, entirely forgetting that Espio was there, "The word I used was *love,* and you damn well know it. And I'd rather deliver you with bloody murder and a core-shredding violation than watch as your soul dies slowly, whether at the hands of the animals you treat, or under the tuition of the monsters who employ you… It's

a gesture of endearment whether you're intelligent enough to see it or not."

The both of them had made the grand mistake of believing the eavesdropping chameleon's silence meant he wasn't paying attention. He was listening… And he was learning. Shadow had never been the type to admit to something like love before. It wasn't as if Doctor Blossom hadn't been working here for three years… so doubtless it was a feeling the black and red hedgehog had been feeling for some time… one worth reporting to Vector and keeping an eye on…

"Well, it's not a gesture of endearment I'm all that keen on experiencing," Amy replied as Shadow glared, "I know your foster parents hurt you. Rape is never the right way to show somebody you care. Why do you break all your toys, Shadow? If you care, wouldn't you rather I stayed?"

Shadow's frown turned to a sardonic grin, "If I wanted you to stay in a fiery hell-chamber like this, it would be obvious I didn't care at all…"

Amy bit down on her lip as she put small bandages on Shadow's cuts. The crazy black and red hedgehog's words had a kind of twisted, perverse sense to them, and it was usually best not to listen too much. She picked out a pair of relatively clean prison pants and pulled them onto him efficiently, while he didn't struggle, "Your intentions may be well-meaning, but your method isn't going to work. You're not going to scare me away. Not you or anybody else. As long as there are those who need, and those who have more than they need, my work will always be cut out for me…" she wiped the blood off his forehead, where the busted stitches were.

Just then, the infirmary doors were pushed open noisily, and several Guard Robos, along with two officers, stepped in without permission. "We're taking the chameleon for observation. Director's Orders," the warden on the left shouted at, but not to, Amy.

Espio's silence persisted. But there was much to say about the glare he gave the oncoming guards, both flesh and machine.

"Wait, you can't take him," Amy stepped forward to stand in their ways, "He's just been in a fight, and he shouldn't be moved. I don't care what that fat-mouth blubbery Director Doctor Eggman says, Espio Nagé isn't leaving this room until I say so!"

"Actually, he is," the burly man on the left demanded. "Last time I checked, the Director signs your paychecks, and mine. Now get out of the way or I'll just move you myself." The humans may have stopped, but the Robos sure didn't. They stepped right past Amy and began unsecuring Espio's bed. They even shocked him for good measure, unnecessarily and unprovoked. The chameleon remained quiet, however, only sucking in a breath, and not so much as groaning in displeasure.

"Fine," Amy growled. She sounded angry. Shadow and Espio hadn't heard her angry before, "Then would you mind signing this waiver?" she picked up a piece of paper and pen from her counter.

"What?" the warden asked, looking at the pen she was offering him like it was complicated electrical equipment.

"Well, it's medical procedure," Amy replied, smirking slightly, "You sign that piece of paper that tells me you've moved my patient, and who you've moved him to, and his current state. And I hand over the patient. All nice and neat." The human guard gave her a look of undisguised hatred, "Of course you don't have any problems with that because this is all procedure, right?" she asked.

"Look Lady, if I had to sign anything, the Director would have told me so. Just get out of the way and let me take the scumbag so I can finish my shift and get the fuck back home where I'm not surrounded by the demons of Hell!" The warden was rude, and very impatient. Amy had a feeling that if she didn't move, he'd shove her aside. By that point, Espio was already being wheeled toward the door by the robos.

The second guard backed his partner up. "We've never had to sign a waiver before, Miss. Head Warden Mephiles keeps us aware of every legality in the prison system. If you have a problem, take it up with him, or go above his head and whine to the Director. But stop wasting our time. Some of us have a job to do that doesn't require coddling the world's biggest shit-stains."

"Warden Mephiles isn't a doctor and he doesn't have to take care of my patients," Amy stood in front of the guard, blocking his way, "You'll sign this waiver right now, or none of my patients leaves this room. Got it?" she told him, "Mephiles doesn't need the waiver. I do. Because I get into trouble if I lose track of my patients."

"I'm not signing sh-" The first officer started, before the second interrupted.

"Wait! Okay. I'll sign it." The man took the pen, along with the waver, and began writing on the dotted line. Oddly, he was using his left hand. Once finished, he shoved both pen and paper back to Amy, and followed the Robos out the door rapidly. Espio was gone. It was only after they left that the doctor was able to read what'd been signed. The man obviously wasn't left-handed, because the letters were all out of whack. But they did clearly read 'GO FUCK YOURSELF', with 'TONIGHT' on the date section.

"BASTARD!" Amy yelled, spinning around and using the pen to nail the waiver to the wall. When she removed her hand, the pen remained embedded in the wall. Rubbing her face with gloved hands, she looked almost angry enough to cry as she took deep breaths to try and calm herself.

The dark hedgehog on the hospital bed had witnessed the entire ordeal with a cursive smirk. Amy had just been subjected to the prison's corrupt under-goings, and she was affected by it on an emotional level. If he didn't like her as much as he did, he'd have laughed sadistically for sure. "What's the matter, Doctor? Did the men who are expected to protect you from the malicious danger you

willingly put yourself in on a daily basis just… dismiss your very existence?"

Amy shook her head, "Shadow, I'm not going to deny that while you are among the worst scum on the planet, there are amazingly worse people than you in this prison, and yes, some of them are in charge," she sighed, remembering how Mephiles had hurt her so badly, before straightening up again, "But since you're here, I guess it's your turn for the healing touch," she said, perfectly innocently.

"It looks to me like you're the one who's wounded, Doctor," he replied with an arrogant grin. "Perhaps you'll let me do the touching for once…"

Amy rolled her eyes at Shadow's lewd comment, "Why? Are you really so desperate to be in control?"

"If I were *desperate* to be in control, I wouldn't be laying here so sedately, Doctor," Shadow replied with a smirk. He tugged on his restraints, "But if it's control that you seek from me, I'll be more than willing to enforce it upon you…"

Amy gritted her teeth. It had not been an easy day, thanks to two visits from Shadow and Espio being taken out of her care without her permission, "Don't start up again about how you're going to rape me because you love me, Shadow. *Everybody* in this prison knows you are incapable of feeling *love*…" There was a sudden chill to the room, and for a moment Shadow's expression was like a dog that had just been kicked by the one person it trusted, "Oh my god, I'm *so* sorry, Shadow," she said whole-heartedly, "I honestly didn't mean that…"

Shadow lay silent for a moment. Although Amy had softened, the dark prisoner's half of the room remained chilly, restrained, and uninviting. "Are you a liar, Doctor?" he asked, his red eyes as sharp as the quills on his back.

"Shadow…" Amy could feel her hands sweating already, "I honestly didn't mean what I said… It was so *mean*…" It was impossible, but it felt like the shadows were lengthening in the Infirmary.

There was a low growl in Shadow's throat, "Come closer, Doctor," he told her, his voice stern. But for those who listened there was the slightest hint of a tremble there as she took a step forward, "*Closer*…" he told her again, ominously softly.

Amy swallowed and took a step forward, wiping her sweating hands on her doctor's coat, "Shadow, whatever other people think, I didn't mean that…" she squeaked out nervously.

Shadow's eyes were menacingly calm. This somehow felt twice as dangerous as when he was in a rage. "You're avoiding the question. You must be a fibber after all…"

"I… " Amy swallowed again. Technically she didn't have to go anywhere near Shadow, but even as a prisoner there was something about his manner and his voice than instilled obedience, "I… everybody lies sometimes…" It was a no-win question; Shadow was a hell of a lot smarter than his lack of sanity projected him as being.

"How could you say that?" Shadow asked her, beckoning her closer with his finger. "What compels you to believe that I cannot love, when you know full well how much hatred I have in my heart?" By then, she stood right before him, with burning red eyes locked upon the emerald green windows to her soul.

"Hate isn't the same thing as love at all," Amy's voice shook, "It's… destructive, and… it hurts people, and… it burns you up inside…" Even in the dim light of the infirmary, Shadow could see she was starting to blush, that innocent pink flush rising to her cheeks.

Her fear gave him power. She was weak. She was *his,* "You're stumbling, Doctor," Shadow pointed out, "You know as well as I do that you can't have one without the other… Hate without love is adjacent to good without bad. And I'm damn good at being bad…"

His free hand reached up in a flash, and he pulled Amy down even as he sat up. There was a rush of absolute terror to her head, but where she expected the dark hedgehog's lips to ravish hers roughly, she only found his impervious red gaze. Very close and very personal. He held her to look at him, speaking softly, "I hate everyone in this penitentiary. Except you. I hate them all with an utmost passion that burns through my very core. That being said, I hold an equal amount of love for you… That same passion which I hate everyone else with… You would do well to remember that…"

He is quite, quite mad, Amy swallowed, a horribly tight, constricting sensation in her chest. She got the uncomfortable feeling Shadow was mocking her, "Are you… trying to make a point, Shadow?" she asked, her voice squeaking in terror. He wasn't letting her break eye contact, "Life is far too short to waste even a minute of it hating…"

"Then why bother wasting it on love?" She felt his arm loosen, though he didn't let go. There was a silent, unspoken threat in the air that he would tighten it back up, perhaps harm her in some way. Up this close, Amy was defenseless. His fingers moved lightly over her face, even brushing against her lips, "If I'm incapable of love, yet filled with so much hate… I may as well let it all go, and feel nothing at all." His hand slid away, and he lay back on the hospital bed, turning away from her as best as the restraints would allow him, "Good *day*, Doctor…"

"Shadow…"Amy pulled back and touched his pale cheek gently. There was a discontented mumble, "In a way, you're right," she saw him blink, "There is one person I hate…" she managed to admit, "Just *one*…" Curiously, she felt a lot better after she'd admitted that.

"Of course there is," he returned. Amy wasn't sure what or how, or especially why, but something had changed. These past few moments with Shadow were altering everything. Having him in her infirmary would never be the same again. "Everybody hates. It'd be sad if they didn't, for how could anyone learn to love without knowing hate? I'll show you how much I hate, and how much I can love. You just *wait* ."

Awkwardly, Amy rested her hand on Shadow's furry chest, "It's just a shame that you feel you need to have so much hate," she reminded herself mentally that Shadow was an unrepentant psychopath; a killing machine, and she was ready to snatch her hand away from him at a moment's notice, "If love is blind, hate can't see any better…"

"Didn't you know, Doctor?" Shadow asked her with a sandpaper chuckle, not moving an inch, "That's *precisely* why we sleep with our eyes closed…"

Harley: Oh dear… Shadow's being creepy and amorous at the same time… How could anybody resist?

SonicFrank: Unless of course it were likely it would come with a heaping helping of rape.

Harley: Was that long enough for you guys? REVIEW!

The Sound of Gluttony

Prison Island Break

Co-written By Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Chapter Forty-Two: The Sound Of Gluttony

"Ah, Mephiles! There you are," Doctor Eggman's fat voice sounded obnoxiously across the lab, "And Espio Nagé! There *you* are!" he told the chameleon handcuffed to the trolley stretcher. Espio just glared. How was it possible for somebody to *sound* fat? "It's a marvellous day for inventing, don't you agree?" He didn't wait for an answer, but snapped his fingers at a couple of Guard Robos, who started to manhandle Espio onto the lab table, "It's been a while since you've been away from your cell-mate, mister Nagé," he told the chameleon, "I thought I'd never get some… wuality time with you."

The chameleon didn't put up a fight, much to Head Warden Mephiles' dismay. Upon hearing that Vector's only remaining thane had been hospitalized, his first instinct was to take advantage, and watch the notorious assassin writhe in every form of pain known to man. "He's a silent one, Sir," the dark hedgehog told his boss, "You'll have to up the dosage to hear him scream…"

"I'm not worried about hearing him scream; that's just a pleasing side effect," Eggman replied, "I'm interested in finding out all about this clever camouflaging trick," he poked Espio in the chest with a finger, "Can you imagine how useful that would be if I could incorporate it into my latest designs?" he held up a schematic for a robot, "Behold! Obedient wardens. They're not lazy, they're not messy, and best of all, their families can't sue if they get trashed! Another step up from the idiotic Guard Robos we currently use."

Espio glared up at Eggman with a stoic expression. "I am under the employment of Vector the Crocodile. It is highly advised that you discuss any extractions from my body with my boss beforehand, lest he'll be very upset. You have been warned; and I shall speak no more." The strapped chameleon held a level of discipline that the Eggman had never seen before. There was no hatred, fear, or insult in his eyes. Only warning.

Mephiles grinned. "Don't you worry. We'll be spending plenty of time with that brutish alligator-" the look that Espio gave him informed him of his mistake. "Crocodile, whatever! He's next in line after you, and I'm looking forward to inflicting some of his impending agony myself…"

"Extractions, retractions, whatever," Doctor and Director Eggman held up a needle about the size of a turkey baster, and even with all his ninja training it was all Espio could do not to show fear, "By the way, Mephiles," he spoke to the warden, "How is the hedgehog's breaking in coming along? The blue one, of course," he inserted the needle into a vein inside Espio's elbow and withdrew a sample of blood.

"That hedgehog is going to require some… Alternate methods…" the glowing warden admitted, grimacing with twisted amusement as he watched Espio's blood get drawn, quietly but undoubtedly painfully. "Shadow Robotnik has not fulfilled his end of the bargain… I may have to inspire him further yet…"

"You had better be sure what you are doing, Mephiles," Eggman picked up two electrodes and sparked them together, studying Espio, "I think we both remember what happens to those who seek to manipulate powers beyond their understanding. Threatening that stupid picture won't keep him contained forever and then, my multi-coloured comrade, we shall both be in, as it is said, very deep cack. In fact I'm assuming it would be rather difficult to make it deeper were it raining arseholes, if those hedgehogs get much further out of line."

Mephiles frowned, gritting his teeth. "With all due respect, our prisoners do not have any power. We hold it all. And Shadow Robotnik will do as I say. Picture or none. I'll find some other means of persuasion…" he eyed Espio carefully. The chameleon was showing no emotion whatsoever. It was almost as infuriating as Sonic's taunting. "As for the blue one, I see no threat in him. He has a big mouth. He'll never get his way."

"Hmph. Some inmates speak very little, but that doesn't mean they don't have a lot to say," Eggman clipped multiple electrodes to Espio, "I'm sure the ninja lying here is aware of other methods of hiding what is of true value. Part of the reason Shadow Robotnik is always getting so close to female employees is because they think he too is all talk, up until he pins them to the floor and manages to rape them three times before they can scream for help…" Without warning, he hit the voltage. A massive electric shock was sent through Espio.

Mephiles cringed, awaiting the inevitable scream. But it never came. To his disbelief and utter bemusement, the purple chameleon remained silent throughout the shock. He had then noticed just how loud the actual machine was. "Shadow has never raped anyone on our premises… Though at points I wish he would, just so I could throw him in with that trashy Scourge more often… Perhaps I ought to throw the blue one in there. Perhaps all three…"

"At your discretion, Mephiles," Eggman studied Espio. The chameleon was turning numerous colors at random, but he eventually settled on grey, so the machine was definitely having an effect of some kind. The voltage was shut off, "Of course the last time Shadow went in there he nearly died. Overwork a threat, and it loses effect. Looks like the camouflage is instinctive…" he commented to Espio, although just about anybody could have told him that without the need for shocks.

Espio looked him right in the eyes. No fear or pain in their amber gaze. No hope or plea. Nothing. Director Julian may as well have been shocking a dead walrus. "There are other methods… I'll just

have to find and exploit them properly… Why does the blue hedgehog trouble you, Sir? He has not been a problem as of yet…"

"Something about his cocky demeanor concerns me," Eggman frowned, "You put him in with our second biggest psychopath, and he's still upright and with his jaw and legs both intact. He makes rivals out of enemies and friends out of rivals. And he's popular. Also he is powerful… I've been basing a new robot off his aerodynamic design. I want him contained, one way or another, and if he causes trouble, you'll be the one I'll hold responsible." He produced a sharp scalpel and pressed it to the chameleon's side.

"You have my word, the hedgehog will be broken… Be it in half or in several pieces, he will smile no more…" With that, he leaned back on a wall, and observed as Espio was berated by the Eggman's utensils. All of them terrible, all of them merciless. But nonetheless, the room remained quiet.

"He had better be," Eggman told Mephiles coldly as he produced a camera on a tube, "Do you know what will happen if I discover that somebody else can do your job more efficiently, Mephiles? I know how you threaten our most empathic doctor; Snivelly was watching the tapes again. I bet she'd love it if the same thing happened to you. You know; a little investigation into your qualifications," he smiled nastily.

Mephiles stood quiet. As did the victim.

"That's the wonderful thing about tyranny, you see," Eggman studied Espio closely, before he looked at Mephiles again, "I don't actually need *proof* that you're responsible. I can just say it's your fault, and lo! It shall be. If that hedgehog causes trouble, so help me you could be the one spending some quality time with Scourge…"

Mephiles' fists clenched. Even Espio, who currently had white spots flashing in his vision, was able to enjoy the expression on his face.

The surprisingly well-furnished cell of the ex-mobster Vector was slightly less well furnished tonight. Espio was in the Infirmary. Still, Doctor Blossom never held patients overnight unless she had to, and apart from a few cuts, some cleaning off and some mild painkillers, Espio should have been back by now. But he wasn't, and Vector was too used to the prison system to just pass it off. Shadow had been escorted back to his cell already, a smug look on his pale face. The chances were that something unpleasant was happening to Espio. He couldn't do anything about it, either, which was especially infuriating.

When the heavy cell door opened, he looked at it sharply, expecting to see Espio returned. But the purple chameleon simply wasn't there. Instead, there were two Guard Robos. And behind them, another four. Being taken from your cell in the dark of night was never a good thing. He'd heard cons being dragged off screaming before coming back with strange injuries and a reluctance to talk about what had happened. But it had never happened to him or Espio. Yet.

Safely behind the Guard Robos, stood Mephiles with his eerie reptilian eyes that didn't belong on a mammal. He was very smug, almost always the one who went to pick up cons in the middle of the night, "Good evening, Vector Crocodile," he smirked from behind a heavy guard, "How would you like to come for a little walk this fine night?"

The large reptile's eyes were glaring with calm warning. "Head Warden, it's already hard to believe you're the boss, but I'm thinkin' you at least ain't stupid. You know who's really in charge, who's got the real power…" There was imbedded meaning to his words. Mephiles knew full-well that Vector the Crocodile ran Prison Island Penitentiary just as much as he did, if not more. Threatening him was like testing the Devil himself within the walls of this Hellish facility. "Where's my henchman? I want Espio Nage back here, and I ain't takin' negotiations…"

"I've got a better idea; why don't you come with me and meet with him instead? He awaits your guidance.." Mephiles mocked him

lightly, "You may have power, but I'm still the one with the keys…" he held up a security clearance card, "Now, lets not make this any more painful than it needs to be, hmmm? Assume the position up against the wall…" It was all a big show of who held the power, "This is your final warning, Vector," he grinned.

Vector growled. Not the type that a mad dog would let out, but the kind that a predator lion would dish out quietly just before it ambushed its prey. "You're playin' with fire, Spiky," his fists clenched, the knuckles cracking. Mephiles had never once witnessed the Mob Boss get into a physical confrontation; with loyal brutes like Mighty and Espio around, he never had to. With the grappling armadillo with professional boxing, wrestling and body-guard careers on his resume gone, he thought the croc would get slightly more approachable. He was wrong. Espio held out very well on his own. "If you value your toys, you'll keep me from playin' with 'em…"

"My toys are replaceable," Mephiles grinned, "Are yours?" he asked. He made a quick gesture, "Get him," and added after a second of thought added, "Painfully." The Guard Robos lumbered forward, firing up their shocking tasers. Vector had never been shocked by them, but he'd seen them used on the more pro-active inmates often enough to know they would hurt - a lot. It might be non-lethal but Mephiles classed as non-lethal 'anything that doesn't kill you instantly'.

Throughout his entire run as a Mob Boss, Vector never had to fight. But like everyone else in the business, he started off at the bottom, and he didn't get to the top by being a pacifistic pushover. Suddenly his many years of experience were showing on full display as he lunged toward the robots, roaring loudly with his teeth on full display. Nobody expected him to attack; only defend, and that was where he had them beat. Inmates all around the wing started cheering, the place erupting with noise. All that bulk behind the crocodile's body wasn't just for show; he proved ten times more powerful than Mephiles had suspected by slamming a fist into one guard robo's head, not just denting it but breaking through the armor shielding its

vitals. The second machine was trounced upon, all its weight proving useless as it fell to its back and Vector tore its head off; with his teeth. Already there was blood.

"DAMMIT!" Mephiles gestured to the other Guard Robos behind him, "Get him!" he yelled, and shouted into the talkie, "We've got a possible disturbance in D-Wing! I'm going to want Guard Robos down here now in force to keep order!"

"Go Vector!" shouted a burly wolf from his cell just across the hall. While four more Guard Robos lumbered into the cell to try to beat down Vector, Mephiles jammed a taser into the white wolf to shut him up. Or at least, make him scream satisfyingly. But he wasn't the problem - Vector was.

Not only was the solo Mob Boss doing a hell of a job making Mephiles and his robots look like infant vaginas, the lively population around them was going ape-shit. They'd have a full-scale riot on their hands had the inmates not been locked in their cells. They were banging on the bars, pounding into the walls, screaming at the tops of their lungs. And Vector… Vector was winning. A third guard robo was grabbed in a bear-hug and smashed into a wall, its arm completely torn off by the large croc's teeth. The Head Warden was learning first-hand why this particular prisoner was feared on such an upscale level; both on and off the island. A fourth robot got a bloody fist through its chest; which wouldn't have stopped him had Vector not jammed the lit taser in the previous machine's broken arm, causing it to short-circuit and explode. This caused the uproar of the surrounding crowd to highten considerably.

Mephiles cursed Eggman's insatiable desire to take samples from and test anything in the prison. Vector's strength seemed to rival Knuckles', even if he wasn't very fast. And he wasn't tiring. Backup Robos were arriving. At least Shadow wasn't going on for six feet tall, "Why not admit defeat gracefully?" he snarled at Vector through the bars. More Robos clunked into the cell.

Vector looked up at the tin cans entering his cell. Losing could be acceptable in certain circumstances, but submitting never, ever was. Despite what had happened to Shadow in Hole Number Three, the psychopath never submitted, ever. And also, nobody else could beat him without regretting it. That was why despite everything, the hedgehog was still ranked so highly. It helped that he'd killed the last Head Warden too… something every convict dreamed of…

Vector grabbed the outreaching arm of one of the Guard Robos and wrenched it right off its socket, then swung it, forcing another machine to fall on its side. Another one punched him in the jaw, and he spat out a tooth, and struck the robot with a powerful tail, almost tearing it in half.

There were parts everywhere. Big and small alike, and the pile just got bigger with each robo who got sent in. The crowd was jeering so frantically, Mephiles had to keep a safe distance between him and any of the bars, lest an inmate get his hands on him. He only turned away for a second, but when he went to face Vector again, an airborne metal head slammed right into his noggin, leaving him with a bloody nose that had quite possibly been broken.

"SHIT! SHIT!" Mephiles clutched at his nose, cursing wildly as there were more catcalls for blood.

"How's it feel for somebody to get a cheap shot at you for a change, Mephiles?" Vector roared at him, punching through another Guard Robo. Losing them wasn't a big deal since they were easily replaceable, but it still took time for them to come. Too many junked, and they'd have trouble opening the cells in the morning. Vector compounded that problem by performing a raucous full body-slam onto a robot, his thick scales protecting him from most of the damage and crushing the Guard Robo like it was made of aluminum foil.

Lucky for Mephiles, the robos were doing a damn fine job at keeping Vector sealed off and away from him, because this croc was aiming to gnaw the sick hedgehog's face wide open. By now, ten robots

were dismantled, and the Mob Boss was far from tired out. His tail whipped around and sent two metal bodies soaring toward Mephiles, who just barely managed to dodge the heavy collision. Fortunately for him, the heap of scrap metal that was building up in his target's cell was beginning to limit the croc's movements. That is, until he used his tail to sweep most of it away and toward the warden.

"God DAMMIT!" Mephiles screamed, and grabbed his keycard, slamming it in the slot that was used to open and close the bars, "Close, damn you!" he yelled at the bars.

They slammed shut just before Vector reached them, and he had to pull back to avoid getting his snout crushed. Still, he was more experienced than to try and bend the bars; it would make him look like an enraged fool. But his cell was still full of pieces of broken metal. Enough metal to make enough shivs to last most convicts a life-sentence. Despite the cuts and bruises, and losing a couple of teeth, they'd be great for trading, "That's right, Mephiles," he growled, "I'm not so scary when I'm on the other side of a locked door, am I?" The crocodile had proven that night why he was in control of the prison's less easily persuaded convicts as well as the weak-minded - he had pure brute strength to go with his power and subtle intelligence.

"Hmph…" Mephiles glared at him savagely. It was horrible to accept that Vector had effectively won this round. It would be worse having to explain himself to the Eggman, "But you *are* on the other side of a locked door," he replied, "And one way or another you always will be; I'll make sure of it."

Harley: DO NOT PANIC. Just tell all your friends that the story's back on track, and we'll get on with it.

SonicFrank: And leave reviews. Or we might stop again.

The Great Outdoors

Prison Island Break

Co-Written by Harley Quinn hyenaholic and SonicFrank

Chapter Forty-Three: The Great Outdoors

Hospitals never mixed well with the Mob. They were usually filled with unfortunate victims of 'improper business'. Not to mention they were always kept cool and clean. Vector hated the cold. Being a crocodile made him appropriately cold-blooded, which was a necessity for obtaining the illustrious rank of Boss. Mephiles may have wanted him to suffer, but the other officers had to have him hospitalized when they saw the many injuries he'd inflicted upon himself by beating the Head Warden. This was a terrible day to be in the infirmary. Everyone else got to go outside.

For the first time in over three months, the cold snap had finally been declared over. Amy was hoping that the growing 'cabin fever' the convicts had been experiencing would dissipate and lighten her load. It was highly probably that being indoors for so long had turned calm prisoners into bundles of nerves, and aggressive prisoners into predatory animals. But today there was Vector. The crocodile was about three feet taller than her, and more than four times her weight. As a result, she very rarely saw him in the Infirmary. This day was special. Last night he had demolished at least ten Guard Robos in his cell when Mephiles had tried to pick him up. And right now, anybody who could get on Mephiles' nerves was hitting a good note in her book.

Sitting on the other bed, Espio was nursing a lot of the 'unusual injuries' that she had seen and treated numerous times before. As usual, he was sitting so calm and silent that he was easy to overlook.

"So, Mister Crocodile… you're missing a few teeth…" she investigated his wide maw, "But they grow back for your species, I understand."

"Why is he still in here?" Vector asked the doctor, completely ignoring her statement about his health. "Why's my employee in worse condition now than when he was brought in? I want answers, Ms. Blossom." Amy had never seen this particular inmate outside of annual check-ups. She'd never heard of him having an injury. All she knew was what was on his records, and it explained everything. He was very dangerous, in a different way than any other inmate. In fact, he was almost on-par with Mephiles.

"To tell the truth, I don't *have* answers," Amy told him. She remembered the guard who'd signed the release form with some bitterness, "I do have a transfer form…" she paused for a moment, and Vector watched the slim Doctor pull a pen out of the wall, and take a form with it, "Guards took him without my given permission, as you can see here," she showed him the form, "I fully agree with you that it shouldn't have happened. And I don't want it to happen again."

"Who took him?" he asked, glaring coldly. Vector wasn't the inmate Amy wanted to answer indirectly. He had ways of making *everyone's* life difficult.

Amy looked over Espio now. Nothing dangerous or permanent. But she had already silently noted the multiple cuts that most definitely hadn't been there last night, marks where needles had taken samples, and burns that she instantly recognised as being most likely electrical, "Two guards," she replied, "They didn't want to be identified… Butler was one of them, but he wasn't the one who signed," Vector recalled Butler as being about as compassionate as a rattlesnake, "And they definitely said it was under Head Warden Mephiles's orders."

"You're holding out on me, Doctor," Vector told her bluntly, a strong hint of warning to his voice. "It'd be a shame if the entire prison population were to catch wind of a little bird chirping.." he paused for

a moment, "A little bird chirping about you and that one little pretty boy… What's his name again? Oswald? Oliver?… let's just call 'im Sonic like everyone else."

Amy sighed. Although she wasn't surprised that somebody like him had found out somehow. Heck, maybe Sonic had *bragged* about his intimate encounter with her, "All I know is that Espio Nagé's transfer was under Director Eggman's orders and the guards sent to take him mentioned that Head Warden Mephiles told them they shouldn't sign any waiver," she looked into Vector's amber eyes, "I was given no choice in the matter; I never am."

"What did they do to him?" he demanded.

"I don't know exactly, I wasn't there. I was treating Shadow Robotnik here," Amy replied, thinking about her incredibly worrying conversation with the dark hedgehog, "Ask your employee. But let's see…" she examined Espio, and spoke aloud, "Some light cuts, some deep enough to warrant stitches that were not initially put there by Shadow Robotnik or Sonic… Bruises from manhandling, the marks of restraints around the wrists and ankles… needle marks…" she looked in Espio's eyes with a light, "Pupil dilation is normal, but there are… the electrical burns… which definitely should not be there and will be in my report, if anybody pays the slightest attention to it."

"Tell me everything you know. About these… *excursions*… At the director's request. Espio Nagé is not the only inmate who's suffered through them and lived to refuse to tell the tale." Vector himself had plenty of open cuts which he had washed himself in his cell, but they still required disinfection. Amy was hardly given a chance to treat him, though, with how concerned he was for the chameleon's status, "Don't leave any details out… Or I won't leave any out, either."

"They… happen," Amy replied as calmly as she could, "Usually to the Anthro inmates, although some humans have been taken away," she stood up straight, and efficiently removed Espio's jacket to clean up his cuts. Although they hardly needed cleaning, "Probably more

often than I've been allowed to be aware of, since wardens often arrive early, claiming that an inmate can return to his cell before I can officially discharge him… and they rarely return to my care but are taken straight back to the Main Population," she swallowed, "Most of their injuries are caused by… tussles with wardens or other inmates… necessary taser and sedative use… that sort of easily explainable thing…" she added, "And always at night."

"Always at night…" Vector replied thoughtfully. "Only the most promiscuous of events take place late in the evening, ain't that right, Ms. Blossom?" He looked over at Espio, and gritted his teeth. "Perhaps a trade is in order. An exchange… You tell that yellow-bellied smug slime ball of a boss of yours that I've got my sights on 'im. And he's gonna pay for what's been done to my lackey. I take care o' my own… You tell 'im that, and I'll see to it that the little bird will chirp no more."

"I can't possibly tell Mephiles something like that!" Amy paused for thought, "Or Director Julian. You of all people would know what happens to messengers, Mister Crocodile, whether you agree with such methods or not. I'll be the one who's caught in the middle. Or worse, they'll start threatening my patients!" As usual, the pink hedgehog showed as much concern - if not more - for her patients as for herself, and by that at least, Vector could be certain that she had no choice and no willing part in whatever had happened.

The room was quiet for a moment. Then the green inmate spoke out. "I'm not leaving until he's ready to walk out with me."

Amy paused, but this was one request she didn't dare refuse. She knew she was getting Mephiles and Eggman into trouble with Vector Crocodile. But she didn't care; she hated Mephiles now, and she hated what Doctor Eggman was doing, even though all she had to go on was the repeated aftermath, "Since you insist. Espio Nagé will be fine though; it looks worse than it really is…" physically, she added in her head, "I've seen far worse results when Shadow Robotnik has been transferred back to me…" She continued to wash

the unprotesting Espio down, noting more unpleasant injuries, "And he's always survived."

"It's a real shame, all this… *mistreatment*," Vector commented, a sudden tone of friendly etiquette to his voice. "It's such a nice day outside, and we're all stuck inside because someone else insists on hurting people… Such a shame…"

The yard was large. There was grass. There was dirt. There was mud. There were cameras; lots of cameras. There were blind spots, the most obvious being underneath the bleachers. There were a small selection of weights that the jocks worked out on even outside the prison. There was a small basketball court, which could double up for other sports. After all, the inmates had to work out their aggression somewhere.

Some prisoners found the open air uplifting. Others found it depressing. It depended how they looked at the five sets of fences, three of which were increasingly highly electrified. Some could only see the bars. Others looked through them, to the rainforest and the mountains that surrounded the prison. Others looked up to the sky, and the birds. But regardless, everybody who was in the yard preferred it to the confined concrete and metal of the prison itself.

The now physically recovered Shadow Robotnik paced along the edge of the fences alone. Once he had been prone to looking at the freedom of the mountains. Now it was hard enough to see past the bars of rage in his mind, let alone the fences. After a few minutes, the pale hedgehog took his photograph of Maria out of his jacket, staring at it intently. Maria, with her innocent eyes and her welcoming smile… dying in his arms. It made him think of the way Doctor Amy Rose Blossom's soul was rotting while she worked in this Hell-hole. He tensed up, nearly crumpling the photograph, as he looked for somebody, anybody to take his rage out on.

The first inmates he saw who seemed potential targets were Nack the Weasel and Miles Prower. They'd have been candidates for sure,

had they not been strolling along with none other than his very own notorious cell-mate. The three of them seemed to be in deep discussion, despite the blue hedgehog's wide smile. The arrogant bastard made Shadow's spines tingle; why did he have to be so fucking *happy* all the time?! Still, Sonic was more trouble than he was worth; he'd actually fight back.

Shadow growled softly. Sonic made him feel powerless, for several reasons. Firstly, he wasn't respectful. Almost everybody else was. Sonic wasn't. Even though they shared a cell. Watching for a few more seconds, he saw that Nack and Sonic seemed to be discussing the fences. It reminded him of the time there was a power cut, and five inmates tried to climb past them - they'd stripped and thrown their clothes over, then ended up still getting caught on the barbed wire at the top. He snickered at the memory, and scanned for a victim.

His eyes passed over Knuckles for a moment - not a victim, but definite entertainment - before he dismissed the idea and locked his gaze on Silver. The fish was sitting up on the bleachers, clearly unaware of what a vulnerable position it was. Just because it was an open spot, didn't make it safe. A lot of sex and savage beatings went on underneath the bleachers. In prison too.

Still, the white hedgehog would, if he saw Shadow coming, make a run for it. So it might actually be a little bit of a challenge. He smiled sadistically.

Silver was unaware, completely engrossed in what he was reading. It was his favorite book. The one he lived his life by. The Holy Bible; King James Version. Sure, he'd become a sneaky little slime ball in order to save his own ass from the likes of Vector, or more accurately Espio, but the guilt he was feeling about the whole situation was eating him voraciously, and he sought his answers from the Lord. Sitting outside while reading his Bible was one of his favorite pastimes as a young Christian. It felt good to do it again. It was an escape.

Watching Silver out of the corner of his eye, Shadow replaced his picture of Maria in his jacket, and snuck behind the bleachers. There were the remains of a previous scuffle - some torn slacks, mud, and the smell of blood and sex in the air. Whoever it had been had probably walked away, but he doubted they had been happy about it. The dark hedgehog looked up to Silver sitting on the top bench, and smiled eerily, pulling an illegal roll of tape out of one pocket.

He was in the middle of re-reading the story of Samson, one of his all-time favorites, when there was a sudden harsh, rough yank of his tail. Before he could compute what was happening, his rear end was lodged painfully between the top bleacher and the metal fence behind it. The book fell out of his hands, thudding loudly as it fell from one seat to another. And then he yelped in pain.

Shadow caught the book before it landed, and pulled Silver roughly through a gap in the bleachers behind them. Again, the white hedgehog found himself looking up into the face of a demon, just before Shadow looped a tangled strip of tape around his neck, and dragged him down to the ground, "Don't tell me you're scared of Uncle Shadow, are you Preacher?" he asked, sitting behind Silver, who was on his knees, "What's this? You're so scared you can hardly talk!" He loosened his hold just enough so Silver could breathe.

The breathless hedgehog coughed, suddenly overcome with fear and the immense pain of the fall. They were beneath the bleachers. Just moments ago he'd been soaking in the fresh air while reading some of his most cherished passages, and suddenly he was covered in muddy filth while inhaling a disturbing aroma. Shadow Robotnik was attacking him again. Nightmares really can happen twice.

"And what are you reading?" Shadow wrapped his arms around Silver's waist casually, leaning his chin on the white hedgehog's shoulder so that his mouth was right next to his ear, holding the bible in his own hands. He laughed nastily, "Oh! It's a horror story! Murder… rape… torture…" he flicked through the book and ripped out a handful of pages, "Vengeance, looting, mood swings… God was really my kind of person!" He laughed nastily. What he really

wanted right now was to have Doctor Blossom struggling against him, but in the circumstances the little bitch Silver would have to stand in. He tossed the book aside and pushed Silver face-down into mud, "You think I'm a monster, don't you, Silver…" He was calling Silver by name. He never did that. It was worrying. Especially when he knelt on his back and gave him just enough room to speak.

There was a mumble, and once again the amber-eyed hedgehog was trying to catch his breath. But there was something different about his demeanor now, something obscure about the way he stopped struggling and clenched his fists. He'd been denouncing God since Silver first arrived, but this time, by intentionally tearing his book without any provocation, Shadow had gone too far. All the rage he could muster was gathered, all the anger, all the pain, hurt, anguish and depravity, and the dark hedgehog found his knee being lifted by his victim's back. "You're no monster…" Silver replied, forcing his way up to his knees and smashing the back of his head into his assailant's face. He couldn't win, but things would be different this time. If he went down, he'd go down fighting. "You're just ignorant slime who's unworthy of God's gift of life!" They were in close proximity, so there wasn't enough space for him to turn and punch Shadow, but he sure as Hell could elbow him while his face recovered from the shock of nearly being crushed.

Shadow cursed loudly, and knotted one hand in the chest fur sticking out of the top of Silver's slacks. There was some dark blood trickling from his nose, spotting onto Silver's white fur. A shiv appeared in his hand; a piece of shattered glass with cloth wrapped around it, hovering at Silver's chest, "I'm just a very lonely hedgehog, Silver… I always have been…" he chuckled, "Isn't that strange? That we have something in common?"

"We have *nothing* in common!" Silver spat back through gritted teeth. Shadow actually felt him reach back and grab at his striped quills, trying to get a good grip so he could try yanking his way out. If he noticed the shiv, he wasn't reacting. "You're gutless, you're impudent, you're sick in the head, and I'm better than you ever were, or ever

will be!" He was done getting picked on. If he died today, there'd at least be no more fear. With that, he pulled on Shadow's spines hard, "SO GET OFF ME!"

Shadow cursed again as his tousled quills were tugged. It brought back nasty memories of helplessness. So he smothered them as he piled forward, his weight lying on top of Silver. The white hedgehog's struggles hurt, but they hurt like a little girl, "Do you know what happens if you make too much noise, boy?" he asked Silver with a laugh, "People come and they look and then… well, let's just say two's company but three is a crowd…" he trailed a finger down Silver's cheek, "And guess what happens with four and five?" He grinned and yanked on Silver's tail, "Go ahead and scream some more, baby… for me…" he purred, "I love it when they scream…"

The preacher wasn't having it. Shadow wanted to instil fear in any way that he could; Silver knew that. He'd threatened to kill him, and now he was threatening rape. None of it was humorous anymore; none of it was going down without his oppressor feeling his wrath. Feeling Shadow's breath on him, he knew his head was close. Although his shoulder objected greatly, the muddy hedgehog reached over his own head to grab Shadow's by anything he could get his hands on; in this case an ear, and jabbed his fingers into it as deep as they would go. He wasn't sure what the result was at first, but the dark hedgehog's weight was off his back for the moment, and Silver was now able to face his attacker with vengeful eyes.

Shadow pulled back quickly, but bit down on the yell of pain - this time, "So you're finally putting up a fight," he resisted the urge to rub at his painful ear as he stood up, "Normally bitches put up a fight for a while, and then they give in, but you flip it the other way…" suddenly, rapidly, he kicked Silver in the chest, knocking him onto his back and knocking the breath out of his lungs. He pocketed his shiv again; he wanted to use his hands on this one, even as he climbed quickly onto the smaller hedgehog, staring him in the eyes, "We really are *very* alike…" he sneered.

By this point, Silver was barely white anymore, but covered in murky, damp mud. He was huffing so hard he was practically wheezing, but remaining conscious meant he could still fight, "Stop… talking to me!" he managed to exclaim. Shadow was stronger than him and far more experienced in the brutal arts, but Silver was in a rage; which gave him an adrenaline rush. "Shut up and do your worst! Because I'm starting to pity your constant need to instil fear that you don't deserve!" He used the word again. This time on purpose. Then he did the unheard of; he used it a third time. "That's right… I *pity* you, Shadow Robotnik! For being nothing more than this prison system… For not being better than it. And I'm never going to fear you ever again!" With that, Silver jammed a muddy thumb into Shadow's left eye, only barely missing the point of permanent damage. He was surely in for it now, but he didn't care. With God as his witness, he would die right here in this yard, underneath the bleachers, without fear of anyone or anything.

Shadow had frozen up for a brief moment at Silver's accusations. If the preachy hedgehog had stopped at 'pity', he might even have pulled back in shock. But that was a world that would never be known. The painful thumb in his eye jerked him back to reality, "You little PUNK!" he screamed, slim fingers grabbing Silver by the shoulders, "I don't need your PITY!" He flipped him back onto his chest, "When I'm done with you, you'll be crapping in a bag for the rest of your stay!" He pushed Silver face-down into the mud again. Knowing Shadow, it was probably deliberate that he had chosen a spot that was full of piss, blood and male seed, "You *will* beg…" he hissed, hooking his fingers into the white hedgehog's waistband again.

Silver instantly pulled away, crawling forward while Shadow's hands were busy with his waistband. Unlike when they had been in the latrine, he was sure the dark hedgehog had intentions to rape him for real this time. But he'd accept humiliation over fear any day of the week. The trousers went down to his knees, but that was okay, because Shadow's hands were still busy. This gave Silver all the time he needed to reach for his fallen book, grab hold of it, turn

around and smash the hard cover over his assailant's head, so hard that the striped inmate also banged his head against the bleachers on his left. He didn't bother pulling his trousers back up; they were filthy and muddy anyway. He instead crawled up on Shadow's body, forcing him on his back, and beat him over the head with the book again. God always did provide him strength. "I'll NEVER BEG YOU!" He didn't care if Shadow was right about being loud or not; none of it mattered anymore. His only focus was to beat the Bible into the dark hedgehog's head. Over and over. Until the battle was won.

The book didn't make for much in the way of a weapon, even in a prison, but when you were desperate anything would do. In any case Shadow had been stunned for a moment. Silver managed to get in a few decent whacks before Shadow caught his wrist and twisted. If he hadn't dropped the book, Shadow would probably have broken his arm, "Soon enough… you'll be begging FOR it!" he screamed, and punched Silver right in the jaw before knocking him onto his back again. Pushing him again face down, he pushed Silver's arm up his back until it creaked, "Because you're nothing but a whore without a master!" he yelled down at him, and grabbed a handful of the quills on his forehead, tilting his head right back, "I KILL whores!" he screamed, and kissed the white hedgehog hard, forcing in his tongue and spitting into his mouth as he did so.

Silver felt a shudder of disgust run throughout him, though he refused to swallow the black hedgehog's saliva. His trousers were down and his arms behind his head, but he refused to be helpless. He managed to force one of his shoes through the pant leg, and scraped his heel along Shadow's groin. Not a kick, but a scrape that caused enough pain for the striped prisoner to pull back, lest he get his balls literally crushed. Silver had guts, because he didn't just spit out Shadow's slime, he spit it back into his face. He was getting a taste of something that here, was dark and twisted. Power. "You just… kissed me…" the muddy hedgehog choked in disgust, "God made women for men and men for women, you're surely confused… And for that, I pity you." With that, he slid his shoe off, and proceeded to beat Shadow over the face with it.

It took a lot of rage to push Shadow into a position where he was willing to do something that might make him appear even slightly gay, even for the purposes of sadism. If Silver hadn't currently been at a high risk of dying as a result of blood loss from the anus, he might have been proud of the position he'd forced the psychopath into. Shadow caught the shoe after a few strikes, "Then I pity *you* for being in the wrong prison, bitch!" he wrenched it out of Silver's hand and slapped him across the face with it, hard enough to set blood flowing from his nose, bright red against white fur. By pinning Silver on his front and tying his arms in a kind of knot, he was just able to hold him, "Are you going to cry again? Like a woman?" he snarled, pulling back Silver's head, ready to slam it against the bleachers, and probably do some major damage.

"NEVER!" Silver yelled back through gritted teeth, struggling frantically against the mud. It provided him with no traction at all, but Shadow still had trouble holding him. Still, he'd have certainly smashed Silver's head open against the hard wooden edge of the bleachers, had a third pair of hands not yanked him back and away.

Being dragged along the mud, he found himself staring into the chilly purple eyes of Knuckles the Echidna, "No civil wars in this gang, Girlfriend," the echidna told him, amused. A grinning Sonic was standing merely twenty feet away, flanked by Nack and Tails, the four of them effectively cock blocking the striped hedgehog from whatever he had planned for Silver.

"Get your faggoty hands the hell off me, Fuckles!" Shadow snarled, punching Knuckles in the jaw. It wasn't a knockout blow, but it did result in him being dropped again. He stood up, glaring at Sonic while he wiped some of the mud off himself, and stepped forward, putting a foot on Silver's back and pushing him back down just before he could stand, "And what do *you* want from this disrespectful little whore, *Streak?* " he spat at the blue hedgehog.

Sonic had his arms crossed, with a smirk on his face so smug Shadow wished to mutilate it right off his skull. "Me? Nothin'!" he replied with amusement. His confidence radiated, as if he was

holding back a thousand and one sarcastic remarks. Looking into his bold green eyes, Shadow realized he had put himself in a precarious position; one he'd never allowed himself to set foot in before. The sadistic murderer had painted a target on his own back, one that Sonic had all the power in the world to exploit if he chose to do so. Worst yet, he had attained a level of power that ensured anyone he told, would believe him. "But it looks like you were just aimin' to get some o' that Preacher's tail-star, eh Wendy?"

Silver was still out of breath, coughing as he crawled out from under the bleachers, his clothes and fur as dirty as what had almost been done to him. He had bruises, stretch marks, and his eye was swelling. But he was on his feet, and he was not scared at all. "He-" The white hedgehog spit, coughing up excess slime, "He forced a kiss on me! HE WAS GONNA RAPE ME!" he screamed out at the top of his lungs. And suddenly it wasn't just Sonic and his followers, but every inmate within a hundred-foot radius who stopped and stared. Shadow realized that even Silver was attacking him now.

The black hedgehog promptly kicked Silver down savagely, "So you're a grass and a liar as well as a whore!" he snarled, grinding his teeth and daring the white hedgehog to repeat what he'd just said. One moment of lost self-control, and he could already feel half the prison watching, "And who the FUCK do you think you're eyeballing?!" he shouted at the other inmates. Most of them moved on in a hurry, but for somebody as all-fired paranoid as Shadow, they didn't need to be present for him to feel watched, "Haven't you got enough bitches and hoes, Faker?" he snapped at Sonic, "Or are you so pathetic that you need somebody else to break them in for you?"

It didn't take a psychologist to figure out that Shadow was now in his very own state of panic; one that required immediate defensive offense to try and conceal. Sonic knew all too well what was going on, and he wouldn't give the black and red hedgehog the satisfaction of pissing him off. "Hey Ridin' Hood, what'd you see when you looked under them tush-tables?" he asked his red companion with a

slim smile. His ignoring of Shadow's question reminded the dark inmate of someone he despised with all his might..

Knuckles was also smirking, this time stepping between Shadow and Silver, so as to prevent any more attacks. If Shadow wanted to strike, it'd have to be aimed at the echidna, who was much stronger and currently unscathed, "Nothin' too romantic, Blue Balls. Just two lesbos wrestling in the mud. You know how girls fight; hair-pulling, scratching, biting… And eventually there's the kiss."

" *Oooo*, did they start feelin' each other up, too?! That's always the best part of a cat-fight!" Sonic retorted with a chuckle.

"Nah. One of them wasn't feeling it. I think she might be straight. The other's obviously a bit curved," Knuckles explained, with a wicked smirk.

"Guess it's true what they say; Christians never do lie! But women are unpredictable… Even the ones with dicks," Sonic continued, pressing the matter on. He hadn't said it yet. But if Shadow didn't play his cards right, he would. And the blue hedgehog was holding all the aces.

Nack chuckled to one side, "Well, I can't say I'm *totally* surprised, mates," he put in his own comment, "Everybody knows the Shadow-man hates women, what with all the murders and all…"

"I figure that's why he likes to work alone," Tails giggled despite himself.

Shadow started to grind his teeth. Thanks to Sonic, even the punks were rattling off at him. Just thinking about it, a shiv appeared in his hand again. This time he was holding it so tightly that the material wrapped around the glass was starting to tear, "If you intend to insult me, blue hedgehog, do so to my face, instead of while you're staring at my ass like a starving *dog*," he spat, twitching visibly with rage.

"It- It's okay, Shadow…" Silver spoke weakly, using the edge of the bleachers to pull himself up to a standing position, and pulling up his trousers, "Y-you can be cured of this, too… Through the power of God…" He coughed, but Shadow couldn't help notice there was a mocking laugh woven in there somewhere. "Just pray the gay away…"

Sonic and Knuckles both laughed out loud, audibly and visibly taunting the corrupt murderer with relentless lack of respect. "Pray the gay away… I haven't heard that crap since I was caught fucking the Prom King in Angel Island High!" the echidna shouted out.

"Burned by a Bible Bitch! Shadow Baby, you're gettin' owned!" Sonic tapped his forearms as his arms remained crossed. He was silently threatening to tell the whole prison system, "But don't you worry. We'll all forgive your dishonesty about the way you swing, if you'd just say you're sorry to the poor kid you almost violated with your extreme faggotry…"

Shadow looked as if he was about to burst a blood vessel. He had spent a long and frequently painful time torturing fear into other inmates, both weak and strong, and now it was about to go down the shitter. You could tell by the way the manic-depressive went all quiet, "So… you think there's something wrong with fags, hmmm, Sonic?" he snarled, "Do you hear that Knuckles?" he asked the echidna, "He thinks there's something wrong with the way you swing. As for the white whore, he thinks it's some sort of disease. You're not going to put up with that from a worthless pair of cunts like them, are you?" The psychopath was smarter than Sonic had given him credit for.

"Well, ain't this ironic!" Sonic stated, looking over at Knuckles and watching as the echidna grunted in slight displeasure. "Rosy-eyes over here calls the gay men out on being faggots on a regular basis, but now he's throwin' accusations around? Sounds to me like after what we just saw, someone's been lockin' 'imself away in the closet of denial…" Shadow had been caught attempting to sexually violate another man. He could try to pry his way out of it, but Sonic wasn't letting him. And for that matter, neither was Knuckles. Even after all

the times they'd clashed over the years, Shadow had never respected him, only used an occasional alliance to get what he wanted. Sonic did respect him, even after beating him in a sanctioned fight before the entire prison population. And he never once spat the victory in the echidna's face, either. Never used it to humiliate him. But Shadow… Shadow was different. For him, Knuckles had no sympathy. He'd dug his own grave by choosing fear as a means of power rather than respect. The dark hedgehog was now facing the chilly hole that he himself had carved. But would Sonic and Knuckles push him in?

"Blue's got us all on a team, Woman." Knuckles told Shadow, "He's earned the right to be in charge of it. I won't take his shit, but he's smart enough not to give me any. That's why I'm on his side. What about you? All you've got is that shiv to back you up. And you can't stab all five of us." With that, the circle began closing in on Shadow.

"I don't *need* to stab all five of you," Shadow snarled, "I only need to stab *one*," he nodded towards Sonic, "This is all *your* fault, Preacher," he looked at Silver accusingly, "That slut Doctor Blaze is going to catch an earful come Friday… If I don't kill her as well this week…" Silver's eyes widened at the name.

Sonic smirked, the rest of his crew backing him up a hundred percent. Even Tails had an aura of confidence, one that came only with teamwork for guys like him. "You can run and cry to your Flame or Flare or whatever you call 'er all you want-"

"The whore's name is Blaze!" Shadow snapped at Sonic.

"-she sounds hot. But anyways! You're about to make a choice," Sonic continued, "We don't allow civil wars. Not in my guild. Hands off my Soldiers, Sweetheart. And nobody has to know about your little… *revelation*," he told him in a low whisper, a smug grin on his face that was somehow stern and solid, "Toss a coin if you have to. Either get with the program and be a Team Player, or everyone's gonna know that you sucked that Church-Chimp's willy."

"But Sonic, he didn't-" Tails started, but got cut off.

"I know that and you know that, Deuce! But does anyone else?" he asked, staring bright green eyes into Shadow's burning red ones, "And wouldn't they just love to believe it…"

Shadow cracked his neck slowly, and looked at Silver, studying him, "So, you want an apology, Preacher?" he asked the muddy white hedgehog softly, mistaking his expression, "Do you *really* want an apology?" he flourished his shiv, threw it into the air and caught it by the blade, "Step out from behind your big red and blue bodyguards… and ask for it yourself… *If* you want it…" he narrowed his eyes and glared.

Tails and Nack both took a step backwards; they knew that even *with* backup, neither of them would have asked for an apology from Shadow. Both were busy wondering if Silver would do so, and whether it would be out of bravery or stupidity.

Silver cleared his throat. "It's not me you owe an apology to…" He held his dirty, torn Bible up, and tapped the front cover. "You shall not lie with a male as one lies with a female; it is an abomination," he quoted. "Lectivus Eighteen-Twenty-two. You should visit the Chapel, and let forth your apologies there…" With that, the white hedgehog took a deep breath, and let out a long sigh of relief. He'd stood up for himself. And brought grace to his God both at the same time. Maybe there was hope for him after all.

"You heard the… man," Knuckles shoved his words in. "Cut the crap, Hedgehog. Make a choice! Either you're in or you're out! But mark my words, if I ever catch you fucking with my team mates again, your Lone Wolf status'll be… seen from a different angle," The echidna smirked. This alliance with Sonic was proving all too sweet.

Sonic reached out, and took hold of Shadow's fist; the one with the shiv in it. "Hand it over, Highlights. Ain't no harm done yet. We can keep it that way. If you behave… Just think of the conjugal! I mean, now you're gay, but you can at least watch me screw 'er!"

Shadow twisted his wrist out of Sonic's hand savagely, "Shut… up…" he hissed at the blue hedgehog, and looked at Silver again, "So you're up for quoting? Deuteronomy Twenty. Ten to Fourteen." Silver was about to look it up, when the psychopath lunged forward, grabbing the now filthy hedgehog by his quills, and in one rapid movement, slammed him back against the bleachers, ramming the shiv forward. Silver flinched, but to his surprise realised he wasn't screaming in agony. After a few seconds they all looked down; Shadow had nailed Silver's pants to the boards with the glass right between his legs, narrowly missing making him a different religion altogether, "I… *apologize*, Preacher…" he snarled.

Sonic couldn't expect Shadow to completely roll over. It just wasn't his nature and the blue inmate could respect that. So he just shrugged, seeing that Silver was okay, and patted Shadow on the back. "Bloody good, then! As Nack would put it," he told Shadow with a smirk while nudging the purple weasel with his elbow, "Nice to have you back on the team! But seriously, I really want my own cell…"

"Don't *touch* me," Shadow snapped at him, pulling away and striding off muttering to himself. Right now not only did Sonic remind him of Scourge, but he reminded *himself* of Scourge… and he *hated* that.

SonicFrank: You know the drill. Review!

Not in Denial

Prison Island Break

Co-Written by Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Chapter Forty-Four: Not In Denial

Again, and again, Shadow was sitting in Blaze's office, with his cuffs and his perpetual scowl. While he'd make a fascinating book, or two or three, part of the trouble with treatment was that he was paranoid enough to know it. Plus, Blaze considered, there was the way he always, always insisted he was not crazy. Today though, he was looking particularly agitated. Of course, with somebody as paranoid and obsessive as Shadow, agitation was practically normal, but she had been treating him for years now, and she could tell when something was off, even more so than usual, "So, Shadow," she tried smiling at him, "How are you feeling today?" She spotted some light bruises on his pale muzzle, "I guess that you've been disturbing the other inmates again…" It wasn't a guess. It was a well-informed assumption, "Is something troubling you?" she prompted him.

The dark hedgehog's body was shivering, his fingers digging at his thighs. "Troubling me?! What the fuck do you know?!" he screamed, and bit on his lip. Something wasn't just troubling him; he was obsessively disturbed. If he'd been fidgeting any more, Blaze would have been legally obliged to send him to the infirmary for a check-up, "Whoever lied to you is DEAD! And mark my words, it's all a lie, God damn it!"

The only liar in this room was Shadow when he was insisting nothing was wrong, "Shadow, all I know is what I get from looking at you," Blaze kept her voice even and tried to speak logically. Right now, regardless of how much Shadow disliked her, she was something familiar here and the best thing for both of them was to remain as he

knew her, "You have bruises, which means you've been fighting again. But you aren't in the infirmary, so obviously you haven't been fighting your peers. However if you'd actually sent somebody to the infirmary, I'd already have been told about it. If something is troubling you, nothing between us ever leaves this room."

"You're full of ape shit," Shadow told her with threatening eyes, "Everything I tell you goes down on that kindergarten scribble book you keep writing in," he was referring to her notes, "And it gets passed up the fucking chain until the fat man sings at the very top!" He was fighting her, but not for the reasons that were coming out of his mouth. No, he had something entirely different plaguing his mind. "Why in God's name do I always have to sit down?! Fuck this… chair!" With that, he stood up, hands going from his thighs to being crossed over his chest, fingers twitching as they scratched at his arms. The Guard Robos did not approve, and immediately moved in to shock him.

Blaze stood up with him, "Stop right now!" she told the Guard Robos loudly. This was almost going well for once. They paused. They wouldn't always listen to her, but as an employee they did have some recognition of her voice. Blaze sat again, "You're free to walk around the room, Shadow," she told him, "Within reason. My notes… well, they're really for my convenience. Nobody else's. But still, you said somebody lied to me… what do you think they might have told me? I'd rather hear it from you than somebody else. It would be easier to believe you that way…" she told him, persuasively.

"There's nothing *to* say!" the striped hedgehog denied while stepping toward the barren white wall to his right. If he hadn't been wearing his orange jacket, his intense scratching would have drawn blood for sure. Blaze had never seen him like this, so out of touch with his thoughts. He was insane, but usually in control of his mind and emotions. With the exception of anger in relation to Maria. "All I did was put a trash-licking cum-sucking fish in his place where he belongs. That's it! Nothing more!" Suddenly, he shut his eyes and thudded his head against the wall, "Anything I may or may not have

done in the process was…" he paused, glaring over at Blaze to read her reaction. If she doubted him for one second, if even a passing thought ran through her mind about the incident, and what it said about him… He would kill her or die trying. "… supportive of the cause…"

"Ah…" Blaze nodded thoughtfully. Shadow had attacked a 'fish'. It wasn't that unusual. What was unusual was him getting so troubled about it. She looked at the way he was scratching at himself. She had to be tactful here, or he might try and hurt himself worse, "Shadow, try to relax a little. You hurt somebody, and you feel bad about hurting them. Would you like to clarify exactly what happened? You know, so that I don't feel confused?"

"I don't feel bad about a FUCKING THING!" Shadow screamed back at her, fists clenched and off his arms. Well, at least she'd stopped him from scratching, "Not about the worthless whores I've fucked, not about the bastards I've gutted or the throats I've cut, and especially not about any of the dickless fucks I've forced into reclusion in this shit-hole!" He was clarifying, pushing his points in an attempt to force her to believe they were true. Despite his shackles, the demented prisoner began walking toward the opposite wall. "All I wanted was his pain. The type that wouldn't heal like flesh… I wasn't thinking; shit got fucked up…"

"Emotional pain…" Blaze made another note, "The kind of pain you've been forced to suffer by others?" she asked him. The hateful glare that Shadow threw at her told her all she needed to know, "You wanted to make him suffer sexually… except that's not something you've personally tried before, is it Shadow?" she asked him, "At least, not on another male. You've always been very adamant about that. That you're not gay. Are you worried you're gay?" She was very, very good at reading deeply into Shadow's actions and reactions.

This time, the Guard Robos had no choice but to shock him, and shock him good. Because he had leapt toward the desk with intentions to slaughter. Oddly enough, the way his body shook as he was being electrocuted wasn't much different from the way he'd

been fidgeting. They backed off and had to shock him again, because he nearly got back up and lunged toward Blaze a second time. The robots left him on the floor to recover on his own. If Agent Rouge had been here to see the methods used to discourage him, the result would have been an entire change of staff. Shadow was spitting, gurgling, his shaking hands attempting to get their bearing as he muttered several curses. The doctor knew she hit the target right on the dot.

Blaze had to let them do it. She felt a little sorry for Shadow, but not a lot. The problem here was not to convince him that it was okay to be gay, because she knew he wasn't, and in any case the last thing she wanted was for him to feel any better about attacking somebody sexually. She knew she needed to get him thinking rationally again, and concentrate on the real problems, "So… for once you feel like you acted too hastily…" she told him, "For once you feel like the opinions of other people matter. Or maybe just a few people. Am I right, Shadow?"

"F-f-f-fuck those… people…" Shadow managed, forcing his squirming body onto its knees. "I don't give a flying crack of an ass what they think about me…" He was lying. Even he knew that. If other people's opinions didn't matter, he wouldn't work so hard to make sure they found him terrifying. "Just to clarify, Doctor, I didn't do anything sexual at all. I just… spit in his mouth…" He clenched his fists, the electro-shock therapy so kindly provided by the Guard Robos still running up and down his spine. "And the little faggot deserved it…"

"So, somebody saw you… *apparently*… kissing another male?" Blaze confirmed. He didn't say anything, but only growled at the Doctor. Regardless, finally it seemed that they were getting somewhere, "Shadow, try to relax. Stop fighting for a moment. Do you understand what the problem is here?" she asked him kindly as he staggered back to his feet.

"The problem?" The hedgehog's hands found his striped quills, which he began pulling nervously. It was as if pain was being used to

disrupt his thoughts; bring clarity to his obsessive bewilderment. "The problem?!" he repeated, knees buckling to the point he almost fell, "The problem is the little schmuck lived to tell the tale…" Kissing Silver; what had gotten into him?! "What was perceived as a kiss was in fact a show of ravenous dominance. I am NOT a faggot, Doctor. And you would know that well if these fucking scrap-fairies behind me weren't here to ensure your… *assembly* . I just got carried away…"

"I *know* you're not gay, Shadow," Blaze tried to reassure him. He hadn't been this bad for a very long while. Shadow had lots of problems, but she'd thought they were past self-harm, "But you're wrong; the problem is simply that you acted without thinking of the consequences. You have to stop lashing out randomly and without reason. That's why you're in this predicament. Right now, you're even attacking yourself…" she checked a note, "But you are not gay; your feelings for Doctor Blossom make me very sure of that."

"I KNOW I'm not a fucking queer!" the inmate retorted, continuing to fight the feline shrink despite her agreeing with him, "I fucking hate fairies! Prower, Bean, that faggot Knuckles; I despise them all with passionate vengeance and wish they would bleed until their life supply got pooled and cold… But then why in the pink Satan's crap-leaking utters would I KISS A MAN?!" He stepped up to her desk and pounded both fists on it, not caring if the Guard Robos shocked him. "WHY THE FUCK WOULD I-" he wasn't just shocked this time; Shadow was grabbed by the back of his neck and flung toward the office door, where he collided and got more electric treatment. Blaze was beginning to realize there was more to this session than she could have hoped for.

"Stop!" Blaze ordered the Guard Robos, "Dammit, stop that!" The Guard Robos stopped roughing the hedgehog up, and she smiled, moving out from behind her desk, and sitting on the chair opposite the couch, turning to face him. She usually sat behind the desk because it was impossible to talk to Shadow without some object between them, but now she wanted him to try and open up to her

more. She paused for a few seconds while he got his breath back, "You kissed him because you wanted to hurt him, am I right?" she asked him, "You wanted to make him feel deep-seated emotional pain," she didn't know who 'he' was, and she didn't want to divert the conversation by asking; she could doubtless find out later anyway, "The pain that's been inflicted on you when your Foster Parents sexually abused you. Because deep down, you thought if he felt that same pain, he would then understand how you feel. Because you don't want to be alone. That's how it's always been. But there's nothing 'gay' about wanting company…" she paused, awaiting Shadow's next reaction.

He gave a howl of rage, and jumped at her. Because deep down, he knew she was right. The Guard Robos had to ignore her orders to stop their brutality; they had to get physically abusive if they hoped to keep her safe. "I'm not a faggot!" Shadow yelled in-between blows. Yes, they were beating him now, not just shocking. He was curled up defensively in a fetal position. "I'll stop at nothing to prove it..! And I'll use you as my guinea pig… !" It was another threat. Shadow had many of those. But this one had an alternate purpose to the norm.

A male warden stepped into the office to check what the commotion was about. Seeing Shadow lying bloody and battered on the floor, he simply checked his watch, "Five more minutes, and his time'll be up, Doctor."

"I understand," Blaze nodded and gestured the warden out of the room. Shame about that. Even if Shadow was being beaten by the Guard Robos, they were getting somewhere. He was opening up to her. After almost five years of therapy. It happened sometimes; patients really did have revelations. Something in their lives changed, maybe a person, maybe a dream, maybe a butterfly, and they might have an epiphany of sorts, "Shadow," she looked at him as he crawled onto his hands and knees, "I understand why you don't want people to think you're gay. You know that if they do, you'll lose your influence over them. Your whole life, you've had so little control that you find it the only way you've been shown - by

controlling others. But that's not enough; you need to have self-control too. You need to stop lashing out randomly at others. You need focus in your life - something positive to work towards."

"Like fucking you until you bleed bloody murder from your cunt," Shadow spat back hatefully from the floor. "That'll positively rid me of all this filth coursing through my body… Re-affirm my sanity. And teach you to run your mouth about what I need… You don't know what the fuck I want, or what I need in my life to prove my own self-worth. Instead, I'll just rid you of yours…" He was still shaking, but not from the shocks…

Blaze sighed, "Stealing other people's dignity won't grant you your own, Shadow," she told him matter-of-factly, "I think you feel very lonely right now. Your new cellmate is making friends. Why can't you follow his example?"

Shadow had to clear his throat; a diversion placed for him to gather his thoughts without a pause. Blaze threw him off-track, mentioning Sonic when he was clearly speaking about raping her vilely. By this point, he'd managed to get back to a kneeling position. "Fuck that insignificant blue-balled swine," he spoke with gritted teeth. She'd managed to bring up yet another topic that was pissing him off lately. "I'd sooner eat my own scat before I follow in the paw prints of such a brown-nosing hypocritical faggot like him! Just because he's got his tongue up the asses of every dickless piece of skinned meat in the population, you think he's better off than me?! You're a fucking idiot, just like every other woman on the planet. You don't deserve to speak your mind; what little of one you may or may not have…"

Blaze looked at her watch. They still had a couple of minutes left, "Well, regardless of whether Sonic is better off than you…" she tilted her head, "What about Doctor Blossom? Is she an idiot too? I doubt your threats of raping her until she bleeds make her feel well-disposed towards you," she didn't like to use Amy as a catalyst, but the pink Doctor did elicit a reaction, "Thinking about your actions; using self-control… you wouldn't be so alone right now if you did that more often…" she blinked calmly, "Just out of curiosity, Shadow…

what exactly would you do, if Doctor Blossom was willing to have you be emotionally close to her?"

Shadow glared at her, intent to kill in his eyes. But he wasn't up for another brutal beating. Blaze had done the worst thing she could have done; used something he confided in her against him. That something was his fondness of Amy. He hated these sessions now more than ever. "Doctor… You've just nailed your own coffin shut. I don't associate with the dead. And so I'm never telling you a fucking thing ever again. Suck on that until the day I get my hands on you…" Then he stood quiet. Hell, even his gaze went away, and he was staring at the floor, panting from his beating, until it was time to be taken away.

Blaze waited calmly for a couple of minutes, but Shadow remained quiet this time, "You know, if it's not something you want to talk about right now… that's just fine here," she told him gently, "Nothing is being used against you because I can't force you to tell me anything…" The male warden came in just then, "Still, I do think today has been very productive for you, Shadow Robotnik. You've done very well…" he looked at her as if he couldn't believe his ears, "Yes, you have. Don't you feel better?" he still didn't answer, "Well, you can go back to your cell now…" she nodded at the warden, who gestured to the Guard Robos, which grabbed Shadow and pulled him roughly to his feet.

A lot had been said this day, and Blaze was usually right about everything. For once she was wrong, though. Shadow had done well in her book, but in his own, he had failed miserably. And he didn't feel any better at all…

Harley: We note that some people think this fic is too gay. Have these people never even been in a prison before?

SonicFrank: Now tell us how you feel.

Friends by Necessity

Prison Island Break

Co-Written by Harley Quinn hyenaholic and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: Holy Burning Pic-a-nic Tables, Batman! It's P.I.B.!

Breech: An update! Just when you all thought it was over for good!

SonicFrank: To reward you for your patience, dear readers, we're updating with two chapters at once! Happy reading!

Chapter Forty-Five: Friends By Necessity

If there was one thing that Knuckles really hated, almost as much as the weak and indecisive, it was losing control of something. He'd always liked the inherent order of the prison system, which placed him solidly in the top five most feared convicts. And of course he was still up there, but things had changed quite a bit recently, since Sonic had won back Tails. He'd done it fair and square, in front of the best part of the prison's crowd. And he didn't rub it in, which was respectable. But it really was infuriating, spending up to ten hours a day in the same cell as the little kitsune; the adorable, fluffy-tailed bitch who had once very much belonged to him. He hadn't given in to all his temptations, because there was Prison Etiquette, and if the Jocks and Big Bads didn't follow it, the whole system would be anarchy.

Still, it was frustrating that he had to come 'home' to a cell where he had once been very much in charge of both of Prower's holes, and now had to ignore him as much as possible. Especially now that he was on the team for the escape. Today had been sure proof that Sonic was very much in control of that too.

The tension hadn't gone away; in fact it'd been getting worse every day. Tails had the gut-wrenching feeling that his cell-mate had become a ticking time bomb. Being known as Sonic's bitch was working out a hell of a lot better than any deal he'd gotten on Prison Island before; he was treated like the hedgehog's old, trusty friend rather than a fucktoy for him to piss on. But he still had to share a cell with Knuckles. And that made things extremely awkward. The kitsune retained vivid memories of all the times he'd been raped by the rabid echidna, but somehow, for some reason unbeknownst to him, he… wasn't mad at Knuckles anymore.

Knuckles didn't even look at Tails if he could help it. Why was it you always wanted what you couldn't have? Oh, technically he could bend Tails over his bed and fuck him until he cried, then threaten to kill him if he complained to Sonic, but the most popular saying was that there were no secrets in a prison. And besides, it wasn't like there was a justice system to find these things out; you didn't need proof. He wasn't scared of Sonic, but while he still had his own little harem outside the cell, he couldn't get head at night now.

It had been a long, hard and complicated day of watching exactly what Sonic did to those who pissed him off; namely he'd been ragging on Shadow Robotnik most of the day. It was funny when it was happening to somebody else, but there was no way Knuckles wanted to end up on the barbed wire of his wit. He headed to the sink, and glared at it as if it had offended him. In a way, it had, for it wasn't anything like as clean as when he had his own little slave to keep everything tidy. Not all of the dominance in a cell was sexual; sometimes it just boiled down to who kept the place clean, "Hey, Prower," he sneered at the kitsune without looking, "It's your job to keep this place clean. Since when did you start slacking on your bitchly duties?"

Tails audibly gulped from his bunk in a moment of sheer panic that surged through him. Knuckles hadn't spoken to him in days, and now he was yelling at him! The fox was under the assumption that since he wasn't the echidna's bitch anymore, he didn't have to clean.

Obviously, he was wrong. "Um… W-well, I thought that was the j-janitor's responsibility, Knuckles…" he was stammering. A lot.

"That pot-smuggling surfer has fifty cells to clean in this wing," Knuckles straightened up, "And I'm sure not doing a woman's work here!" God but Prower's stammer could get on a guy's nerves, even knowing he was one of the people to have put it there, "I sure don't want to catch something off you when we're sharing a crapper," there was a brief pause, "So what're you waiting for?" he asked the kitsune, whose tails were tucked nervously between his legs. There was no real pride in remaining dominant over Tails, considering how much of a bitch he had been to the prison. What would definitely be shameful was him falling to the point of letting the kit feel superior here, just because he had a new master.

"Umm…" Tails stood up, "Er, I mean-" Looking around, he tried frantically to find something to clean that was outside of the echidna's arm-length. But there wasn't. All he had available to keep tidy were the beds, which were already made, the sink, and the toilet. So he nervously stepped toward the sink, trying his best to quell his quivering body. If there was one thing Knuckles hated, it was weakness…

"Oh, for the love of Chaos…" Knuckles gritted his teeth, but didn't move, "No surprise that you're every man's whore if that's how you act around them all," he looked around carelessly, "You might belong to Sonic now, but this is still my cell, got it? Of course you do." Sure, he wasn't supposed to fuck the cute little tyke, but when he felt Tails was taking too long, he leaned forward rapidly and pulled him in by grabbing a handful of the fluff on his chest, "Daddy's getting tired of waiting…" he growled warningly.

Tails had to remind himself that Knuckles didn't own him anymore in order to keep from begging for mercy. "Don't hurt me! I - I'll tell Sonic!" the kit told him as a rush of fear ran through him. He was afraid the burly echidna would beat him half to death and possibly rape him just for making such a threat. But what else could he do? Sonic wouldn't take kindly to him allowing himself to be bullied…

"Oh, you want to run crying to Mommy?" Knuckles gritted his teeth, "That's just… weak-ass!" The echidna dropped Tails roughly. Sharing a cell with a rival's pocket-buddy was really getting on his nerves. Before now he'd pretty much owned almost all of his cell-mates. The hot-headed jock had never needed to worry about self-control before, "Even when you're not my bitch, you're still a worthless punk! I can hardly stand to look at you!" He knocked Tails aside, just short of hitting him to the floor, and strode to his own bunk, lying down on his side. Hypocritically though, he was still watching the two-tailed fox.

Tails found himself against the wall after being shoved, and had to land on one knee due to the force of it. This abuse was a game of Tag compared to what he was used to. "W-why are you… Like this?" Tails asked, rubbing the back of his shoulder where he'd hit the wall. "You could get everything you want from people willingly, like Sonic does, if you weren't so mean…" He coughed, the thumping of his heart obscuring his breathing.

Knuckles looked at Tails balefully, making him flinch. He didn't want to tell Tails, but then again he hated keeping it all walled up. On the other hand, his phychiatrist had weaselled it out of him, the white freak that he was, "You know, sometimes you remind me of my little brother. He never stopped asking questions, always sticking his nose in where it wasn't wanted…" Tails didn't even know Knuckles had a brother, "And he was a snitch too."

"Y-you have a family?" the kitsune seemed mildly surprised. Then the look on his face told Knuckles how stupid he felt for asking such a question. "Sorry! It's just…" he soundlessly stepped his way back toward his bunk, and laid on it carefully, as if the creaking of the bedsprings might anger his dominant cell mate. "You seem so happy here… Like there's nothing to go back to…"

"There is nothing to go back to," Knuckles replied, glaring, "It's hardly a secret to say I don't know if most of 'em are alive or dead, but I do know if I turned up on their doorstop, my dad would be the first to call the screws. Hell, he called the screws the first time. Even if I married

some bitch and churned out enough kids to start my own rock band he still wouldn't be happy for me."

Tails blinked. Knuckles was being unclear, but he didn't want to upset him by asking too many questions. So he used a different method. "I'm sure your friends would be happy to see you again…" It had never occurred to him before that somebody like Knuckles actually did have a past. A history; a story to tell that's unique to him alone. Mostly, he'd just been terrified of the red bastard.

"Friends…" Knuckles almost laughed, "All my friends are in here…" Or at least, people he considered close enough to class as allies on occasion… Sonic was a new addition, but there had been Storm and Bark before they fucked his stuff, and Shadow, who to be honest probably didn't hate gays any more than he hated every other living thing on the planet, and whom he had worked with to inject a little extra fear into subordinates on occasion, "You should know a prison is like… like being locked in a freeze booth. Time doesn't work the same. My old friends will have moved on. It's another ten years until I get parole anyway."

"Well, at least your record's clean so far…" There was a hint of contempt to the statement. But it did bring up one important fact; Tails wasn't a snitch. No matter how brutally Knuckles or anyone had had fucked him against his will in the past, none of it was ever relayed to the officials. Even as a fish he upheld the Code. "Where would you go?"

"Go? I dunno…" Knuckles thought it over, "I guess… I've always wanted to be a treasure hunter…" he laughed nastily at that thought, "Maybe just 'cus dad would hate that. He wanted me to be a screw… that didn't turn out too good…"

"He hated you for being… Homosexual…" Tails suddenly realized. "That… That's rough. And it explains a lot…"

"Does it?" Knuckles didn't look surprised, only sceptical, "Does it explain how my little brother blurted out that he'd seen me fucking a

guy in my room at Thanksgiving? That was a nasty one…"

"Well…" Tails twiddled his fingers, looking for the right things to say. "Was it… consensual?" He asked, wondering if Knuckles had always been turning to force…

"What, you think I can't get consensual?" Knuckles sneered, "I'm not like that psycho Shadow, who never gave a girl a choice in his whole fucking career. There was lots of agreeing. Just not all of it… There was one helluva fuss when I fucked the Prom King… but he left it too late."

Tails almost found the slightest bit of humor to that revelation, and replied in compliance to it. "What did his date say?"

Knuckles grinned, "She was real jealous when she found out… the bitch was expecting somebody to come after her!" He laughed at that one. Actually talking to Tails was like remembering what it had been like in his first six months in Juvie. Awkward. Scary. Sure, he belonged in there, but he didn't know the rules. He actually reacted to the sound of somebody screaming a few cells down, "Probably would have gotten off lighter too."

Listening to the echidna's story was refreshing. It was almost like talking to a friend. Only he wasn't. Knuckles had savagely raped him and the only reason Tails was being so nice was because he was too weak to do anything about it, even in terms of being resentful. "So… why did you start, then? The raping, I mean…"

Knuckles looked up thoughtfully, "Hey, I like it pretty rough. Turned out some pansies don't like it as rough as me. Like you…" he looked at Tails thoughtfully, "Yeah, you always said you don't like guys but I bet you do… deep down…"

"Even if I do, I wouldn't like you…" Tails was wading through boiling waters when he said that. There was a very strong element of truth to what Knuckles said; the fox had never been particularly attracted to women, or even the thought of sex. But even if he did like men,

Knuckles' treatment was unforgivable. "Not after what you've done to me… Not after what you've forced me to do…"

Knuckles glared, "Well, I wasn't exactly your first, was I?" he smirked. It was true; Tails had been a punk a long time before he'd been moved into Knuckles' cell, "You just never had the guts to ask for any. You're Sonic's bitch now, but he's straight so you won't get any from him…" he sneered a little, then shrugged, "It's not like I'm out of options… Maybe I'll pin that Silver bitch… see what it is that got Shadow so worked up…" he chuckled to himself.

Tails winced. The echidna was right, he had been raped plenty of times before he'd been shoved in with Knuckles. Still, he never liked any of it. And he was glad Sonic hadn't been using him for sex… "G-guys like you belong in here…" The kitsune stated. "It's like this place is perfect for you. Even if you did get out, you'd end up right back in here. And probably by choice…"

"Heh…" That made Knuckles smile again for some reason, because of how weirdly truthful it was. He was hardly the only example in here - Storm and Bark would probably only stay clean for about six months. Shadow would barely make it twelve hours, and that would just be him waiting for a bar to open to find a target to fuck and/or kill, "You're getting real brave for a chickadee whose owner is a dozen cells away," he smirked at the kitsune.

"Well, Sonic's your friend too, now… I guess that might as well make us friends. And he said we'll be working together anyway…" Tails pointed out, trying to hide his fear. He had to pee real bad, saying such things to someone who could easily pummel him to death like Knuckles could..

"Friends?" Knuckles smirked and patted his bed, right next to him, "Why not? And do you know what friends do? They hug. A lot…" It could have been an invitation. Or it could have been a threat. Either way, Tails was going to overstep his boundaries pretty soon, "Well?" Knuckles glared a little, "Aren't you in a hugging mood?"

Tails shuddered, his toes clenching in his shoes. "I… guess so…" He replied, before carefully sliding off his bed and stepping towards Knuckles'.

"Y'see, Tails, baby," Knuckles spoke calmly, "Like you said, there's a reason guys like me are in this place. We're just too much for the world to handle. So… why are little punks like you stuck in here with us? Well, that's how scared they are out there - they gotta keep us happy in here. Seriously, why else would kids like you get shoved in the slammer? You're prey.."

Tails took a moment to sigh, and grit his teeth before sitting next to Knuckles, on the spot that had been tapped. "We're a threat to society… Just in a different way than you are…"

"Huh. And the blue blockhead says you're gonna get us past all the locks…" Knuckles looked into the kitsune's blue eyes, "I'm not seeing it…" he chuckled, "But you're gonna be with me, so I guess if you can pull it off, I'll be there to take witness. If it happens…" he grinned, "How's it feel to have a chance to fuck something up techno style again?"

Tails smiled, though it wasn't the grin he was feeling inside. "About as good as it would feel to eat another Happy Meal, or get drunk at a Night Club…" He took another sigh. "We're risking an awful lot to get out of here… Like the chair. But a lifetime in this prison seems much worse to me than death…"

White Fire

Prison Island Break

Co-Written by Harley Quinn hyenaholic and SonicFrank

Harley: Okay, so Chapter 45 was a short chapter. But that's because it wasn't planned to be the restart chapter. Sometimes we have short in-betweeners. Here's something softer and deeper and longer. Don't think that because we were away for a while that we ran out of ideas. There's so much planned. You think the prison is bad now? Just wait for the season finale.

SonicFrank: And I know you'll all be so grateful for us returning to work, that you're all gonna give us like, ten million reviews or something!

Chapter Forty-Six: White Fire

Doctor Amy Rose Blossom was at her wit's end. She didn't know what else to do. She had tried reasoning with him, soothing him, assuring him that the other psychologists on the island were just as qualified as Blaze, but Silver kept refusing to eat or drink. And he wouldn't tell her or anyone else why! Just that he demanded to see a Mental Health Expert, and that it had to be the one named Blaze. What was worse, it had gone on days before the wardens bothered bringing the inmate to her, and only because his cellmate had reported his collapse in the Yard. It took two I.V.s to get him back to normal hydration levels, and despite being offered food from outside the prison walls, he continued to object. Amy didn't understand why Mephiles hadn't just authorized Blaze to see Silver, or why the inmate had to see that specific shrink in the first place. She had to point out that Agent Rouge would eventually find out and unleash all kinds of Hell upon the Head Warden if he didn't give in to the white

hedgehog's simple, harmless demands before he finally broke. Silver the Hedgehog was effectively on a Hunger Strike, and it was the worst case Amy had ever seen throughout her time on Prison Island.

"Silver, you'd be a lot more likely to get Doctor Blaze if you just told us why it had to be *her*," she sighed. Silver had been temporarily moved to the Infirmary. On top of everything else he was flat out refusing to shower, and she had to wash him down herself. Nobody in a prison smelled great at the best of times, but his odor was particularly terrible, "For crying out loud, you must eat something sooner or later; Mephiles is on his way here and he'll want to see some results. It's thoroughly against your rights but if you keep going on like this he may authorize force feeding…" She shone a pen-light in his eye. He was definitely starting to show signs of malnutrition.

"I won't eat until I get my session with Blaze…" Silver responded, weak but stoic in his resolve. Amy had heard of things like this happening before, where a prisoner will refuse to consume a single morsel for days on end as a sign of rebellion, or to get something he wants. It was more common in lower-security prisons, though, because inmates in those places had things to fight for; like privileges. On Prison Island, though, food felt like a luxury. The white hedgehog hadn't eaten in well over five days by this point, and it was getting to the point that if Doctor Eggman found out, every staff member from Mephiles down would have some serious explaining to do.

"Yes, yes, I know, and Mephiles knows, and you have a right to a psychologist as much as you have a right to a doctor," Amy took his blood pressure, "But Doctor Blaze is usually reserved for the… shall we say… raving maniacs among the prison population…" she groaned softly. Silver's blood pressure was definitely on its way down, "By being so difficult, you're only hurting yourself…" She knew from experience that you mustn't give the patient even a clue of how well their attempts were working, or how to make them more successful, "This is effectively self-harm and-"

"Doctor Blossom?" Amy cringed slightly as Mephiles walked in, "Is he eating yet?" he asked her, striding right up into her personal bubble.

Amy leaned back slightly, "I don't know; is he?" she looked at Silver, a slightly pleading look on her pretty features.

Mephiles. If there was one thing Silver had in common with the rest of the population, specifically Sonic and Shadow, it was his strong disdain for the Head Warden. He refused to look over at such a corrupt figure of authority; if it weren't for him, gentle God-worshipping souls like Silver wouldn't have to suffer a margin as much as he had during his short time on the island. "I'll eat when I see Blaze. I demand a session." The preacher stood firmly beside his cause.

Amy and Mephiles both groaned at once. Still, Silver contemplated, at least Amy was concerned with his health - kind of. Mephiles wouldn't care if he lived or died, if it hadn't meant a sliver on his reputation. Mephiles glared at Amy, who was definitely shirking back from him a lot more than Silver would have expected, "If he won't eat, then shove a tube down his throat and-"

"I cannot do that, it totally violates all of his rights!" Amy protested, "It's on a par with torture, not that you would care…"

Mephiles looked as if he was about to hit her, "Remember our talk a couple of weeks ago? Do you want to have another *talk?* "

Amy glared, "I will not just force him to eat like that! Why don't you just let him see Blaze?"

"Because if I start showing your kind of soppy weakness, they'll all be doing it!" Mephiles snarled at her, "You know we're not supposed to give in to their demands for privileges!"

"Yes, I know. But seeing a doctor isn't a privilege; it's a right!" Amy argued, "And it's not like your methods of sitting back and letting the

inmates kill each other is working all that well; I can't help but notice that putting Ogilvie Maurice Hedgehog in with Ursula Leslie Robotnik didn't come through for you…"

Despite the hunger in his stomach, and how hard this all was for Amy, Silver's demands were iron-clad. Ever since he heard Shadow mutter her name out in the yard, he was determined to see her. Blaze. His Blaze. His childhood friend whom he shared a bond with ever since the day he accidentally spilled a carton of milk on her in their school cafeteria with his mind. His psycho-kinesis was something of a curse back then, as the other kids didn't comprehend it, and their immediate instinct was to bully what they couldn't understand. Blaze understood, though. Because she had powers, too… How could he not have known that she worked here at Prison Island Penitentiary? It didn't matter. He knew now. And he would see her come Hell or the second Great Flood.

Mephiles leaned in, "Agent Rouge is on her way here right now," he growled to Amy, "If I go down, I will absolutely make sure that you go down with me. And your daddy will be very upset. I understand she's still rather annoyed about that incident with Scourge…"

"And whose fault is that?" Amy asked him, loudly enough, "I don't care; I will NOT torture Silver! Do it yourself, if you're 'man' enough to attack a restrained prisoner."

"I might just do that," Mephiles told her, "And since it's going to happen in your Infirmary-"

"No, it won't," Amy narrowed her eyes, "You're not squirming out of paperwork this time, Mephiles."

There was a nasty silence, for almost a full minute as the two hedgehogs stared each other down. It was interrupted when another person came in; Silver had never seen the hugely obese Director before, but the moustache spoke for him as he looked at the white hedgehog haughtily.

Eggman looked at the three anthromorphs in the room as if they were something he should scrape off his shoe, and to all their surprises, actually spoke to Silver, "Well? Why aren't you eating?" he asked the hedgehog.

Silver was intimidated. The bald man wasn't just extremely large in the manner of being obese; he emanated a new degree of superiority. But he refused to show it. He looked the Eggman right in the eyes, and spoke clearly. "It's the only way to get his attention," he told him, pointing to Mephiles with his unrestrained left hand, "I asked nicely, but he won't give me a session with the shrink named Blaze. I want to see her, I demand to see her specifically and not anyone else with her qualifications. It's my right as an inmate to see the doctor whom I feel most comfortable speaking with! My rights are being violated and so I choose to starve myself until I either die or get treated like a living being. I won't eat until I see Blaze… And I won't drink water, either."

Mephiles stared at his fat boss, "You're not actually considering giving in to him, are you Doctor?" he asked, "Just shove him on feeding tubes for the rest of his pathetic little life; nobody will care! Why do you even consider giving in to them?"

"Because, 'commie', have you ever heard of a little thing called a 'mortgage'?" Eggman asked him nastily, "Agent Rouge will be arriving in less than twenty-four hours, and she will want to see this little difficulty repaired, so he'll win then anyway. And that's a shame because otherwise I'd give the order for him to go straight to Hole Number Three. So she might as well see him eating."

"So now you're going soft on the inmates too," Mephiles glared, "That's just… weak."

"On the contrary; I want this white nuisance alive and healthy for my busy schedule," Eggman gave Silver a look that made him feel as if he was being studied like bacteria under a microscope. Mephiles smirked evilly at this news. Amy began wringing her hands.

Silver was disgusted at the egg-shaped human's words. Someone at his level of power is supposed to be compassionate, understanding, and rule with an iron fist. This person, like his body suggested, was cracked, and rotten to the core. "I don't care what happens to your job or his," he pointed to Mephiles again, "I won't eat unless I see Blaze. It's my right and it's your duty to coincide!" Talking was painful; his throat was dry and scratchy from the water he hadn't swallowed in days.

"Very well…" Eggman nodded, "You shouldn't be seeing Doctor Blaze because firstly eating disorders are not her speciality, and you'd be better in a group therapy session… and secondly because I *know* you have past history with her," Silver didn't know how the fat doctor knew, but since all his papers were here, he supposed it was only to be expected, "I suppose I have little choice right now but to concede to your requests. Provided, of course, that you will resume eating, drinking and washing."

"Only after I see Blaze…" Silver told him, his voice bold. Eggman felt an extreme lack of fear coming from the hedgehog that reminded him of Shadow Robotnik. And Sonic…

Eggman looked at Mephiles and Amy, then shrugged, "It won't be meal time for a couple of hours yet. Head Warden? Do you know if Doctor Blaze has any appointments free by then?"

"Shadow Robotnik has another of his little sessions in fifteen minutes. She should have some free time after him," Mephiles replied, and smirked, "I really don't know why you even bother with therapy for that psychopath. If it was up to me, he'd spend all his time in a Hole."

"Well, that's why you aren't in charge," Eggman looked smug, "We have a psychiatrist for the worst of the inmates; she might as well have just as much work around here as the rest of us. See to it." With that, the obese man strode out of the Infirmary, leaving much more room to breathe.

Amy smirked at Mephiles, "Yes, see to it," she told him, and walked into her office, clutching paperwork.

Mephiles leaned over Silver, his eyes narrowing, "You think you've won, don't you?" he asked, "Have your little heart-to-heart session with the Bitch. It changes nothing about which side of the bars you're on."

"It changes nothing about which side you deserve to be on either," Silver responded, the inside of his neck getting particularly scratchy now that he'd talked so much. "And it wouldn't have come to this if you followed the guidelines you're obliged to enforce…" There was much hatred between Mephiles and his inmates, and Silver could see why. It was people like him who needed to be stopped. The reason God had sent Silver here to cleanse this place…

Mephiles looked as if he was about to hit Silver, but just sneered as Doctor Blossom came back in, "It might be a little difficult to talk with that sore throat you have there, Silver," she addressed him, pushing Mephiles back again as the warden glared at her hatefully. Silver couldn't help but feel like the doctor was in just as much danger as the inmates from him, "So please, at least drink something…" She put a large glass of water on the bedside table, within easy reach of his left hand.

He looked over at her, as if considering. There was a long, difficult moment, because he was tempted, and the glass had every quality that a thirsty person would crave. The water had ice in it; the kind that would crunch without much effort. There was perspiration, with drops rolling down the sides. But he looked at Amy and he looked hard. "No. Not until I see Blaze." Whatever past the two of them shared, the pink hedgehog had to guess it was very important to him.

"He really is very persistent, isn't he?" Mephiles looked smugly at Amy, "I expect a cell swap would knock a little of the insubordination out of the hedgehog though…"

Amy could see his intentions in his eyes, "Don't you dare! Cell swaps are for when inmates cause too much trouble with their current cellies!"

"What did I say?" Mephiles faked concern, "I just suggested that Sonic Hedgehog be moved from the same cell as Shadow Robotnik… unless you plan to persuade me otherwise…" he leered at Amy lecherously, "Or maybe you could just behave," he added to Silver, before striding out of the Infirmary, presumably to arrange an appointment for the white hedgehog with Blaze. Amy's face was almost ash-grey at hearing his words.

But at this point, nothing else mattered. Silver just had to see Blaze, and he didn't even notice.

The corridors leading to Blaze's office were significantly cleaner than every other part of the prison Silver had seen. If there was any chance she'd never seen what the Main Population's living conditions were like, she must have obviously thought a lot higher of her workplace than it actually deserved. After refusing to eat for so many days, the white hedgehog was so weak that the wardens had to carry him to his appointment by the arms. Amy tried real hard, but he didn't eat. He was so hungry, he could have sworn he smelled turkey cutlets on his way in.

And they were there. Silver briefly wondered if he was seeing things; if his severe lack of sustenance was causing hallucinations. But Blaze's smiling face verified everything. The food, the warmth, the presence of God… She managed to bring it all back just by being there. And Silver felt a spark of joy for the first time since his incarceration.

"Silver! It's so good to see you!" Blaze exclaimed, holding a tray of food. Outside food. And something she knew he liked very much to boot. She watched his escorts drop his arms, resulting in his entire body crumbling to the ground. That was when she frowned with concern. Mephiles had informed her that this patient had resorted to a hunger strike in order to see her. The Head Warden also made it a

point to remind her that professionalism was key, regardless of any history she may have with him. She intended to be both his friend and his doctor. Somehow.

"B-Blaze…" Silver let out with a smile. "Thank God you're here… It's good to hear your voice…" He was kneeling weakly on the floor. But he looked up at her with adoring eyes.

Blaze had to hold back the emotions that were running through her. Seeing an old friend like Silver; someone she knew to be kind and good and extremely righteous, kneel so weakly before her, was painful. But her professionalism was unbreakable, "Please don't stand there, you two," she told the two wardens who had brought him in, "Help him to the couch!"

The two humans complied, picking him up and sitting him down a bit more roughly and a lot more carelessly than she would have wanted, but once Silver was seated, she felt instant relief. The floor looked so hard and merciless for his weak body. Silver had lost a lot of weight. "That'll do… You may wait outside now." The wardens muttered under their breath, and left the office.

Silver just laid back with a blissful smile on his face. Just sitting there, with Blaze in the same room as him, made all the pain, all the fear, all the disbelief and all the loneliness go right away. "You wouldn't believe what I had to go through to… See you…" he told her, with satisfaction to his brittle voice.

"I heard, actually. That's why I made it a point to bring something I know you like. Turkey cutlets, a fresh apple, and even some orange juice. I had to go shopping off the island for a carton of that," she told him with a smile. "Do you think you can eat?"

Silver had known Blaze since they were children. At one point they were even very close, but once he found God, things started to change. While he was in pursuit of priesthood, she was focussed on her career as a Clinical Psychiatrist. The strong feelings he had for her were always obvious, though. And they never diminished. "I'd…

rather not…" he told her. "If I eat, they might take me away…" The food did have a heavenly aroma to it, though. And saying no to it was very difficult.

"Silver…" Blaze started, placing the tray down on the table before him. "I'm standing right here. Do you really think I'd allow them to come between us after all you've done to get here?"

Her smile was reassuring. Their eyes locked, and he knew she was telling the truth. He trusted her. He found everything he wanted in a friend, in a girl, in a love interest, in her. So he nodded his head in compliance, and did his best to sit up. "Turkey… You remembered."

Blaze took a seat. Silver was in terrible condition. After the many years she'd spent as Shadow's assigned shrink, as well as a few other notorious inmates, she knew just how violent a situation her friend had been forced into. And by having known him on a personal level for so many years, she also knew what little chance he had at fitting in with the strong. Which made him one of the weak. Which doubtless made him a victim already. "How could I forget?" she asked, keeping her mannerisms uplifting. "How've you been, Silver? You must have a lot to talk about, after what you've gone through to say it to me." There was a joking tone to her voice.

There was no silverware. Not even the plastic kind. Blaze must have been forbidden to have any of it in her office. For obvious reasons. Still, Silver tore the meat in half with his fingers as neatly as he could, and finally took his first bite of food. The taste was divine, and made him want to wolf it all down. But he didn't. His friend was present. "I do. But I can't say most of it… Because around here, my life depends on my silence…"

Blaze nodded understandingly, and casually pulled her notes over to her. According to Silver's files, he'd been to the infirmary more than a few times, each occasion in need of immediate medical attention due to brutal beat downs. "You of all people should know that's not true, Silver. My ears have always been, and always will be, open to anything you have to say. Anything you want to say. Or need to say."

Her goal was to be as warm as possible to him without getting too personal. It was proving easy with Silver, who never overstepped his boundaries. Except for the one instance that got him stuck here…

Silver had murdered a man, and not by any common means. He used his unique telekinetic abilities to make the person's head explode. And all on the premise that the hedgehog 'knew' that this person would have committed a terrible crime in the future. Silver had been diagnosed with schizophrenia. If he had just stabbed the guy, he'd have ended up some place lower-tier than Prison Island. But since he used his psychic powers to pull it off, he became an immediate menace to society that required maximum security. She naturally wished better for him, but nice guy or not, the judge made the right decision in accordance with the law.

"This place… it's evil." The hedgehog told her. Blaze had been expecting him to say something like that. His religious beliefs were a strong part of what built him up as an individual. "I can't wait to get out…" He was chewing slowly, weakly. Savouring the taste of the oven-cooked meat. He did feel there was a lot to say. But now that Blaze was in front of him, Silver realized he couldn't say any of it without revealing his betrayal to God, his humiliating victimizations, or squealing on Sonic's plan…

"Well… it's prison," Blaze smiled sadly, "It's full of bad people. So much so that… well, it gets easy to forget there's a world outside of it. Some of the Lifers survive that way… they pretend this is the entire world. And they end up believing the lie. But there are good people in here too. Good people who made mistakes. You can tell me anything. I keep a fair few secrets… It's important to me… that you can… well… that when you return to the world, you do so on your feet, not on your knees."

"That's a joke; I'm constantly on my knees…" Blaze looked concerned for a moment, until Silver caught her eye and corrected himself, "When I pray! I meant when I pray. Which I've been doing a lot of. More so than usual, and that's a stretch…" He looked around the room. Various diplomas and certificates, awards and even a few

pictures of 'cured' inmates aligned the walls. His friend had done well for herself. If only he'd followed in her footsteps. "You're such a bright woman, Blaze… Why do you work here with these… monsters? Wouldn't it be safer and… more fruitful, to be a Marriage Counsellor or… some kind of child psychiatrist?"

"Safer? Probably…" Blaze glanced at a bronze paperweight that had been lodged in a wall for some months, "But somehow… not as satisfying. You've talked to Doctor Blossom. Do you know what being a doctor means? Having a doctorate? It means you have the skill to teach. I've looked deep into people. And deep down, hardly any of my patients are real monsters. They just wish it were true. To try to distance themselves from normal people. Because deep down, they're ashamed. In the end, the exceptions aren't the people I can help, but the people I *can't* help. This is one place where I don't want you to be an exception, Silver," she smiled again, "Tell me what's troubling you…"

"I… really can't…" Silver told her. "Just… know that I'm going to be okay, Blaze…" He took a chance. A big chance, but he knew it'd be worth it, and placed a friendly hand atop hers. "I'll be okay, because I'm getting out of here…" He didn't want to say too much. But he wanted to say the important thing.

"I know, that's the spirit," Blaze nodded, "But it is going to be a while… do you really want to go fifteen years without a friendly ear to turn to?" she asked, "I promise you, I keep secrets. Nothing personal ever leaves this room. I'm not a cop. And I'm not here to keep you a prisoner. I'm here so that you can have somebody you can talk to. Somebody you can trust," she patted his hand gently.

"Good. Because between you and me, I don't belong here… So I'm getting out early. God never meant for me to be here. And I refuse to oblige to a law that's so cruel… So unlike the God it claims to have trust in.." Silver sighed, and went back to his food. He was nearly done with the meat now, saving the last few portions for after the apple. He didn't know when he'd be eating food like this again. "This is great, by the way."

"I knew you'd like it," Blaze answered, "Look, is somebody giving you trouble, Silver? Somebody in particular? You can tell me who it is. Or you can just tell me what they're doing. Either way, I certainly won't be obliged to tell the wardens, unless you want me to. Patient-doctor confidentiality. It all stays here."

Shadow's name came to mind immediately. And then Silver stopped eating, and looked up into Blaze's understanding eyes. Something clicked. "You already know who it is, don't you?" he asked, a sudden unusual coldness to him. When he looked away, it was back down at the food, which he wasn't sure he wanted despite how hungry he was. If Blaze knew all about Shadow, then he had no reason to not feel humiliated in front of her anymore…

Blaze nodded, "My other patients trust me to not talk about their problems. I know who's been picking you out, because he's my patient too. I'm only telling you this though, because it's your business to know that Shadow Robotnik is *not* a homosexual… in fact he's slightly homophobic. The way he's been treating you is wrong… but I won't report him unless you want me to."

"No!" Silver practically thrust the words. They were almost half pleading. "Don't say anything! That'll only make things worse!" The pain in his stomach was no longer from dire hunger. "Blaze, I… I might not ever see you again, and you need to stay away from here. Because… Well, because pretty soon, there will be a riot… And you won't see me or Shadow here ever again… But I need you to not be here when it happens. Promise me, Blaze!" Silver suddenly begged. "Promise me you won't be here! Please…"

Blaze reeled back a little, "A riot?" she asked, "Is that's what's been troubling you, Silver?" She instantly wanted to quiz him on this 'riot' but knew that was not the way to go about it, "Look, are you being bullied into helping somebody? Because you… cannot let that happen…" she motioned her hand, "Is that why you wanted to talk to me?"

"Y-yes…" Silver admitted, stuttering. Partially, he just wanted to be in the comfort of a friend. But now that she mention it, the importance of making sure that Blaze was not incidentally a casualty of said riot was far beyond anything else he could have gained from this appointment. "I want to make sure you're safe, Blaze… If anything ever happened to you, I'd be devastated… You're my most special friend." He told her with a smile. "God put you in my life for a reason…"

Blaze relaxed a little, "Silver, you're one of the most mentally stable people I know," she told him, "Despite your problems. I will be safe now. But I'd be safer if there wasn't a riot. Violence isn't the answer. People get hurt in a riot. Everybody suffers. Including the people who start it. It's far too chaotic to be a part of any plan…" she continued, "Silver, don't treat me like I'm your only chance for salvation. You need to put in some effort too."

"You aren't my only chance of salvation…" He was dangerously close to revealing Sonic's name. But he didn't want to. If he did, it'd be his ass. "But I have to get out… And you need to leave too, Blaze…" Silver took a sigh, and suddenly wished he weren't there, despite having wanted it so badly…

"Silver, running away is not the answer," Blaze tried to explain to him, "Too many people run from their problems, but their problems are too fast; they don't need to catch up because it turns out that you don't run from problems, you run toward them. Are you… planning a breakout with somebody? Prison Island was made for the escape artists, the teleporters, the super-fast and super-strong. The terrorists who call themselves 'Freedom Fighters, and the murderers who think of themselves as bringers of justice. It's not a good idea; you'll be kept in much longer for trying."

"I'll die sooner if not," Silver pointed out. And it was true. He felt he stood little chance of survival on Prison Island. The only way he would live to see his sentence served fully was to be a very strong inmate's bitch. And he couldn't bear that. He'd gladly take death over

slavery any day. "I can't tell you anything more, Blaze… I just need you to promise me that you'll be safe…"

"Silver, I will be safe," Blaze promised him, "But I'm worried that you might not be. A riot is a chaotic, bloody, murderous business. I know this seems obvious but you need to keep away from Shadow. And you need to keep away from the people…" she was about to say 'the people he's friends with' but Shadow didn't really have friends, "You need to keep away from people who keep dragging you into his presence. All I can tell you about my sessions with him is that it's best for his mental health right now, as well as your mental and physical health. But it's dangerous," she continued, "And it's good that you want to take care of me, but I want you to make sure you're taking care of yourself too."

"I am, Blaze…" He was taking such good care of himself that he'd become Vector's little spy. Possibly the one person on Prison Island who was more dangerous than Shadow. "I… I want to go now…" Silver had to choke the words out. Because being with Blaze proved more painful than it was comforting…

"Silver, you can leave this room if you want to… just remember that it could be a while before we see each other again," Blaze was trying to stay professional. This was why Mephiles hadn't wanted him to see her when there were other doctors, "You have to understand, staying in prison may hurt, but breaking out could get you killed. If you get beyond the fences, there's nothing to stop the guards from shooting at you or those you're helping. Listen, it's obvious to me that somebody who would organise a riot has a callous disregard for life - so many people could be killed, including accomplices. To him, you're just a shield. I'm sure it's not Shadow's plan to get out. Somebody else is using him, and they must be using you too, if they're letting you in on it."

Using him? Could Sonic really just be… using him? Not a chance. Not Sonic. Right? He had to think. He had to pray. "The only person being used as a shield is you, Blaze… They have you talk to guys like us in order to justify what they're doing to us by keeping us here.

If they bring in doctors like you, the place seems humane to the untrained eye. But it isn't… If you stay here much longer, you'll be a victim, too. And I don't want that…" His legs had gained enough strength for him to stand up. And as much as it hurt to do so, he found himself turning away from his dearest of friends. "I'm proud of you, Blaze. You made it… Goodbye…"

It hurt dreadfully for Blaze to summon the wardens who came to collect Silver and return him to the prison populace. But she didn't want to force him to stay. She just hoped she could set up a regular appointment to talk with him more, to help him stay sane… and so that she could see him again.

Blood Brothers

Prison Island Break

Co-Written by Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Breech: Boy is this fic proving popular! We've actually achieved fanart; unprovoked by us!

SonicFrank: We take breaks because life gets in the way. But we always promise and we always mean it; P.I.B. will never be abandoned! So cool your willies.

Chapter Forty-Seven: Blood Brother

Manic had to admit, despite all the Access Privileges he got as a janitor, he sure saw a lot of body fluids. Blood and vomit were the main ones, but there was every other kind as well, including those he didn't look too closely at. Still, in the toilets it was mostly piss from inmates with poor aim. Sonic had a plan - he always seemed to have a plan - but up until that plan worked out, one might as well try and get on with life the way it was meant to go. After all, if you didn't like the job of cleaning up other people's body fluids, you could always hand it over to somebody else.

He lit up a fresh roll-up from the end of the old one, pinching out the old and putting it in a back pocket. Today might actually turn out pretty cool - according to the prison gossip a bus full of teenagers were coming to the prison - or at least, the parts of the prison that Doctor Eggman actually wanted them to see - to have a look-see at what would happen if they, for example, blew up a government building. A lucky few cons were going to get to give a lecture.

"Didn't your mother ever tell you smokin' can kill?" Sonic asked, leaning on the doorway behind Manic with crossed arms and a grin. "She sure as heck told me! Soon as I withdrew out of 'er, in fact. Took a really long time; felt like I was up in 'er forever!" From anyone else, it would've been an insult. "You should know; you were there too." The two brothers stared at each other for a moment, then suddenly burst out laughing. Leave it to Sonic to make the miracle of childbirth sound like a bad porno, "I think we even cried out together!"

"Hey dude, if you were hangin' around the same stinks as me all day, you'd smoke too," Manic grinned right back at his brother, "Lord knows you're always smokin' with those feet of yours… and I'm smokin' with the ladies!" He licked a finger and touched it to his butt with a hiss and a grin, "Hey, didja hear the news? Townies coming to the outside prison. They're gonna see how the other half live!" He dunked his mop in A bucket, "Once in a life-sentence opportunity."

"Ohhh, ya don't say, don'tcha know?" Sonic asked in a mock Canadian accent. "Them beans've been circulatin' for the last half hour; you're only tellin' me now are ya?" Manic should have guessed. Having known the blue hedgehog for all his life, it should've gone without saying; rumours go through guys like him before they have a chance to become rumours. "Step aside," he told his brother, grabbing the mop from him and pushing him away with his finger. As the oldest, it was his birth right to be the bully. "Turds like you can't clean; you just make piss dirtier. Heh." This was Sonic's way of telling Manic to take a load off. Being siblings, there was no reason to be nice about it.

"Hey, that's my lady you're roughin' up!" Manic joked, but let it go for now, "You hear what else… your good girlfriend Shadow's gonna be chatting them up. Ya know… showin' them who they're gonna be bunking with. Who'd've thought being the biggest nutjob in the wings could pay off?" he smirked, leaning on a wall next to one of the urinals, "He likes kids. One of the few things he does like…"

"He likes lip-lockin', tongue-swirlin', spit-swappin' smooches with other dudes, too, but let's keep that on the low for now," Sonic shot back as he began swabbing the tile floor in large strides. "Nobody needs to know that pick-head got caught tradin' Saliva of Love with Preacher Boy unless he falls outta line. Seriously; sometimes I think guys like bein' cracked on!" And it was true. In losing himself to a moment of fury, Shadow had provided the blue hedgehog with an unfathomable amount of power over him. Being called a faggot by someone like Sonic could ruin his reputation no matter how many skulls he bashed. People would still be afraid of him, sure. But they'd still laugh at him behind his back for being a fairy.

Manic nodded knowingly, "And speakin' of crazies," he continued, "What the hell is your plan anyway? Seriously Bro, you've got, what…" he counted on his fingers hastily, "Seven of us in on it, you've got a plan for gettin' off the island… but what the hell is it?" he checked, "Seriously, I'm your blood, not your cellie. I'm not gonna kick you out of the plan. Unless, you know… you're secretly a total douche and it's gonna get somebody killed," he grabbed the mop back again, "Let me guess first though. You're planning to swim the whole way?" he grinned at Sonic's expression, "No? Maybe you're gonna fly…"

Was he being doubted? Sonic the Hedgehog? By his own brother? This would not do. But in truth, it just made him want to hold off on revealing his plan even more. "Shame on you, Beaufort," he watched Manic's eyes grow wide. Nobody had called him by his real name since he went to a public restroom. Which had been years. Just as Sonic's name was Ogilvie, Manic's was Beaufort. And this was the blue inmate's way of threatening to reveal it to the entire team if his green brethren ever tried questioning him like this again. Because it didn't feel like a question; it felt like an interrogation of disbelief. "No faith in the main hedgehog, eh? Tell you what," Sonic was grinning, but the the look in his eyes told Manic he was about to lay down the law. By hitting hard. "I'm gonna head outta here and think real hard about your question, and do what I do best; what I'm known for; winning. So it's only fair I leave you to do what you what you do best!

Don't forget to wipe the shit-stains clean outta the toilets, Janitor. Have pride in what you do! Mom would." With that, he patted Manic on the back, and stepped for the door.

Sonic had just effectively punished his brother by use of words. He didn't say it, but he called him a loser; a guppy. While the blue hedgehog had attained power the old-fashioned way, by earning it and fighting hard, Manic had garnered it by scrubbing toilets. He really didn't like being questioned.

Manic's jaw dropped, "What, you think you're that much better than me, just because you can throw a punch?" he stuck out the mop, blocking Sonic's exit, "I ain't doubtin' ya! And Delores here," he referred to the mop, trying to lighten the mood a little, "She ain't doubtin' either. I'm your Bro for real; don't tell me ya think I'd grass out on ya! 'Cuz seriously… that is just… I don't do that. But you're sayin' I would snitch? On my bro? Dude, I'm a hedgehog, not a rat! That is so uncool…" He wasn't fuming just yet, but he wasn't far from it.

Sonic looked down at the mop for a second, then back to his brother with a questioning gaze that had been layered with silent threats. "Well ain't that just hunky-dory?" he asked with burning sarcasm. The green eyes in the blue hedgehog's glare went cold, and he clenched his fists. "You always gotta think the worst, eh Manic? Skippin' the good stuff and assumin' Hell's Pass." It's true; the green inmate did jump to an early conclusion; like he normally did. He had a one-track mind with average intelligence, but Sonic's was always scheming, always ticking and tocking to come up with every possible outcome of every option that was laid before him. This was one of the many cases where Manic couldn't quite tell what his brother was thinking, because it could have been anything. "I promised Mom I'd protect you. Sonia, too. So do what I say and keep your head in the game. And moppin' that floor. Janitor."

"What?!" Manic stomped forward, "What're you sayin'? That I'm weak? So weak I'm just gonna snitch on you for no reason at all? Or just so weak I can't look after myself? I been in this stinkin' dump on

my own for four years now!" he grabbed Sonic by the shoulder and spun him around, "Don't you walk away from me!" he snapped, his teeth gritted. It was nothing short of enraging that his own brother had just used the word 'janitor' like it was some kind of insult.

Angry green eyes stared back at Manic through a blazing glare. But Sonic kept his composure, letting his brother force him around without consequence. Along with his superb speed came a brilliant mind that was capable of rational thought at a much higher pace than average, and one of the many thoughts running through Ogilvie Maurice Hedgehog's head was how perfect this all was in terms of guaranteeing his green brother's safety. The angrier Manic was for not knowing what Sonic was planning, the less chance there'd be of someone using excessive means to pry the information out of him. In a place like Prison Island Penitentiary, knowing the details of the notorious escape artist's plan would do him more harm than good. Sonic would do anything to keep such a target off his brother's back. "What're you gonna do, Manic? Wash my mouth out with Windex?" he asked, once again jabbing at the janitor's position. "Tell you what; let's put a French Maid's outfit on ya. Might as well dress the part, eh?" He was done fooling around, and slapped his brother's arms away. "Back off! I got my reasons. Know your role and keep these doors locked 'til I give you the key to open 'em up."

Manic balled up his fists, "Know my role? What, is it not enough that the prison crazies are your bitches, but now your brother's gotta be one too? That's how it always is with you. You gotta be stronger, smarter, faster, bigger than anybody else. The way I see it, maybe it is time somebody cleaned your mouth out for good! Knocked you down a notch, or maybe ten!" he tossed aside his mop, "As for dressing the part, maybe it's time you grabbed a warden's uniform, because you sure keep acting like one with your self-entitlement, the way you're pushin' everybody around!" Now that was one hell of an insult, telling Sonic that he was on the same authority level as a warden. Regardless of whether you thought the wardens had control over the general populace or not, it was exactly the same as calling somebody a total and complete scumbag.

"You gonna hit me, Manic?" Sonic asked, glaring at him warningly. "Better make it count. Cause' it'll really eat at ya when I don't fight back. Take your best shot. Janitor." The blue hedgehog had effectively thrown his brother's 'warden' comment right back at him. As well as everything else he'd said about superiority. Because in the end, he refused to fight with his brother. Whether Manic chose to cross that line or not.

Manic hesitated for a long moment, "Here's a tip for ya, Maurice. When you call some dude's bluff… be sure he won't call you on it. Because otherwise, you're all outta options," he told his brother. He half turned away, and Sonic began to sag in near-relief. Then he spun around, and punched his brother across the jaw so hard that he actually rebounded against the wall, "What, you thought I wouldn't? You think I'm all up for bein' walked all over? Funny story; I didn't get this job by askin' the other guys looking for it to stand down all nice!" He managed to keep from wringing his hand, which was actually aching very slightly from the hard punch.

Sonic let out an unexpected "WOOF!" when his brother's fist came in contact with his face. But it was okay. His jaw hurt, and he was sure it would bruise, but that was okay too. Hell, Manic might very well think himself the winner of this bout despite having no idea what it was really about in the first place, which was okay as well. He just leaned on the wall, rubbed his face, and glared at him expectantly. "That all ya got, Dustmop? There's two sides to my face, y'know." Anything to protect Manic. Anything…

Manic didn't get angry very often, but the challenge was really grinding on his grits, "You wanna know what my problem is?" he asked, "You don't trust me. Screw that; I don't ever see you really trusting me. You got some problem with admittin' I'm just as smart as you. No, you gotta be the big man in charge - every damn time!" He landed a solid left hook right in Sonic's middle.

This was all fantastic. The more people knew that Manic had the balls to attack his very powerful brother out of frustration for not being trusted with valuable information, the more they'd leave the

green hedgehog alone. Sonic only wished things were louder to draw more attention. And that it didn't hurt so bad. But for family, he'd take the hits. For Manic, he'd take death. Doubled over from the blow to his gut, things were beginning to feel a lot like when they were kids fighting over the last slice of pizza, or the prize in a cereal box. Except he wasn't fighting back. The battle was already won; Manic was just extending the benefits. "Y'know, lil' Bro, somethin' tells me you ain't exactly as trustworthy as you mouth off to be.." He was grinning when he said it. Because it was true; why should Sonic trust him if he'd be willing to physically attack his own brother? Manipulating Manic this way was an art form he had mastered shortly after birth. Now that he hit his brother, there was no reason in the world for Sonic to confide in him. And that was just peachy.

"GODDAMMIT!" Manic yelled, grabbing Sonic and pulling him up straight, "It's like havin' a six-year-old for a brother! Again!" The comparison sure felt accurate, "And don't call me 'lil Bro'," he snapped, "You're only twenty damn minutes older'n me!" He tossed the mop aside, "I don't wanna fight with you, I just want you to trust me…" he grimaced, "Ya say it's enough for us to be Bros, that we're more than siblings since we shared the same cub-space for nine straight months, but what about me? Ain't it enough for us to be brothers that you can tell me what the hell your little plans are?" He looked all out ready to punch Sonic again, this time holding it back for a moment.

Sonic just grinned up at him, carelessly. "Nope."

"AUGH!" Manic punched Sonic again, another blow to the jaw. This one was hard enough that it actually knocked the blue hedgehog right onto his ass. Sonic didn't remember Manic hitting that hard before. He'd obviously had practice during his time behind bars. A mop wasn't the only weapon he'd handled in here.

From the cold tile floor, Sonic shook his head, "Y'know, if Mom were here, she'd put you on time-out…" Just then, like a bolt of lightning, the blue hedgehog whirled his way to his feet like a break-dancer, kicking his brother's ankles and knocking him off balance in the

process. The mop bucket was in the way, and Manic tripped over it. Sonic caught him by the neck before he could fall, though, holding it with authority. Just like that, the roles were reversed, and Manic was absolutely powerless to change the situation. His brother was stronger, faster, smarter, and much more physically adept to fighting. The game was over. In the end, Sonic the Hedgehog would always be the oldest of three. And he'd always be perfect for the role. "So you're gonna get back in your corner and finish your chores, Lil' Bro," he told Manic, holding him up by a single hand. In their position, if Sonic let go, the green inmate would fall right on his back, and possibly hit his head. He was being held up by just one of his brother's hands. All his bodyweight under just one hand. It was a symbol of impenetrable strength. "I ain't tellin' you or anyone else Jack Squat until the time's right. It's got nothin' to do with trust, or smarts or dick-measurin', got it?" He squeezed harder, temporarily cutting off his victim's air supply. "Good. See you in the classroom, Flunky." With that, he shoved his brother back, so the back of his shoulders pressed against the far wall and he didn't land on the floor. By the time he caught his breath and stopped coughing, Sonic was gone.

Manic ground his teeth, infuriated. He loved his brother like… well, like a brother. But it was nothing short of enraging that Sonic still thought of himself as the big man of the three. Personally, Manic had always thought of Sonia as being the leader.

With a sudden shout of anger, he snapped the mop in his hands, and threw it down. It wouldn't be so bad not knowing, if Sonic even told him why it was so important he couldn't know. But instead his brother acted like he mustn't know for the sole reason that he wasn't trustworthy, or not smart enough. He *hated* that kind of argument.

Little did he know, in the end, this kind of anger was what would keep him alive…

Breech: So, who's enjoying the fic so far? Let us know!

SonicFrank: And what'd you think of this chapter in particular? Lots of delicious drama, wouldn't you say?

The Words that Hurt

Prison Island Break

By Harley Quinn hyenaholic and SonicFrank

Harley: Sorry for the short delay! SF's been massaging hot babes all week and I've been coked out on the floor. But we've always got something awesome!

Chapter Forty-Eight: The Words That Hurt

When the guards arrived to escort him to meet the guests, the janitor was still shook up. The things his brother had implied, and the scuffle that followed suit, had him in a state of antsy disarray. The eldest twin was so abrupt at pushing his supremacy around, Manic didn't get the chance to tell him he'd been picked to speak in front of the visiting class of juvenile delinquents they'd mentioned! He was still agitated, and his neck still hurt. Worst yet, Sonic had managed to make him feel inferior. Underhanded. Languid. Weak. Just like the childhood they shared. Just like always. It was days like this that he really missed his weed. It'd have fixed everything.

Manic had already put his mop and bucket away, changed into a clean uniform, and tried his best to get the smell of years of dedicated tobacco inhalation off himself. Difficult, in a situation where he had no access to a shower other than during designated hours, so brushing his teeth was as far as he went.

The green hedgehog entered the visiting room accompanied by two wardens, which had been temporarily rearranged so that about twenty teenage boys, not one above seventeen. Most likely they were all troublemakers - he doubted there was one of them there who hadn't been to Juvenile Hall. They looked, without exception,

like they had just been given the opportunity to meet a celebrity, not a dangerous felon. Presumably their teachers hadn't been able to drum into their heads that crime was morally wrong, so he was being presented to them to inform them that crime was bad for *them* too.

Manic looked around the room; the pair of corrections officers remaining behind him at the door. A friendly, amused grin appeared on his face, as he recognized so many familiar faces. Not that he knew any of them personally, but the looks in their eyes, the details in their features, and their semblance of naive invincibility felt conventional to him. Because he'd been one of them before. He'd worn their looks. "What's crashin', dudes and dudettes- Oh wait. None of you are girls. That's because we're in prison, and let me tell ya, unless you include the ones who grow beards and pack a bulge in their thongs, I haven't seen a single woman since I got locked in this pit," if that didn't send a message across, he didn't know what would. "Beaufort's the name," Sonic's jabbing of his real name still stung in his head, so he may as well use it, "Beaufort Edgar Hedgehog. But you can call me Manic like everyone else does."

There was a generalized murmur around the room. Manic had always been good with kids - not little kids, but teenagers. He could always bring himself down to their level. Perhaps because he'd never fully grown out of it. The attitude was one of entertainment. One of the kids - the youngest; he couldn't be more than twelve - sniggered. He looked kind of like a chipmunk and a fairy, so he had even more reason to make himself look big, "With a name like that, did'ja get done for Identity Theft? Tryin' to get a good name?"

Manic smirked. Yup, these kids were just like he and Sonic were back in his day. Brash. Arrogant. Cocky. Egos the size of Mobius. "There's a long story there, little Bro. One of weed-smokin', crack-sniffin', cocaine-dosin', and soul-searchin', but none of it matters now. Wanna know why? Lemme tell you all why." He cracked his knuckles, and displayed his hands. Dry, stained skin covered his palms. "Because in here, I'm reduced to bein' one of the schmucks who clean your spit, mop up your spills, and scrub your shit stains off

the porcelain throne. Out there, I had opportunities to drive a fancy car, be a rock star, do the 'living' thing. But because of what I've done, and where I am, I'm just a lowly custodian. A janitor. And I do it for twenty-one cents an hour. Twenty-one cents I'll never see, and I put up with all the gruel scents you can come up with."

Having revealed that he had done drugs and possibly even been cool, there was a definite increase in attention, "Don't sweat it, man," said a young human with light brown hair, "You ain't never gonna clean up mine, 'cus I ain't never gettin' caught,"

"Sez you, Alex," another boy laughed, "You got six months for kickin' a pig's ass." The two were obviously in cahoots, and their instructor frowned. They turned back to Manic, "You just got sloppy, man."

"Yeah," another boy agreed, "The cops are total noobs."

"Guilty as charged, little dudes," Manic admitted, rubbing his hands together. "I got sloppy with life! Had all the good stuff laid out in front of me like Cici's Pizza. But I chose to go rogue; do the smack thing. Got high instead of studyin'. Got addicted rather than get a job. Coked up when I could've been travellin'. Chose crime when I could've just followed the rules and lived a life where I could eat whatever I want, whenever I want. A life with friends and family, holidays and halfway-decent action flicks. Could've gotten a girlfriend and got married over bein' stuck with dudes twenty-four seven, and not once gettin' a visitor who isn't my own sister. Made the people in my life proud of me; but instead of that, they're ashamed if they remember me at all." Manic took a chair, turned it around, and sat with the backrest against his chest, facing them. "Let me tell you tykes a little somethin' about life. You only get one. And you're livin' it now! Free. Goin' to school, flirtin' with the dames, partyin', all that good stuff. I had all that, too. And take it from me, the last thing you'd want is to have the one life you get; the only one you're ever gonna have, and not get the chance to live it. My life is these prison walls, because I chose crime. And not a day goes by where I don't feel like a nitwit for it."

"You stink of cigs, man," a tiger near the front grinned, "I hear you big bad cons get all sortsa shit in under the screw's noses. So why not bring in a coupla skirts while you're at it? You like dudes or somethin'?"

"Ha! Good one Snaggle!" A bear punched the tiger's fist in a display of camaraderie and they laughed together.

Manic nodded his head. These two, the bear and the tiger, were obviously the worst of the bunch. In a group of juvenile delinquents, they were the class clowns. The instigators. The ones destined for plunder. "Even if I did like dudes, this place would still suck bull scrotums, little man," Manic informed him, "Truth o' the matter is, it don't matter what your preference is. Because in here, you don't get to choose. Everything's chosen for you. The food you eat, the clothes you wear, even your draws! I prefer underroos myself, but some head honcho decided Tighty Whities were best for us, so every package in this pit is covered in those. Stuff's either imposed on you, or taken from you." He turned his attention to the tiger specifically. "And nothin' gets under the big guys, Little Dude. I smoke because they let me. They keep me reliant on 'em. If I decide to go Rambo and misbehave, they'll take my cigs away; or worse. Send me to the Hole. Solitary. I smoke because they don't have to follow the rules. They can beat my ass with those batons, taze me, cuff me up and knock my teeth out. And there's nobody to stop 'em. Because in this place, within these walls, they rule. I smoke because they keep me under their control. I don't even have the freedom to think for myself anymore. And it's sad. Because I was once as free as you." Manic's words were hitting some of them hard. Because they weren't rehearsed. He wasn't following a curriculum like their teachers were. Manic's words were real.

There were a few twitches from the younger ones; probably the ones done for insistent tagging, or joyriding. The bear and the tiger had probably been big guys when they'd gone too Juvenile Hall though, "No screw is ever gonna push me around," the bear grunted firmly, "No 'con, neither."

"Rory's right. You're only complaining 'cus you're at the bottom," the tiger, Snaggle, agreed.

"You're darned tootin', Kiddos. No cop, law-head, boy-scout or outright puke of a bluecoat's ever gonna put his hands on you. Because now you've seen me at the very bottom. And now you know, it's not a place you wanna be," Manic folded his hands, looking over the class again with deep green eyes. "Now that you've seen me. Now that I've told you about the waste of life I've granted myself for not doing somethin' so simple as stayin' outta trouble, nobody's ever gonna have their way with you. Because you're not gonna end up here. You're gonna straighten up and strut down the road of life. Nobody, not a single one of you, is gonna end up here. Because if you do, somethin' real bad's gonna happen. Somethin' depressing. Somethin' worse than death," he paused for a moment, and looked down at the floor, regret painted on his face. "You'll end up like me."

There was another murmur from around the room. Some of the kids were clearly thinking 'loser'. But at the same time they were feeling sorry for him. Whether his words would have any lasting effect was more debatable. Chip spoke up again, "They're practically cops. If they're beatin' on you, why're they gettin' away with it?"

"Who's gonna report 'em?" Manic asked right back. "Who's gonna stop 'em? It's not like we can call the cops in here," he pointed out, bringing clarity to the situation. "And even if we could, you think the cops'll believe us? A buncha cons?" Manic had a way of making direct eye contact with each kid, both individually and as a group. "I'm barely gettin' through to you guys right now. Why would cops give any damn about what happens to me?"

"'Cus that's what they're paid for?" The fairy-looking boy, Chip, suggested. But he looked a lot less certain. All these boys were here because they believed that society didn't give a shit about them, and denying that Manic's words were truth went against their very nature. Some of them were fidgeting.

Behind Manic, a warden stepped forward. Scaring kids straight was one thing. Telling them about warden corruption was another, "Okay, Manic. You're done talking here."

Manic nodded, and stood up off his chair. "Wish I could talk to you guys a bit longer. But like I said, I don't get to choose. Even if I asked nicely, the wardens would say no, just on the premise that I'm asking for it. Stay outta trouble, kids. Otherwise, your best friend someday, might be me. I got twenty years left, so there'll be plenty of time for us to swap life stories." He pushed his wrists together, and rose them toward the officers. They technically didn't have to cuff him, but that wasn't the point. It was the message they needed to get across that mattered.

The cuffs were slapped on, and tightened. Manic was tapped with the baton, and the warden started to escort him out. As he did so, Shadow was being brought in. Unlike Manic, his cuffs had *not* been removed before going in. He might have been the least likely to hurt the kids among all the prisoners on the island, but with Shadow, nobody took chances. He raised an eyebrow at Manic inquisitively as he passed the green hedgehog, silently asking him about how it had gone.

Manic nodded, the brief instant of eye-contact they shared telling the whole story. He told them the depressing, regretful truth, and they semi-listened. He softened them up for Shadow. It was time for the final blow.

Shadow sat on the table in front, and looked over the class, rapidly coming to the same conclusions that Manic had. Like the janitor, he recognized some of those faces, but for a different reason. Kids who were angry at everything and everybody. And half the time, for damn good reasons. They looked uncomfortable, but when the door shut behind Manic, they perked up a little at this new entertainment - or as they would think of him, fresh meat.

"When I was worth anything, my name was Ursula Leslie Robotnik," he stated calmly in his even tone, "In here, everybody calls me

Shadow. Shadow the Hedgehog. I know Manic. He's probably complained about how he's got twenty years to go before he passes those gates. But me… the only way I get out is back-door parole. I'm doing multiple life sentences."

The kids were already unsure, perplexed and very stricken by the things Manic had told them. But this new hedgehog had an edge to him. This one was no janitor. "With a name like that, I'd stick to the shadows myself!" Snaggle tried joking, but even Rory had to force a smirk for it. The other kids just ignored him. "We never asked the green guy what he's in for. What about you?"

"I have murdered," Shadow stated, without a twitch of emotion, "And I have raped. Sometimes, both at once." The attitude that swept the room was 'this guy is bad-ass', "But I started small, like you kids did." He scanned the room, and his expression changed subtly, going from impassive, to the kind that one might see on a teacher. He gave off an aura of authority.

"Nobody here's ever killed anyone. Or raped anyone," One of the human kids spoke up, obviously appalled by the dark hedgehog's revelation. "That other guy looked harmless; just a loser who shot up way too much. But you deserve to be here. None of us ever will."

Shadow snorted. Manic wasn't just a loser who'd done too many drugs. There were regular prisons for guys like that, "Wrong. I know why you're here," he stated, "You're here because you're angry. You think your parents are idiots, your teachers are assholes, and the cops are a bunch of tools. Some of you are fully aware that Social Services are a bunch of uncaring creeps who shuffle paper all day…" he sneered in memory, "And I know you feel like that, because that's how I felt. And I can safely inform you that if you think your life sucks now, *just wait until you hit prison* ."

"Like you would know," another of the human kids spoke up; this one older than most of the rest. "You only think you have it bad because you've been shoved in here for so damn long. Look at you, in your fancy well-stitched prison getup that you didn't have to work or, in my

case, fight for. Not having to worry about where you're gonna sleep, or if your next meal's gonna be cooked meat or raw grass. And you're gonna sit out here, with your shiny stripes and whacked-out red eyes, to tell us you have it worse? Guys like you have it made. You deserve to die for the crap you've done."

"You're probably right. Guys like me… we sit at the top, lording it over everybody. Getting all those fancy privileges, like a *bed* and a *working toilet* . And you know how I get to do that?" Shadow asked, "Because I am the scariest motherfucker in this shit-hole. I have to kick asses on a daily basis to remind everybody of exactly why they don't ever cross me. And when you go to prison, you will meet men like me." His well-spoken voice didn't mesh with his obscenities and prison slang. But somehow that made him more ominous.

The children listened intently. They didn't seem to have any questions for Shadow just yet, but they seemed utterly intrigued by him despite that. "I've read about you," one of the kids in the back spoke. A Black kid; human. Shadow didn't see many of those in the prison population. "You're the one that's not normal. You could teleport. And you're like a hundred years old or somethin'. There's even a song about you." The boy grinned. "If I do ever end up in prison, I hope I can be like you. Powerful on the inside, legendary on the out. That's gangsta."

"No… you don't want to be like me," Shadow smiled slightly, opening up to these kids, just a little, "Something you oughta know, kid. I don't always enjoy busting skulls. Some of the punks in here… all they need is a good backhand. But if some puny dweeb disses me, it doesn't matter. If I don't smear his face all over my fist, I'm a fag, just like him…" he shook his head, "It takes all your strength to climb a ladder, but just one little slip and it's a long way back down."

"How many times've you had to climb up?" Snaggle asked, now genuinely interested. Most of the kids could relate more to Manic. But the especially problematic felt more akin to this new inmate.

"As many times as I've been put in the Hole," Shadow replied simply, "Twenty-four hours out of the population, and you're nothing but a bad dream. And you know what? When you hit prison, the ladder's all set up. You have to fight for every step. And the cons you're fighting have been there longer, and they're meaner, and they've got more to lose. So the next thing you know, you're not climbing, you're crawling. Got too much pride to crawl? Some of the real bastards might give you a lift up. All you gotta do is hang on by their back pockets."

The wardens were impressed. For such a troublesome prisoner, Shadow had a way with words. And a direct, inherent, natural route towards reaching these kids.

"You mean that stuff's true?!" Rory yelled out, surprised. "I heard it only happens to child molesters and…" He grinned, suddenly. "Rapists.." The rest of the class seemed to follow suit, save for a few. Rapists and kid-pigs were a common stereotype for prison rape.

"Betcha think we're all buddy-buddy in here?" Shadow asked, "Betcha think it's us cons against the screws and bad things only happen to Pedos and rapists and fags. That's just to make prison sound like justice to civs."

"Well then y'all are retarded," the same Black boy spoke up. "You must outnumber the guards a hundred to one, easily. You could run this joint if you stuck together. Even break the walls down and escape. But you waste time fightin' each other instead? Maybe Alex is right. You do belong in here."

"Yeah, the Wardens set it up that way," Shadow agreed, "I've got me the biggest asshole of a cellie right now," he continued, "I've been pounding him daily. He's my equal, at least in strength, and if I was smart, I'd quit right? Make friends and we'd gang up on the screws? Trouble is, you're damn right, and most of the guys in here are total morons. If I quit fighting him, I'd be doing a walk of shame by sunset."

"What's a cellie?" Chip asked. Only to be ridiculed by Snaggle, who told him it's a cellmate. And called him a moron. "Oh. You guys share cells? I thought it was one guy to a cell?"

"HAHAHAHA!" Shadow threw his head back in laughter, "Nope. This place is so overcrowded, the Wardens don't need to fuck with you because cons will make life uncomfortable for each other. Intended capacity, one-thousand. Max capacity, double that. Of course, that's supposed to be strictly emergencies. But most cons share a cell. The screws shove in an extra bunk and suddenly you've got to share your whole *life* with somebody else. No matter what kind of fuckwad they are. Techno-punks share with nonces. Two Alphas get shoved together so's they'll keep each other busy. It's fucking *hell*, dammit!"

Snaggle smirked. "Your cellmate must really give you a run for your perks. We oughtta meet that guy and learn from him!"

"Yeah, tell us about your cellmate!" Rory seconded. "If you're on top, and he's strong enough to get on your nerves, maybe we should like to meet him!"

"That, kid, is not the point," Shadow shook his head, "Point is, when you get banged up, you'll be *you*, and you have absolutely zero control over who your cellie is. Even I don't get to choose. Could be anybody. Could be somebody who'll fall in line. Or it could be somebody like me, who fluctuates wildly between watching documentaries on scientific discoveries and slamming your face into a wall. Or one of the fags who has more STDs than a Jersey Hooker."

The guards seemed a little agitated when the kids began asking about Shadow's cell mate. And the kids seemed to notice. Not to mention, Shadow's refusal to answer their questions only stirred the rowdier ones on further. Alex, the youngest of the humans, pressed on. "He must be the coolest criminal here. Can you at least tell us his name?" He asked, fully aware that Shadow was getting annoyed.

Shadow stood calmly, "Olgivie Maurice," he said shortly, aware that these kids paid little attention to papers or news. Sonic's real name would mean nothing to them, "And I have to sit around with this 'cool' guy at least ten hours a day. That gets old, real fast. We have to watch each other dress, shit, and sleep. And if we made friends, the screws would switch us just for kicks. Because the last thing they want, is for you to be friends with your cellie."

"Hmmm…" Snaggle and Rory both felt that something was off; Shadow wasn't giving them the info they desired. But either way, he answered their question. "This place must be jam-packed full of hedgehogs, huh?" Snaggle commented, smirking a little. "So what happens when you fight? Do they punish you for it?"

"Eventually," Shadow nodded, "It really depends on whether a fight makes them look bad or not. Take on a 'con, and they'll step in when somebody's unconscious. Take on a guard and they're on you like cheese on a damn pizza. You'll get tazed three times before you hit the floor, then thrown in Solitary. Think a little solo time isn't so bad? Try sitting in filthy total darkness for twenty-four hours straight."

"How bad could that be?" One of the older humans spoke again. "You're talking in circles. One moment you tell us you never get any privacy; always surrounded. Then you tell us they punish you by giving you some alone time? Makes no sense to me. Sounds like a privilege more than anything else. But the stink's gotta… well, stink for sure."

"You got it on both counts, kid. In here, you don't *get* to choose," Shadow scanned the boys, "It's a Catch-Twenty-Two. That's the thing about monsters; they have no control over what they do. But the only thing more monstrous than a monster, is the man who chooses to make one. You kids still have a *choice* . You can get some self-control back in your lives. Or you can continue down your current route, and make monsters out of yourselves, like I did."

"Was it worth it?" The black kid in the back asked.

Shadow looked down, "I ask myself that question sometimes too…" He sighed, his expression almost heartbroken as he thought of Maria. Then he looked up again, "Now I know where you're coming from. You kids think you can be the guy at the top. Hell, maybe one of you can be. But it's not given to you. You have to fight for it. You fight to get to the top, and then you fight to stay there. Every day you're fighting. You fight too much, and they give you a nice little time out. You come out twenty-four hours later stinking of shit and piss and blood, and you've got to fight all the way back up again. But you're proud. You don't break; you keep on fighting. And you make it to the top. And you look in the mirror…" he gestured to his face, "And all you've got left to fight, is yourself."

"What about your family?" One of the quieter, more concerned children asked. "Don't they get to visit you or anything? Or don't you have friends who're locked up with you? You make it sound so lonely…"

"My father died before I hit prison. My sister too, both thanks to The Man," Shadow gritted his teeth for a moment in pain, "I have no family. As for friends? I'm at the top because I'm a monster, and monsters don't have friends. Lonely?" he looked down, "You don't know the half of it." There was a silence, then he looked up again, "You've just seen Manic. He's probably told you he's a janitor. Well y'know what? In here, that's a pretty high place. He had to fight to get that job. So imagine what it's like at the bottom."

"The name 'Manic' actually sounds familiar to me. But I can't place where from," Rory told the group.

"How can you say you're lonely, anyway?" Snaggle asked. "You've got your cellie to fight with all the time! You two must feel like brothers," the teen was only half-joking. From his point of view, brothers really are two males forced to live in close proximity of each other who fight all the time.

"Sometimes your closest bros are the ones you fight with, know what I'm sayin'?" Alex added.

"You think it's cool to spend ten hours a day with the same guy? Watch him shit and piss and touch your stuff and listen to him jerking off and talking back and call your dead sister a hot babe?" Shadow growled, "The only good thing about Sonic is that his actual brother is the janitor, and I don't even need him to be!"

The energy within the room made such an abrupt shift, Shadow almost gasped along with the juvenile delinquents in front of him. And gasp they did, in a saturated combination of excitement and disbelief. But Shadow couldn't get a hold of the situation, because the guards took hold of him, and began dragging him out, restrained and bewildered, before he could comment. He heard the kids asking, though. Yelling. Demanding. "Did he say Sonic?!" "That's right! Manic is Sonic the Hedgehog's brother! They had that band together!" "Sonic the Hedgehog's on this island!" "Could it be the real Sonic?!" "It's got to be; Manic's the proof!" The guards seemed angry. Something had just happened. Shadow had caused something. He didn't know what; but he sure as Hell wanted answers.

"Wait, the fuck just happened?" Shadow struggled briefly as he was being pulled out, "Sonic?! What the fuck are they- *GAH FUCKING SHIT!"*

This last part was in tune to a warden jamming a taser into Shadow. It happened outside the room, but the shouts and the buzz of the taser were clear for the boys to hear.

The tour was over.

SonicFrank: Wasn't that refreshing? Why not leave us a review and tell us what you think prison life would be like?

Seductress

Prison Island Break

Co-Written by Breech Loader and SonicFrank

SonicFrank: This fic just keeps getting deeper and better, doesn't it? So many characters, so many roles. We try our best never to lose track, and keep everyone at least mildly important!

Harley: That being said, this chapter focuses on a minor character. But the impact is huge. Read on; you'll see what I mean.

Chapter Forty-Nine: Seductress

The air was nippy that day. Her 'official' boyfriend had been commenting on it the whole drive; claiming she hadn't been wearing enough to keep warm. But she wasn't lying when she said it was fine; she rather enjoyed cool temperatures. The cool breeze soothed her arms and legs; revitalized her senses. Today was the day to put the plan in motion; it was do or die. And she couldn't fail Sonic. Couldn't.

All morning long, Ash was asking if she was 'sure'. Sure about Sonic. Sure about the prison. Sure about visiting him on such a cold day. Sure about her safety. Mostly, she could sense he was threatened by her devotion to this blue 'friend' of hers. But she didn't care. In fact the mongoose found it amusing that her boyfriend could get jealous over what she insisted was 'nothing'. Little did he know..

He agreed to wait for her until her visitation was over. This was the most high-security prison in the country, and only one guest was allowed per inmate at a time. At least, that's what she told him. After dropping her off at the harbor, Mina had to reassure him that there

was nothing between her and Sonic but a platonic bond. She was very good at lying to him.

With Ash literally at bay, Mina boarded the boat, and was promptly amongst a small crowd to be ferried off to Prison Island. Sure, the wait to get on the boat was lengthy because she had to get through security, but the excitement of what was to come made it all but dull. Sonic had done it, somehow. Managed to get his way and have a three-way conjugal allowed; managed to get a psycho like Shadow Robotnik to behave himself long enough for it to happen, and also convince her to risk jail time of her own by sneaking in contraband. Contraband in the form of a cellular phone.

Luckily, if all went well, she wouldn't be the one delivering it to him. Things were a little more interesting than that..

The plan had her nervous. Sonic had asked for a lot, so the thrill of it was intense. She'd never done anything like it before, and just the thought of actually going through with it surged primitive excitement in her loins. She was afraid, and the fear of what was to come made her jittery. The cell phone was confiscated, just like she planned.

Going through security was always a drawn-out process, especially when conjugals were involved. It would have cost her thousands to get her hands on a device that could get through the prison's guard system without detection either by eye or by metal detector. And she was close to spending said money, until Sonic contacted her with an ulterior scheme. One she only liked because of the raunchiness of it. Unfortunately, her rising fame meant that a growing number of people actually recognized her as a celebrity, and further delayed her arrival by way of asking for autographs and polaroids. Though she had boarded the ferry in the early morning, it was very near the afternoon by the time she finally saw someone she recognized; Nate Morgan. And, just as Sonic predicted, he had been waiting just for her.

And looking like a worrisome toad, just as the blue hedgehog also prophecised. Mina couldn't help smirking a bit when he greeted her;

stammering.

"Ms. Mongoose," Nate extended a hand for her to shake. "It's a pleasure to see you again. I expect you're tired from the delay?" He was being formal. This gave the mongoose confidence. She took his hand, holding it lightly when she shook.

"Are you kidding?" Mina asked with a flustered smile, "The boys haven't even seen me yet and already I've been stripped naked twice! Not that I mind; safety first, right?" She asked. This was going to be easy.

It was a long way to the cabins. There were many doors, fences, and safety measures they had to get past. And Mina seemed all too intent to walk idly, slowly, taking her time. This meant Nate had to take his time, as his job was to escort her. "Ms. Mongoose-"

"Call me Mina," she interrupted with an insistent smile. Her green eyes shone with brilliant excitement.

"-Mina.. I know you signed a waiver. But, If I may-"

"And you may," she assured him amusingly.

"I'm not sure this is… the safest, approach to a good time. Shadow Robotnik is among the most notoriously sadistic inmates we house in this penitentiary, and your boyfriend-"

"Friend," she corrected, without any hint of offense at all.

"Yes. Your friend, Mister Maurice Hedgehog, only seems to spark Shadow Robotnik's rage. I'm not for certain that this is-"

"Let's have lunch," Mina interrupted. Nate seemed bewildered, so she insisted before he could retaliate. "It's been a long trip! And I'm hungry. Surely there must be some kind of Prison Regulation against keeping your guests hungry. And I can't very well perform adequately upon two men on an empty stomach, can I?" Mina asked. She'd

been dancing around the reason she was actually here all along. And she was also making light of Nate's warnings. As expected.

"We have a sitting room for our guests where we also serve rations." Nate explained. "However, that would require us going all the way back to the Guest Room-"

"Oh no, you're not taking me all the way back there, Old Man," The singer taunted, "And you're not sending me in with two sex-deprived brutes like Sonic and Shadow to unleash all their pent-up testosterone on me with a lack of chow in my tummy, either. And seeing as you can't quite leave me by myself, you'll just have to sit with me over lunch, and keep me company." She rubbed her hands together, trying to warm them, feigning cold. "Unless you don't want to…" She added, testing the waters.

Nate seemed caught up between a hard rock and a spiked wall. Any choice he made seemed to come with repercussions, so he chose the one he liked best. The one he didn't realize he liked best until he chose it. "I'll have lunch sent to us in the cabin, and I'll have your 'friends' sent over whenever you feel ready."

"There's no rush, is there?" Mina asked, smiling curtly.

"No," Nate swallowed, "Of course not."

For someone who claimed to be hungry, Mina hadn't eaten much of her lunch. She was instead eyeing the elderly warden with a strong sense of interest that came as a surprise to him. Her eyes seemed fixated on his, and despite her reasons for being there, she seemed oddly willing to spend some time conversing with him. "Wow. You've been here for that long and you're still alive?" Mina asked, picking idly at some grapes. "But you have such a dangerous job! Don't you get scared..?"

"Sometimes, Ma'am," Nate replied, sitting on a chair beside the bed, with his tray on his lap. Despite working there, he hadn't eaten prison

food in years. "But I've learned not to show any fear. The inmates feed on it, you see. I rule with an iron, but fair, fist."

Mina was laying on her stomach, sprawled out on the bed. She found it cute, how the old man insisted on not looking at her. But she'd caught him more than once, unable to resist the natural urge to eye her up. And even that, he did politely, trying his very best to only look her in the eyes. "Is it safe?" she asked, laying her chin on her hands.

"Most of the time. Though safety is always at difficult odds considering the men whom we house.." Why was she asking so many questions?

"What about the prisoners? Is it safe for them?" Mina asked, running a finger through her long, wavy hair. She wore it loose. Sonic liked it that way.

"We try. The inmates are honestly more of a danger to each other than they are to us. But anything can go wrong during riots… Anyone can get hurt." Nate replied, calmly.

"Oh… that sounds intense," Mina responded, adding a worried wave to her voice. Sonic told her she had to sound interested for the plan to work. Nate was a weak spot in the otherwise sturdy bulk of security, but he can only be exploited through certain, delicate, procedures. "Does that mean Sonic isn't safe here, either..?"

"Olgilvie Maurice Hedgehog does an impeccable job at ensuring his own safety, Ma'am, even with all the ruckus and the fighting he's constantly involved in. He doesn't do any bullying so he's hardly ever reprimanded, and he doesn't get bullied because he finishes all the fights he doesn't start. He's a rebel, that friend of yours," Nate explained, "He hardly requires my or anyone else's protection."

"Yeah… That sounds like him to a speck. He's just awesome like that, isn't he?" Mina asked, with a dreamy expression. Though her interest in Nate's company didn't weign. "So good… I just can't help

worrying about him, you know? That all the good in him will get him killed someday. Because he's the type to risk his keister for someone who's weaker than him."

"Mm," the guard responded, not knowing what else to say.

"I miss him, you know.." Mina pressed on, determined not to let their chat go dull. "I miss him being with me. I miss him holding me at night… I miss the way he touches me," the mongoose seemed to writhe a bit, her knees swaying softly on the mattress's covers. "I miss the way he lays on my couch. I miss watching him work out… Showering with him… I just miss him, so much… I hate him being here.."

Had her gaze left Nate's direction, he would have suggested bringing Sonic into the hut at that exact moment, so they could be together. But the way she kept looking at him, the way she popped one grape into her mouth and chewed so slowly… It gave him the inclination she wasn't ready to have her friend brought in just yet. He was suspicious of her intentions, but too polite to back away. He sighed, only now coming to terms with all the weight he felt on his shoulders. "He is… a unique young lad…"

"Can't you do anything to help him…?" Mina asked, seemingly out of nowhere. Though somehow, Nate wasn't surprised. "I'm sure you understand… Isn't there someone you wish you could spend more time with..?"

"Well… Yes, actually. My wife. And my children… But none of them are criminals," Nate pointed out. "None of them have records of sparking public riots and robbing banks.. I'm afraid your friend has bestowed his fate upon himself by breaking the law on multiple occasions."

"But he doesn't belong here… You said so yourself; he's unique…" the mongoose seemed saddened. "And I'm sorry you're going through that. With your wife, I mean… And your kids. That sounds rough.."

"Nothing about this job isn't. But that's what's rewarding about it," Nate told her, getting ready to stand. "Any good thing that comes out of it is well-deserved. Ms. Mongoose, I really ought to be going now. Your boyfriend is waiting and-"

"Why can't you look at me?" Mina asked, interrupting him again. "Don't you find me pretty, Mister Warden?" She questioned, a saddened tone to her voice as she shifted up to a kneeling position.

"Ms. Mongoose, this isn't in any way an appropriate-" Nate started, getting up so fast that his tray spilled.

"Don't you?!" Mina asked, suddenly on the verge of tears. What Nate said now could have an effect on everything. Everything… Because if he insulted her in any way, he could be reprimanded for a lack of professionalism.

"Ms. Mongoose, I-" he took a deep, gut-ridden sigh, and looked in her direction. "Yes. You're a stunning young lady with a very bright future ahead of you, and I sincerely hope it doesn't get thrown away by this ludicrous conjugal with Shadow Robot-"

"Well good, because I think you're powerful.." She revealed, smiling with feigned relief. She stood up off the bed, and placed a delicate finger on his Corrections Officer Badge, the one he'd earned years ago at the academy. In doing so, her hand easily moved toward his shoulder. "Very powerful… An authority figure. With wisdom that only comes with age.."

Nate closed his eyes. There was something intoxicating about this young woman. Was it everything about her, or the fact that she for whatever reason seemed interested in him? Maybe it was both. But he'd never been approached like this and his thoughts were on overload. "Ms. Mongoose, what is it that you want from me?"

"I want you to keep Sonic safe… Ensure his protection… And say whatever you can, to whoever you have to, to help get him out of here sooner… Because I need him," she explained, smiling up at

him as she fiddled with the fancy patches on his uniform. Her fingers stroked seductively and he could feel her feminine breath against his face; Nate was barely aware of what she was truly asking of him. All he knew was, this was all wrong. And it was all wrong because the deepest parts of his desires liked it. "Can you do that for me, Mister Warden?"

It took him a moment to respond. He thought of his wife at home, whom he'd been married to for over three decades and was just as old as him. He thought of his children, all adults now, who barely needed him anymore. He thought of his career, so close to being over. All of them fulfilled him, but there was an emptiness inside him that a young woman like Mina seemed able and willing to fill. The need to be needed, wanted, desired… "Mina-" he started, surprised at himself for referring to her by her first name despite her insisting so, "I'm sixty-two years old and married-"

"Then you should know what to do with me…" Mina told him, smirking. By this point, she had his shirt untucked. "Don't be shy. I'll make it all worth your while, and I know what I'm doing, too… With you around, Sonic will be safe. I'll make sure of it.." Mina smirked. She had him right where she wanted him, just as Sonic told her she would. She didn't think she could do it, but here she was, accomplishing the plan. Pushing all the right buttons. Undoing the old man's belt.

"I can't. I really shouldn't-" Nate told her, sweating. Stuttering. Fearing. But not walking away.

"Then let me show you why you should," With that, Mina pulled his belt off, and dropped to her knees. Nate didn't walk away.

Her flesh was vernal against his infirm skin. Flawless, young, immaculate. Nothing like his wife. Mina was warm on the inside; smooth, a faultless synergy between exquisitely tight and blemishedly loose. His olden age required constant up-keeping; he grew tired quickly, but the mongoose was optimistic, and happy to rejuvenate the warden in any way she could.

Her youth made her guiltless. The way she rode him without hesitance, smiling down at him. Huffing feminine breath. The way she wrapped her legs around him with utmost enthusiasm, happy to let him have his way. The way she'd place his hands on her body; forbidden, molten spots that had wilted away on his wife, insisting he derive full pleasure. The way her green eyes poisoned his thoughts. All were signs of her lack of wisdom and experience at life. But Nate didn't know what her plan was. Nate didn't know that he'd been fish-hooked into a snaring trap. Nate didn't know he had been fooled.

It seemed like a day past eternity; the old man was sweating through what little of his uniform he'd kept on. He was much more comfortable remaining clothed throughout the affair. Mina, however, laid naked on the mattress, propped up on her side while watching him recompose. It had only been twenty minutes, which made her smile.

"So, you'll do that for me, then?" Mina asked, holding back her giggle. Nate was an adorable old man; surely he'd feel as guilty about all this as possible. "Keep Sonic safe…?"

Nate was out of breath. Exhausted. And trying his best to smooth out his sweaty uniform. Mina didn't know the truth; a conniving part of him that had wanted to sleep with her kept it hidden. "I'll do my best, Ma'am.. You really are a very lovely woman. I humbly suggest you find someone else… Mister Hedgehog has a life sentence, you see.."

The girl couldn't help smirking. "I know. And you can't help him, since you're retiring soon, huh?"

It took a moment to register, but when it did, Nate turned witness a wicked look on the woman's face. Amoral, nefarious, even a bit profane. "I-I'm not-"

"Oh dear God… Mister Warden! You've taken advantage of me!" Mina accused, grinning seductively as she laid there, calmly. "What will your superiors say? What will the state say?! Oh, and the Board,

they'll snatch your retirement benefits away in a jiffy, won't they? What a shameful position to have brought upon yourself…" She looked at her nails, as if they needed filing.

"Now see here, Young Lady! Clearly this isn't some-" But Mina interrupted him. And he was caught. She held all the power now. In one swoop, the mongoose had taken his thirty-plus year career and dangled it right in front of him. She knew exactly what she was doing. If she squealed, not only would he lose his benefits and any hope for a comfortable life, he would lose his marriage. His children would scorn him. There'd be nothing left.

Throwing her purple hair behind her, Mina traced the damp pool of sweat that was left behind on the mattress; proof of what had happened. Along with the evidence of his DNA. "Now, let's not destroy a good thing, hmm? Here's what I need you to do for me…" She looked up at Nate, to see the stern, helpless look on his face. She had him right where she wanted. Sonic was a genius. "There's a cellular phone that was confiscated from me when I got here. You know what that is, right? Not a telephone, but a cell-phone?"

No reply. Mina was mocking him now and Nate refused to satisfy her any more than he already had. Or failed to, sexually.

"All you need to do to ensure that nobody ever finds out about this, is make sure that Sonic gets that phone. Intact. I'm sure you can take care of it for me. Personally." Her grin was profane. But she was getting bored.

Nate only glared. "He'll have it by tonight. Provided you don't talk."

Mina smiled. "What a sweet, kind old man, you are… And Nate? Word of advice. Carry some Viagra with you."

Harley: The plan's in motion! But will it go smoothly? In stories like this, anything can go wrong at any time..

SonicFrank: Leave us a review that tells us how we're doing so far! We work real hard on this fic, so constructive criticism, or outright praise, is always a good thing!

Nepotism

Prison Island Break

Co-Written by Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Breech: Some people wonder why Amy's so wise in PIB. I figure if she's going to fall for a convicted felon (or will she?), then that should be the *only* dumb thing about her. Sonic Team makes her so *ditzy* .

SonicFrank: What Breech meant to say was, fifty chapters! This is freaking EPIC.

Chapter Fifty: Nepotism

The infirmary. Early afternoon. Amy knew what this examination was for, and she was disturbed, for multiple reasons. Partly about a threesome - the first threesome in the history of Prison Island. There was no way she'd have authorised something like this. She was also disturbed when she wondered what kind of crazy woman would want to have sexual relations with two murderers at the same time. The girl must have some serious kinks for crazy men…

The door to the infirmary unlocked and opened, to show two guards escorting a cuffed Shadow, whose gaze gravitated to her almost instantly. She looked away before his soul-penetrating gaze could have her blushing - or worse.

A rather less pleasant sight was having one of the top three most important - and unpleasant - men in the prison, in her infirmary. If she was honest, looking at Shadow was actually an improvement.

"Good afternoon, Snively," she greeted the Head Of Security stiffly, trying as ever to keep a professional distance between them.

Snively was unattractive in almost every way a man could be. He stood nearly a head shorter than her, yet he was skinny and poorly built. The length of his nose rivalled Shadow Robotnik's striped spines. If his dreadful appearance, whiny voice and rude demeanour weren't enough to make him repulsive, there was also an extreme lack of respect involved, due to nepotism. He was Head of Security not because he in any way qualified for the title, but because he was Director Julian 'Eggman' Kintobor's nephew. He was bald at thirty, too, a few strands of hair combed over his head as if it made a difference.

"Good afternoon, Miss Blossom," the tiny man spoke, almost mockingly. "I just came to assess a certain anomaly with your patients, might I have a look-see at your office?" He was looking for something. A sure sign of corruptive intentions.

Amy found the man only very slightly less repulsive than Mephiles, due to a combination of how utterly pathetic and incompetent he could be, and due to Mephiles having actual charm to conceal how appalling he was. But she certainly couldn't turn down such a perfectly reasonable request, even though she suspected there was a catch involved, "Of course," she told him sharply, "I have nothing to hide."

The dark hedgehog grumbled, already shaking slightly in his cuffs. He had history with Snively. The type of history that could get someone killed. For the first time since Sonic had insulted him in front of her, one of his sessions with the lovely Doctor Blossom was being ruined. He stood quiet for now, glaring sharp red glass at everybody in the room.

"Oh really?" the bald reprobate had a way of extending the last syllable of every sentence to acknowledge his own cunning wit. And also mock her. "You see, I've been looking through some recent Security Footage, my dear, and it's come to my attention that

certain… Staff members, have been either criminally rebellious, or submissively loyal," Amy knew exactly who, and what events, he was referring to. The look in his eyes and the tone of his voice pointed everything out clearly. On top of that, he was grinning But he turned away from her, and changed the subject quickly. "Ah, and as fate would have it, Mister Robotnik is here!" he commented, facing Shadow. "This is an event that's lost its infrequency over the past month, isn't it? Tell me, is there something about this infirmary that you like, Prisoner?"

The striped hedgehog made a growling noise in his throat. Snively had a way of riling him up from the inside out. His attraction to Amy was hardly something he kept a secret. And the same went for his distaste for Snively. "The scenery is nice. But you're smudging it with your face."

Snively sneered, and despite the height difference still somehow managed to look down on Shadow, "Oh, so it can speak!" he chuckled, "Your patience with these irrational freaks and monsters never ceases to impress me, Doctor."

Amy shook her head. Why did inmates and wardens have to make things worse by creating baseless personal vendettas with each other? She pulled on a rubber glove, "Let's avoid the conversation and get this over with, Mister Robotnik," she told him, "Strip!" She snapped the glove to her wrist.

To do so, Shadow needed his handcuffs removed, at least temporarily. The two wardens did so, standing ready in case of any sudden movements. Of course, he considered, it was only a matter of time before they let themselves relax.

"Hmmm…" Snively hummed, out loud. Much like his uncle, he was much more comfortable keeping his business on the end of the human prisoners, deeming the anthros to be someone else's problem, rarely even addressing them. The exception to this seemed to be Amy Rose. Despite being an 'animal', as he labelled her kind, the bald man had a sick attraction to her that was almost as obvious

as Shadow's. "I'll be checking over your office now, Miss Blossom. Surely I won't find anything that will be of consequence, hmmm? Although you're more than welcome to… Distract me… With your company…" he commented, turning back to Amy and walking towards her office door, hands behind his back.

Shadow unzipped his jacket loudly, frowning. Snively was hitting on Amy despite how uncomfortable it made her. And that made him angry. She could feel it.

"Ugh…" Amy just rolled her eyes as a glaring Shadow pulled off his jacket. It was passed to the guards, who soon shook out two razors and a shiv made entirely out of hardened papier-mâché - in prison that consisted of water, toilet paper and glue. If it wasn't for personal searches, things like that would get through metal detectors. She was already aware of Snively rummaging in her office shamelessly, not even attempting to be quiet.

"And here I thought *I'd* be the furthest choice you'd pick for consensual fornication, Doctor," Shadow's grin was cunning, "Pathetic, isn't he?" he nodded at the office, "Sure, I raped a lot of women. But I could always convince them to let me walk them home first…" He laughed to himself. Snively was out of the room, but he was still within earshot, and the dark hedgehog knew it.

Amy shook her head, unwilling to indulge him in a sick conversation regarding his violent sexual exploits, "Just keep still, Shadow," she told him, patting him down.

Shadow kept talking as Amy moved to keep checking him, "You might want to search *deeper*, dear doctor," he smirked, "Lord knows I'd show you the same kindness…" He was standing stock still as Amy fished another improvised shiv out of the thick fur there. Shadow clearly knew damn well that all this stuff would be found. She wasn't sure whether he did it out of habit, or just so that he'd get searched routinely.

Amy made the mistake of letting her eyes meet his while she patted down his chest. His gaze was both as hard and cold and sharp as cut ruby. He smirked graciously, as if he was granting her a favour just by not jumping forward and raping her, "Turn around, Shadow," she told him quickly.

"Of course, *Amy*…" he smirked, turning.

The bald man was in the Doctor's office, a space she had once been naive enough to think was her own. She could almost feel him rummaging. The man was a weasel more slimy than Nack; and had the authorization to break even the strictest of privacy regulations. Before Amy could even begin searching her patient, Snively called out to her, "Miss Blossom! Do come here; there's an unexpected something that I must ask you about!" His tone was coy. He was up to no good.

Amy's lips pressed into a thin line, "In a *minute,* Snively," she called back, unsuccessfully hiding a scowl, "It's important that I deal with Mister Robotnik here first."

Shadow couldn't help feeling like Amy's attention was being unwillingly shared. And he didn't like it. Being in the infirmary with her was one of the few pastimes he enjoyed on Prison Island, and having it spoiled spurred intentions to kill. "I never thought you'd prefer me over *anyone*, Doctor. I'll try to hide my blush," he told her, smirking widely. His expression returned to a stoic frown when Snively's slithering voice interrupted his fun again.

"Ah, pre-occupied with the undressing of that prisoner, hmm? Don't be *too* thorough, Miss Blossom," there was so much cunning treachery in his tone, Amy felt slightly molested just listening to it. She could hear him going through her drawers. Due to his position, he had the keys for the locked ones as well. Nothing was hidden from him.

"Fine! " Amy blurted, turning her back on the smirking Shadow and strode into her office. Snively wasn't even trying to be subtle,

overturning her office with almost as much enthusiasm as a riotous convict. Shamelessly shuffling through her desk, casually flicking through private notes on patients, and even glancing at personal photographs of her family and friends before dropping them aside. It took all of her self-control not to slap his face, "What is it you want?" she snapped at him, not even bothering to close the door again, "Your *voice* is aggravating my *patient!"*

"Your patient, Miss Blossom, is nothing but a lowly prisoner who is so far beneath the excrement of society that he is being contained in this penitentiary, as those who govern this country choose to preserve such impudent forms of life for reasons unbeknownst to us individuals who are actually worthy of living," he told her with great satisfaction, "Surely you can forgive my lack of concern for its emotions. Perhaps you'd be better off directing yours at someone with a little more… pull… Around these parts," he eyed her up and down, thin lips forming a wry grin. "Have you confiscated this recently?" he asked, holding up the chocolate bar that she'd agreed to hold for Sonic, while also changing the subject before she could tell him to piss off.

Shadow, who was left standing shirtless with only two prison guards to keep him company, turned, but otherwise remained motionless, and submerged in anger. Snively was *flirting* with Amy. *Nobody* flirted with Amy. Nobody who made her feel uncomfortable anyway. Nobody who'd live to tell the tale. His eyes scanned the room and the position which he was being held in. Cuffs and chains could only restrict his movements so much. In some cases, they could aid… and thanks to Snively distracting Amy, he currently lacked his cuffs.

It was pointless denying anything to the Head of Security, "Yes, I did confiscate it," Amy glared, "And never, *ever* talk about my patients that way," she told him, loud enough to be heard by both the guards and Shadow in the main infirmary. Her dislike of the man actually had her siding with murderers and rapists, "You got that, Snively? I don't care how many keys you have; this is *my* infirmary. And while Shadow is in here, he is my patient. And if you have a problem with

the way I treat him, you'll have to stop me physically." She drew herself up, looking down on Snively. It was hardly an overconfident challenge. He was so small and weak that there was no way he could overcome even her physically, and they both knew it.

"Is that an invitation, Miss Blossom?" he asked, before referring to the chocolate bar again. "You're aware that there is a Prison Policy regarding confiscations, hmm?" he asked, smirking widely. "Along with a procedure for properly annotating and disposing of such contraband. And it *is* contraband, Miss Blossom. You were thoroughly briefed on said policies and procedures upon your hiring. I recall; I taught the class. And your quills were much shorter then…" He paused, awaiting her response. He knew exactly where she'd gotten it from. She could sense it in her skin.

"Since when did *you* give a pig's ear about Prison Policy, Mr Kintobor?" Amy returned, dismissing the hypocritical, insulting statement and trying to steer the conversation, "If you have a problem with the contraband, dispose of it!" She shifted, uncomfortable in his presence.

Snively nodded in succession, studying her motives. "Hmmm…" With that, he tossed the chocolate bar on her table. "I'll have you know, Miss Blossom," he started, walking towards the door. He stepped past her, and stood in the doorway, giving the guards a signal to 'watch' Shadow closely, "That as Head of Security, one of my daily responsibilities is to personally review every last morsel of security footage; down to the very last cut. And certain… incidents, have come to my attention. Ones that you may very well be interested in having 'cut' from our security footage."

He was saying too much. Shadow was listening. And he was gaining knowledge. Amy knew this. And the red-eyed hedgehog was looking more and more impatient by the second. Growling, he stirred petulantly, a savage glare directed towards the little human. The wardens must have seen it too, because without waiting for him to pull his jacket back on, they snapped the cuffs back on his wrists.

Amy relaxed a little, "And you watched it happen and did *nothing*," she folded her arms, trying to maintain control of the situation, "If you were the doctor to 1,500 of the most dangerous men on this planet - in a prison designed to hold about a thousand - you might have a slightly better understanding of why I sometimes bend the rules. And as a result of having a little empathy, I can maintain a little relative peace in this infirmary. That's more than I can say for your *weakass* approach to cell discipline. Your total lack of competence results in convicts constantly fighting among themselves. And I should know, because I spend all day fixing 'em!"

Snively's demeanour almost had Amy thinking that his intentions were to walk out of the room. She was wrong, because he closed the door, leaving them alone. "Miss Blossom, I'll have you know that I am in complete compliance with your methods of… maintenance… In fact I even agree to some extent. It is your doctoral duty to promote tranquillity as much as possible in this place. You like to help these… miscreants. But I'd like to help you, and you are making things difficult…"

Shadow watched the door shut, but their shadows were still visible even behind the drawn shades. His ears perked up and he listened hard, while trying to maintain self-control. The conjugal was at stake. He had to maintain self-control… He had to. For the sake of his first conjugal… and the escape…

Amy glowered, "Firstly, Snively, if I wanted your help I'd *ask* for it," she waved at a security camera in the corner of her room, "And secondly, these miscreants, as you refer to them, are in and out of my office all day thanks to your ineptitude. Sometimes they feel the need to act out scenes of grief and vengeance here, where they feel safe - but ultimately they have more respect for me and my infirmary than you do."

Snively grinned, "Which is precisely why I'm to require some… Fare, to guarantee my silence involving your inappropriate, unprofessional fraternization with the likes of two certain hedgehogs… One on each end of the spectrum, no less…" He opened the door again, and took

the chocolate bar. "It's your choice, Doctor. Make me happy, or I'll squeal… I'll be back in about an hour for you to… accept my proposal."

Amy barely had a chance to register what the feeble man was asking of her, because the moment he stepped out of her office, the guards both screamed in pain, and a ball of black and red stripes collided with Snively. The shock came as expected, but it caught the midget, too. "Miscreant?! MISCREANT?! I'll teach you all about miscreation, you fucking worm!" Shadow yelled, mounted over a screaming Snively while he worked his cuff chain around his neck, "You touch her, you DIE! No, hell with that, I'll kill you right NOW!"

Amy jumped back from shock, perhaps watching for a second or two longer than necessary as Snively wailed at the much stronger psychopath busily trying to throttle him. Lacking the strength or even the bravado to fight him, he was just trying to struggle away. She was suddenly horrified at the consideration of total inaction that went through her mind, and overcame the desire to do nothing. With them blocking the door, and the guards both whimpering on the floor in pain, temporarily immobilised, she turned and hurried back to her desk.

Shadow managed to wrap the chain around Snively's neck, and was successfully choking the life out of him. " *She's* mine*, faggot*…" Amy heard him snarl from her office, " *You don't deserve her… Shit, neither do I! But I'll have her just the same, and I'll slaughter any inaugural fuckbag who punishes her for being the solitary angel in Hell!* " He punched the Head of Security in the stomach with both fists, then scrabbled in his own pants and located a fourth shiv, this one imaginatively constructed from the carriage return of a typewriter. He stabbed it into Snively's shoulder and revelled in the scream of pain.

Entirely thanks to Snively's rummaging, Amy's desk was in chaos. She frantically started opening drawers, scrabbling in them for the right things then slamming them shut. Shadow was already getting ready for another stab. Her hand closed around what she needed,

"Shadow, stop!" she ordered him, and amazingly he froze, the shiv raised and aimed at Snively's throat. He turned only his head to look up at her, snarling, "Stop," she told him again, more calmly, walking towards him with a hand behind her back.

"Why *SHOULD* I?!" Shadow shouted at her, his body trembling in rage, "I'm trying to *HELP* you!"

"I know, I know… But only monsters think violence is the rational answer," Amy reached him, "Real people know it makes no sense at all," she sank to one knee and put her hand on his shoulder as he shook with emotion, "You're very real, Shadow." Before he could make another move, she stabbed the needle into a vein in his neck skilfully, and pressed the plunger. Within moments, the black and red hedgehog sagged, the tranquilisers in the needle bringing him to the cusp of unconsciousness, *"And I'm so sorry,* " she whispered in his ear, even as he slumped.

Shadow looked back at her, perhaps a little hurt. But not really shocked, "It… it's not your fault…" he slurred, just before he crashed to the floor face-first, moaning slightly from the sedatives.

Amy breathed out hard, standing up. It was only then that the guards, clearly angered by Shadow's ability to overcome the two of them so easily, set on him. A solid blow to his head knocked him unconscious and smeared more blood across the clean infirmary. And even though he was *still* unconscious, they hit him again in the side, just before they started using their tasers, even though he couldn't feel it.

"Stop that!" Amy shrieked, anger flashing on her face at the brutal treatment, "Stop right NOW!" they looked up at her, "He's already out!" She moved forwards and knelt beside the unconscious hedgehog, "Oh, Shadow…" she spoke tenderly, listening to his shallow breathing, "You poor thing…"

"Poor Shadow?! What about poor ME?!" Snively stood up, clutching his bloody shoulder and shaking a little, "That psychotic bastard just

stabbed me!"

Amy glanced at him analytically, "Stop *whining*, Snively," she told him icily, "A couple of inches to the right and that stab might have torn your axillary artery and you'd have bled to death in minutes. As it is, thanks to your guards' over-enthusiastic - and unnecessary - reactions, it's *Shadow* who is now the more urgent patient here."

"Him?!" There was shock on the Head of Security's face, "You're not seriously going to treat the rapist-murderer first?!" he whined.

Amy's hand slid under Shadow's head, feeling it sticky at the back. He was even paler than usual, "Damn right I am," she replied. Blows to the head were *dangerous*, more so if they made you bleed, "Now you two," she pointed at the wardens, "Help me get him onto the table - *carefully* . The sooner he's made stable and comfortable, the sooner I can see to you."

The two guards looked reluctant, but helped Amy get Shadow onto the table, where she instantly set to work checking him over, completely ignoring Snively.

"Conjugal? For that crazy mother-fucker?" Still clutching his shoulder, Snively looked at the motionless convict, "He wants some conjugal? I'll give him conjugal!" his voice began to rise to an infuriated and whiny shriek, despite Shadow being unconscious, "The moment he's movable, I want that stab-happy psychopath taken to Solitary! CELL NUMBER THREE!"

Though focused on Shadow, Amy's face was a picture of despairing fury.

Breech: Uh-oh! Did he say Hole Number Three?!

SonicFrank: Awww, he did! That means no threesome!

Breech: But it also means Scourge… What do you say, people? More Scourge? Let's rack up some reviews!

Prostration

Prison Island Break

Co-Written by Breech Loader and SonicFrank

Breech: I can't believe it! Fifty chapters past us! We're at fifty-one! This is a freaking EPIC. Of course that doesn't mean it's good (though it is by most of your accounts) but it IS long. And jeez but we haven't even gotten to what SonicFrank insists on calling "Season Two" yet. It's coming though. It's coming.

Chapter Fifty-One: Prostration

On his way to being searched, Sonic had learned two things - first, that there had been a disturbance in Amy's office, and second, that Shadow was the disturbance and would not be joining him and Mina. Something about attacking the Head of Security. In fact, the black and red hedgehog had clearly been sedated. It was impressive that he was already coming around from a dose that could take down a bull elephant, but he hadn't really noticed Sonic passing him in the corridors, so any hilarious jabs at his total lack of self-restraint would have been pretty pointless. He'd been screaming something about 'Solitary Cell Three'.

Sonic supposed that now he was finally going to see what was so terrible about being thrown in with Scourge, whenever Shadow got out of Solitary, which could be anywhere from twenty-four hours to a fortnight. In the meantime, he'd enjoy a little peace and quiet for himself - and of course, he wouldn't have to share Mina with Mister Happy-Rape.

Not having Shadow around came with its share of downfalls, though. The psychotic hedgehog provided a usefulness that even he himself

wasn't aware of. For one, much of the fear involved with his group of potential escapees had gone to the Hole with him; the submissive cons still wouldn't mess with Sonic or Knuckles, but without Shadow, a big percentage of the more dominant ones would more than likely come 'round knockin', either to take his place in the plan or find out what the scoop was. And secondly, there was a chance that when the psycho got back from the Hole, it might be to another cell-mate. Any escape plan was almost impossible to pull off without letting cellies in on it, and Sonic really didn't want any more bodies involved. All he could afford to focus on was the immediate task at hand, though. And he grinned to himself when he didn't see Nate around.

Normally, as the Senior Corrections Officer, Nate was put in charge of escorting visitors. As well as chaperoning prisoners to their respective visits. Being an old man gave the outsiders the false vision that the penitentiary was gentle, disciplined and high on morale. That it went by the book. After all, how bad could it be if an old man like Nate was able to keep order in the place? With him around, nobody felt pressure or fear. Him not being there meant that Mina had probably been successful in her role for the plan. Which made Sonic happy inside. One of the rowdier prison wardens ushered him to the conjugal room instead, and despite his reputation and huge smirk, Sonic was on his best behavior. The door was opened, and he was all but shoved inside.

Mina was waiting for him, as expected. What went against expectation was the fact that she was half-naked, with only a green bra and matching lacy panties to cover her up. She was laying on her stomach with one leg up. Sonic grinned, and sighed in relief. "Man you have a nice butt."

Mina flicked her purple hair with a grin, "And it's nice to see you too, Sonic," she told him, before looking over his shoulder at the closing door. It was just the two of them. No Shadow, "Uh… so where's the kinky, violent rapist you promised me?" she asked Sonic, a little confused. She'd been expecting a threesome, but it looked like she

was just getting half. Not a bad thing, but she'd been hoping for Shadow to show her what a rough fuck really meant.

The blue hedgehog had become a prodigy in the prison, and it was becoming more and more apparent to some of the inmates that he had a following outside of it, too. And he upheld that reputation by putting up a tireless front. But all the scheming, fighting, quick-witting and up-scaling he did on a regular basis was strenuous, and he was tired. Not physically, but mentally and emotionally. Being here with Mina meant that for just a few hours, he didn't have to hide his humanity. So he took a sigh, and sat down on the chair that Nate had been using. The mess from the food he'd spilled was still there. "They got to 'im… I tried, Babe. He was on his way here! But he got nasty during the pre-warmup cavity search. They sent 'im to the Hole," he rubbed his temple. "Smells like sex in here. And old man balls. Mission accomplished?"

Mina was clearly disappointed, but still, if she'd only get one of them, she'd still rather it was Sonic. And at the moment he looked so… well, even outside of prison he had been so quick and funny and full of jokes. It was clearly weighing him down, being in here with monsters when he didn't really deserve it. She sat up next to him, and looped her arms around his shoulders, "Mission accomplished," she agreed, "Bribery at its best. You'll be getting that phone in a few hours. Of course, Nate was just… some fun. Even with a few decades of practice, he still can't hold a candle to you."

Sonic rubbed his head with both hands, thinking. Normally, having a woman like Mina all to himself would excite him; and anything beyond the cabin would be off his mind. Especially after she complimented him. In her underwear. But due to this unexpected turn of events, things were going to change. Possibly for the worst. "This is bad. Shadow might not make it outta that Hole alive. And if he does, he won't be smilin' all chipper like usual," he explained, clearly sarcastic. "You were my only ace for keepin' 'im leashed. And I need that screwy nutcase on my side if I'm gonna bust outta here."

"He didn't seem so bad to me," Mina shrugged, and it took a moment for Sonic to realize she was serious. Well of course; she'd only known him for about twenty minutes and she wasn't his bunkmate, "I mean sure, a little…" she tapped her head meaningfully, "But still… can't you do without him?"

Somehow, her sincerity made him smirk. Mina was adorable; so cunning and yet so oblivious. "Of course I can! But his role's important. And he knows too much. He ain't exactly the 'comperse' type," Sonic looked over at her, and saw the confusion of her face. "Compersion. Opposite of jealousy. Instead o' bein' jealous because a person has something you don't, shagged someone you love, ate the last chili dog; whatever, you feel content for them that they had something you would enjoy. If Shadow comes outta that Hole alive, he's gonna be mondo ticked-off. A fight's guaranteed if he ain't broke; but that's no biggie. We've squared off before and I'm still sexy. The big problemos are the other measures he might take to get back at me. A shot at your vagina was one of only a pair of muzzles I had to keep him in cahoots with my plans. If he goes rogue despite the second one, he might squeal. And I can't let that happen, or else…" he cracked his knuckles, "I'll have to arrange his death. Or do it myself…" Admittedly Shadow didn't really seem the type to cosy up to the guards by squealing, but Sonic could think of other things the crazy bastard might do to get back at him, and he'd bet Shadow could think of all of them and more.

His hands left his temple, landing on his knees for a moment. But when he relaxed, they went right for Mina's forearms, which were wrapped warmly around his neck. It felt great to be in her company again. The only woman he'd had any contact with lately was Amy. And while she was certainly comforting, she wasn't a friend. "The 'Hole' point to solitary is breaking. They put a guy in there to snap his soul in half; to cripple his bravado. That way when he comes out, he'll be willing to submit toward authority and control. So, in a way, their intentions are to kill. But see, this place is different from the other playpens," Sonic explained, "This chocolate factory ain't for the naughty boys in school. This is where they send the guys who're so

bad, Society wants them dead. But because of soft-hearted Liberals, like us, they can't legally get the Chair. So they're sent to this island in the South. That means they up the ante. This place has a book of its own. One that's hardly ever followed, since even the staff here is crooked. Heh, look what Nate did to you," he smirked, "They can't let a guy die in Solitary, or at all. But accidents happen. And around here, they're almost always intentional." He did have a lot on his mind. Mina had always admired him for his intelligence. "I get away with conjugals, and I ain't hitched…" he told her, running his hands over her forearms. "I'm gonna steal you, y'know. When I get outta here…" he unwrapped her arms, and guided her off the mattress, so she was in front of him. "I'll visit you for a change. And when I do, I might not leave.."

Mina didn't doubt Sonic's words. She wasn't really all that shocked, "When you get out of this place, baby, we can start cleaning up mucky places like this," she told him, "Draw some attention to the corruption, get rid of the thugs and psychos and sadists who call themselves guards but just took the job because they like hurting people, get more honest, decent guys in… That's what we're shooting for. Justice, not revenge, huh?"

Sonic looked up at her, standing before him as she was; half naked. And yet comfortable. When he first met her, Mina was the very definition of insecure. About the way she looked; the way she dressed, even her hair style. But her biggest issue by far was her breasts. Small, promising A-cups. But he taught her all about confidence, and when her gorgeous singing voice was discovered, he all but forced her out on stage to show the world what a gift she had. And now she was a freak. His freak. "Why're you so good to me?" he asked, out of nowhere. "You do so much for me. Risk your neck and fuck wrinkled-up old grandpas," his hands found her hips, not squeezing, but admiring. "When I get out, I'm gonna steal you away. I'm gonna have to! Because a schmuck like me doesn't deserve you."

"I know you, Sonic," Mina grinned, "You'll do what's right." He was a hero to so many people who wanted justice and freedom and equality, and as much as he was their hero, he was her hero. She leaned in and kissed him passionately, her arms wrapped around him.

It was true, Mina was always good to him. Sure, he may have second-handedly made all her dreams of stardom come true, boosted her confidence and changed her life for the better, but in most cases, guys like him are forgotten once they're incarcerated. Mina never let him go, though. She was always a phone call away. And she did what he asked, almost without question. So when he pulled her onto his lap with a strong embrace, he meant it. When he rubbed her back and ran rigid fingers through her hair, he meant it. And when he took control of the kiss and tongued her deep, he meant it too. A sudden smirk reassured her that they were here to have fun. "Take your clothes off, Mina…"

Mina returned his smirk, the devilish green hue returning to her eyes. Sonic made it easy to switch gears between trusted friend and passionate fuck-buddy. "I thought you'd never ask.." She made sure to stand close to him, and remove her bra slowly, just within his grasp. Then she bent over, and pushed her panties down her long legs, kicking them off to the side once she was out of them. The mongoose gave him no time to react, because she took control and kissed him passionately. An amused laugh escaped her; a sound muffled by their lips being pressed together, but a sound of happiness nonetheless. Taking hold of his slick quills, she pulled firmly on them, just as he did with her hair. The kiss was wonderful. It grew harder. It got even better. She broke it for a moment, "I just know you can sort this out, Sonic," she told him, "I just know you've picked the right guys for the job," Sonic thought of some of his team and would have questioned her but she sounded so sure, "You're gonna get yourself and your pals out of this place, and get back to the resistance. And you'll be an even bigger inspiration than ever!"

The hedgehog returned her enthusiasm, firing it up with a firm grasp of her ass. It made her jump. "I'll get out, one way or another. With 'em or without. Current plan or the next," he told her, gripping her firm rear tighter; thumbs digging into the soft, toned flesh of her thighs. "But no matter what, my brother's comin' with me. And then I'll get Sonia outta whatever whore-house prison they stuff her into. Family's always first," with that, Sonic surprised her, by leaning forward and going right for her nipple. Licking it; nibbling. It was a sensitive move for the both of them; Mina having had no confidence in the rack department, Sonic always insisting he found them and everything else about her undeniably sexy. When he played with them, it had impact.

Mina ground her butt firmly back into his hands, inviting him to squeeze harder while her hands unzipped his jacket slowly, reaching inside to push her hands up his vest, rubbing at the hard pecs and toned abs there, squeezing gently as she leaned in for another kiss.

She moaned as he played with her body, toying with it like he thought it was perfect, no matter what she believed.

Her lips had to fight for his attention as his hot mouth catered mainly to her body. Suckling her nipples, tongue licking her neck, tasting her flesh. His molten breath taunted her. And his hands were in a league of their own; she only wished there was more of her he could grab. More he could fondle and caress. He was careful but had no respect; sympathetic without any boundaries. Sonic treated her like she was his; and nobody else's.

Sometimes it was hard to remember Ash. But she never forgot him. Even in the throes of passion with Sonic, a part of her was putting Ash in his place. She loved Ash's sense of calm reason and stability, but when it came to sex, it was Sonic's rough, wild, feisty touch that she wanted. She could never have both, but she wished so badly for the possibility, "Yeah… that's the stuff…" she moaned to him, rubbing his chest harder.

Sonic hadn't ever met Ash. He knew of his existence; that he'd taken over as Mina's manager. And he seemed to be doing a good job. He also knew that they were dating, and even living together. With how the Press treated celebrities like they actually mattered, it was easy to keep silent tabs on her career, even from behind Prison walls. But he never quite asked about their relationship. Always avoided talking about him, unless Mina brought him up herself. He never asked if she was serious about Ash, or if she loved him; because the answer was obviously no. Could he blame her for finding another manager - and another lover, while he was locked away? Of course not. The important thing was that once he got out, he'd steal Mina away from this 'Ash Mongoose' fellow. And he'd do so the same way he was taking her now; roughly, without holding back. With utmost admiration for her body and person, but not the slightest bit of respect to treat it like it's hers. And she looked forward to that day just as much as he did.

He liked surprising her. His fingers did the trick; skipping her pelvis and not bothering to tease, just pushing inside her and making her squeal.

She yelped, but then returned the favor, one hand moving from his chest, down his pants, and rummaged past his boxers, giving the illusion of gentleness. But then she seizing his cock, pumping and squeezing, a moment before the squeeze became a stroke, and then the stroke became rubs. Finally her other hand sank down there, and began to play roughly with his member as she smiled more and more into the kiss, her tongue all but wrestling with his.

This was fun. New, spontaneous, riveting. They'd never done it like this before; with Mina in the buff, and Sonic fully clothed. It made her feel vulnerable, and Sonic oddly empowered. Like she was a treat for him. Like the mongoose was his for the taking. She heard him huff when she touched him, and groan when she stroked. His jacket was open but Hell it was hot now. His thumb touched her clit, circulating, bumping her button while his fingers delved further inside her. On her, he knew all the right spots.

He looked her in the eyes the whole time he touched her, drawing out her moans, relishing her gaze of pleasure..

"Hnnngh…" Mina moaned at the fondling, bumping her nude body forward and back to feel his fingers making a rhythm inside of her. So much better than some old man, or even Ash. It felt amazing. Still, she had to slide his fingers out of her if she was to pull off his jacket, and then his vest, leaving the top half of his body bare as she bent down to kiss his chest.

Sonic grinned, shivering at the tingling sensation of her tongue on his nipples. "You wouldn't be teasing me, would you, Miss Songbird?" he asked, letting her nude form take control. The two fingers he'd been prodding inside her were soaked, and he brought them to her lips, coaxing. Daring…

Mina smirked, and pulled one hand out of his trousers. She tried pushing his strong hand up to his mouth instead, although she knew he'd only really do it if he wanted to. She was incredibly hot now, and she knew he was too, from the length of his cock.

She was greeted with a grin of equal proportions, and he spread the two fingers apart. "We'll share…" he told her, and brought him tongue to his index finger, tasting her juices, cleaning them off. He longed to taste more of her.

She licked in return, sucking meaningfully on his middle finger, using her tongue and tasting herself, her hand still rubbing firmly at his cock, grasping firmly but not painfully, just with the suggestion that pain was definitely an option.

Just like that, she'd discovered one of Sonic's kinks; one she hadn't known about prior. She felt his body react, his lungs inflate and deflate too quickly, his throat go dry, his erection pump in her hand. Mina never did give herself enough credit; and that was part of her charm. Her purple hair, her styled triple set of ear rings, those magnificent green eyes… the combination was unparalleled, so unique to her. And having her suck on his finger, teasing him, so

seductive, drove him wild. But she was on top. She was naked. And he wouldn't spoil her fun..

She squeezed again, still sucking on his finger and humming gently, still squeezing at his member. Her free hand left off rubbing his chest and moved down, not to copy the first, but to start pulling down at his pants, planning to get him just as naked as she was. He was still squeezing at her ass with one hand and she was loving it.

He had a way of squeezing her - not just her bum, but anywhere, that made her feel approved. Made her feel attractive and desired. Sexy, seductive, all those things that every woman wanted to be. And he was so brash about it, so impolite. He had to pull his finger away, almost regretfully because he loved the feeling of her sucking, nibbling and humming into it, so he could use that hand to hold more of her body, to grab at her torso and thumb at her nipple. "Nnng… Mina…" she managed to get out of him, the look in his eyes almost begging..

"Oh, you want more, huh? You want more?" Mina would have made him beg, but that wasn't really her style. Instead, she started to trace her lips down his body, her licks and nibbling not unlike his, but with her going lower… and lower… until her hand pulled his pants down to his knees, and she was punching a few love-bites on his lower abs.

Sonic squirmed. Truthfully, he wouldn't have minded saying 'Please'. She'd done enough for him this one day to deserve getting her way. What she'd done for him was key to guaranteeing his eventual freedom. He owed her. And with her gorgeous body and luscious kisses, she'd be hard to say no to. "Mina…" he huffed out, having to let go of her body so she could slump lower.

"Oh yeah, you really want it now," Mina smirked a little, "I guess you're sick of all the handsome hunks at you're disposal, and you want some pretty girls instead? You really want it? Really?" He didn't have to beg for her, but it sure was fun to drag it out a little, her hand

moving to squeeze his thighs a whole lot harder than she'd been at his rod.

His squirming reached a whole new level, his feet pressing back against the floor, dragging the chair into the wall behind it. It was like he was trying to get away from her, because the threat of pleasure was just too much. "Not pretty girls… Just you…" He was lying. She knew he was lying; Sonic wasn't the type to limit himself. But it sure was nice to hear him say it. Her teasing was having a huge effect. Maybe because he was so drained.

"Heh… Be careful, your pants might catch fire," she returned, "But you're sexy, even with a growing nose. That might just be enough…" She was slow about what she did next. Making certain to get the full effect out of him; making sure he was watching. Her tongue came first, languidly scathing around his tip. Her smile unfettered. Her green eyes cunning. A small kiss to the swollen head followed, before she bit her lower lip in anticipation. It excited her. And then she went for it; sudden and bold, sinking her hot lips down over his shaft all the way down and, without moving them at all, sucked hard.

Sonic's reaction was so intense, she thought he might cum on the spot. He didn't, but she could feel his throbbing cock thicken just the same. A yelp escaped him; scratchy and quivering. He tried to say her name, but failed. Her tingling treatment had him muted.

Oh, she knew she was good, but good enough to silence him? It was a compliment, in its own right. Still not moving her lips, she coaxed more pleasure out of him by means of her tongue, hands squeezing those solid thighs that were meant for so much speed, humming gently against him and carefully, very carefully resting her teeth against the hard organ.

And he was loving it, in the most agonizing of ways. There was such a thing as too much pleasure; so much that it hurt. Mina was proving it; excavating his greatest weakness. Loss of control. Without it, he was helpless to her will. Her cunning way of submitting to his primitive desires in a way that gave her complete dominance was

astounding. She had his sensitive organ in her mouth and down her throat, yet she was in charge. It was so hot..

She had deliberately left the best part until last. Now, finally, when he was as close as he could possibly be without actually cumming, she started to raise her lips, teeth grazing the muscle lightly. She rose, only far enough to take a breath, and dove back down. Just a little way at first, then further, and more vigorously, until he was almost at the back of her throat. All the time, her tongue dragged against him, and yet every few seconds, with no precise rhythm to it, she gave him a hard suck. And her hands were still squeezing.

This was just mean. Sonic had to close his eyes, and managed a smirk when he remembered how nervous she had been the first few times she did this. How he had to guide her. Reassure her. And now she was necking him like a champ. And she was being ever so rude, mixing his pleasure with so much teasing. Sonic had to moan. He couldn't hold it in. And Mina knew that when he moaned, he was close.

She knew it was only a matter of time. And she'd improved because she'd tried it on Ash a few times - but he came a lot easier. With Sonic squeezing at her and not cumming yet, she actually had enough time to start enjoying it herself. This time she planned to try swallowing as much of it as she could, though it wouldn't be easy. She'd failed every time before..

It was merely reflex when Sonic grabbed her head with both hands, cringing, groaning, deep-rooted cries of snapping pleasure. She had to wonder if he did much self-pleasuring, because the way he came, so hard, so much, with such tremors, made her think he was very backed up. That, or he'd been saving it for her. Pent up testosterone, frustration, energy… Saved up, so he could unleash it all on her. He was so thoughtful.

Sonic was cumming in an intense orgasm that had him shaking. Mina tried her best to fight her gag reflex and let it all slide down her throat, but she couldn't. The familiar taste and texture of his seed

began to fill her mouth, and she had to try and take it. All of it. Every shot raising the challenge. Spurt by spurt, he unloaded his stress into her. Launching his tension in the crevice past her sealed lips. Cramming all his built-up anxiety into her mouth.

It took a long moment for it to subside, and Mina knelt there, unmoving. Purposeful and determined. Waiting. Once his erection stopped convulsing, she looked up at him, and pulled back slowly. Carefully, her lips clamped tightly to his still-hard shaft. The head retracted with a small pop, and just as Sonic's chest was pounding hard from his orgasm, the girl knelt before him was struggling to breathe. She swallowed a small portion, just to gain balance. Otherwise she wouldn't be able to show him without spilling some..

When the time was right, she did it. The nude mongoose opened her mouth, revealing Sonic's white, gummy load lathered delicately her tongue, and pooling down in the corners beneath it. Her mouth was full. And she was proud of herself. Her eyes bore a wicked glimmer as she sealed her lips and swallowed, taking it all down in one gulp. Licking her chops seductively. Sonic looked so hot, sitting above her with a solid, dripping erection. Still moaning.

He was sweating, panting, but still grinning. Mina was adorable, so sexy, down on her knees like she was. So willing. So dirty. He'd have his way with her eventually. But the day was young, and so were they. "You've gotten better…" he told her, complimenting, with just a hint of raunchy suspicion. Her promiscuous ways were always a turn-on, especially since she started off so shy and reserved.

"I've had practice since we last fucked," she grinned back, getting back up and sitting on his lap. Amazingly, he was still hard, "I sure hope this is the last time we need to do this here, though. This game we're playing isn't as much fun as the outside.. I have a jacuzzi back at my place."

Sonic wrapped his arms around her, and pulled her in, so her back was against his chest, and his chin was on her shoulder. "It's never been a game with you.." And then he kissed her. Despite the taste of

his own sperm. He didn't care. If anything, the thought just turned him on. He was a freak like that. "Next time we do this, we'll be in your bed. And after that, in my ride. Or maybe on it. Heh, maybe we'll have a few threesomes, too… But they'll happen outside of this dump," his hand went right for her crotch again.

Mina smiled as he stroked her gently, "I can hardly wait…"

Breech: Hmmm… S.F. and I like to think we give you guys a solid mesh of M/M and M/F scenes, but we've had at least two M/F ones in a row. We need to remedy that.

SonicFrank: Maybe we'll get get some forced monkey-love going on in the next chapter, IF we get enough reviews.

Breech: That's your cue, readers!